Chesapeake Cruise



Chesapeake Cruise



EDITOR

Norman Alan Hill

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

Malcolm Westcott Hill

J. Hooper Edmondson

F. R. Vernon Williams

GEORGE W. KING PRINTING CO.
BALTIMORE, MARYLAND

First printing May, 1944
Second printing June, 1944
Third printing November, 1944

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Published and Printed by
George W. King Printing Company
Baltimore, Maryland, U. S. A.

Dedication

THIS BOOK is dedicated to the memory of Swepson Earle, whose monumental work "The Chesapeake Bay Country" gives such sincere expression to his love for the Maryland "Free State" and "The Old Dominion" and their tidewater areas, as to be a source of inspiration to all of us to perpetuate our interest and appreciation of the fine old historic homes and places, which he has helped us to know and admire.

Foreword

THIS is the story of "Four Old Men In A Boat." The boat, a thirty-foot stock cruiser, with a hundred horse motor and reduction gear, was of the sedan type, called *Fanny* because she had such a wide rear end. She could gun to twelve knots, but the old men did not like to hurry, so she usually took it easy at ten—that means eleven and a half miles an hour.

The old men had cruised together, week-ends or longer, for over twenty years, and into this make-believe cruise of over a thousand miles, in the Summer of 1941, is written the experience of thousands of miles of real cruising of the marvelous Chesapeake Bay and its tributaries.

The book opens with a chapter on the Chesapeake country as of the time of the cruise, followed by a chapter of Maryland history in Colonial days. These introductory chapters are followed by a chapter a day for each of the thirty-one days of the cruise. In the day-to-day narrative will be found factual descriptions of the historic homes and places visited, stories of hunting, fishing, sail and power boat racing, water sports, descriptions of the yacht clubs visited, and stories of amusing experiences contributed by friends of the Editor and his Collaborators.

The principal Collaborators, and authors of most of the contents of the book are: F. R. Vernon Williams, our Historian; Peter C. Chambliss, our Sports writer on Fishing and the author of the story "Steam Boat Days"; William B. Crane, author of the opening chapter, also of "Privateers and Men of Marque," and our Sports writer on "Sail and Power Boat Racing" and on "Work Boats," including the famous Log Canoes; Percy T. Blogg, our Sports writer on "Hunting" and the story of the old "Millers Island Club"; Malcolm Westcott Hill, "Clipper Ships," "Chestertown," and "Hinchingham."

Contributors of special articles or featured stories appearing in the narrative or in the Appendix are: Richard D. Steuart, the story of the "Old South River Club"; Hulbert Footner, the story "Old Preston on Patuxent"; Dr. Hugh H. Young, "Claiborne and Indian Fishermen"; Matthew Page Andrews, "Jamestown and the Story of the Tempest"; Ralph T. Whitelaw, "Accowmacke's Manor"; Thomsen King, "The Cliffs of Calvert Fossil Deposits"; Peter H. Magruder, "Annapolis, the Naval Academy and the Yacht Club"; T. A. Bixler, "The Severn River"; F. Warrington Gillet, "Gudgeon Fishing"; Wethered Barroll, "Wild Geese"; Merle Towner, "Sportsmen's Aid to Conservation"; Dr. R. V. Truitt, "Sea Food Conservation"; E. Lee LeCompte, "Restoration of the Bob-White"; William H.

Koelbel, "Useful Hints on Boat Handling"; John Mahon, "Marine Engine Trouble Prevention"; Anne Slagle, "Galley Recipes for Sea Food"; F. R. V. Williams, "Mixed Drinks"; B. Howell Griswold, Jr., the poem "To the Chesapeake Bay"; Folger McKinzie, the Bentztown Bard, "The Old Bateau"; James E. Hancock, "The Old Bodkin Creek House"; Cumberland H. H. Rumbold, "Pecheur de Luxe" and the poem "To the James River"; Senator George L. Radcliffe, "The Maryland Historical Society"; Philip Livingston Poe, "The Society of Colonial Wars in Maryland"; J. Hooper Edmondson, the story of "The Dorchester County Islands"; Senator Millard G. Tydings, "Ducks, Decoys and Dogs"; John R. Sherwood, "Bounty Racing"; Dorothea Clay Hill, the short story "Anchor's Away"; Norman Alan Hill, the short story "Tangier Ted's Triangle"; C. F. Merriam, "Historic Name Discoveries by the Maryland State Police"; Captain N. Alan Hill, Jr., "Boats You Meet in the Chesapeake"; T. Gardner Hill, "Aquaplaning"; and Richard C. Sperry, "Water Skiing."

The staffs of the Maryland Room at the Pratt Library and of the Maryland Historical Society, Colonial Williamsburg, Inc., The William and Mary Quarterly and The Virginia Historical Society have been of great assistance in the historical research by Mr. Williams, and we are grateful to them for this, and for suggesting the historical bibliography in the Appendix. The sources of photographs are gratefully credited in the illustrations. Edward B. Passano has helped us greatly—we thank him.

The cartoons are by Richard Yardley, Elise Davis Hill and B. F. Litsinger. The sports vignettes by P. T. Blogg.

The letters from the Governors of Maryland and Virginia, from Senator Harry F. Byrd, from the Mayor of Baltimore, and others from officials of clubs and associations, are deeply appreciated and reproduced in the book.

In response to requests for stories of amusing experiences, not necessarily in the Chesapeake country, those whose names are below listed were kind enough to contribute. All these contributions were edited by our Humor Jury: Messrs. Roger Williamson, Jack Cosgrove and Jim Newell, three life-long newspapermen. The stories selected as most suitable were condensed, and rewritten if necessary. Of these, only about half could be used owing to space limitations. All contributors are heartily thanked, as are our friends of The Press for the fine and painstaking job they did in the difficult matter of evaluating and editing.

Contributors of Amusing Experience Stories

William Anthony
Dr. Cecil H. Bagley
Royden A. Blunt
Martha Bokel
Ralph Bolgiano
Walter S. Brinkman
Jesse Cassard
R. R. M. Carpenter

Ollie Clark
Judge George C. Corson
Jack Cosgrove
Charles P. Crane
Gwyn Crowther
Dr. Thomas S. Cullen
Francis W. Davis
Garner W. Denmead
Talbott Denmead
Frederick Dorton
H. Kirkus Dugdale
P. S. duPont III
William J. English
Herman L. Fiske
Walter D. Focke
M. Glenn Folger
Hon. Eli Frank
Walter Frizzel
Alfred Gall
E. Lyell Gunts
Theodore W. Hacker
George Harrison
J. Edward Harrison
Richard H. Hart
Ernest H. Hartge
Robert G. Henry, Jr.
Andrew H. Hilgartner
Malcolm Westcott Hill
Capt. N. Alan Hill, Jr.
T. Gardner Hill
Emily Westcott Hindley
Henry P. Hopkins
Frederick R. Huber
Frederick Tyson Iddings
Hon. Howard W. Jackson
William Henry Jennings
H. F. Jorgensen
B. W. Kadel
H. W. Kingsbury
Clyde E. Loose
George Mahone
C. P. McCormick
Philip Sydney Morgan
Lawrence A. Naylor
George D. Penniman, Jr.
Philip Livingston Poe
H. Clay Primrose
James Posey
Richard H. Randall
P. Meredith Reese
Dr. David M. Robinson
C. H. H. Rumbold
Judge Allan W. Rhynhart
Edwin Samuels
John L. Sanford
Judge J. Abner Sayler, Jr.
James M. Sill
Albert Augustus Selden
James Steele
Frederick Philip Stieff
Jacob W. Slagle
F. Bowie Smith
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Ragan Spencer
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Andrew N. Trippe
Fayetta Willson Tunis
Wilbur VanSant
Edward C. Waddington
Ralph Warnken
C. Sewell Weech
Dr. David E. Weglein
William E. Wellman
George A. Whiting
Harry R. Wilkinson
C. T. Williams, Jr.
Dr. Dudley Williams
George Washington Williams
Harriett Louisa Westcott
Martha Lee Westcott, Jr.
Roger B Williams
Thomas A. Winder
Caleb I. Winslow

To the following present or past Commodores we are greatly indebted for the descriptions of their respective yacht clubs and the illustrations of them:

Commodore Peter H. Magruder, Annapolis Yacht Club.
Commodore H. F. Jorgensen, Hampton Yacht Club.

Commodore Henry L. Johnson, Cambridge Yacht Club.
Commodore S. Hersloff, Tred Avon Yacht Club.
Past Commodore R. Hynson Rogers, Chester River Yacht Club.
Past Commodore John P. Cosden, Miles River Yacht Club.
Commodore Henry Pippin, North East River Yacht Club.
Commodore Edward M. Passano, Corinthian Yacht Club.
Commodore Albert W. Rhine, Maryland Yacht Club.
Commodore John R. Sherwood, Gibson Island Yacht Club.
Past Commodore Paul E. Tignor, Baltimore Yacht Club.

The Editor was under very definite restrictions as to the paper for this book. It was necessary, in order to use the minimum of the heavy glossed paper required for the illustrations, to put two halftones to a page, with very few exceptions, although a great many are deserving of a full page. By the same token it was necessary to conserve the paper for the reading matter, and the book was held to its planned length, although this meant omitting many things worthy of use and making the narrative of the cruise itself little more than a sketchy log of a few of the day-to-day events.

It was necessary to change the format somewhat from the one outlined in the pre-publication circular, owing to contributions being late, varying in length from the original intent, and the like, so that you will find thirty-three instead of thirty-one chapters, things in different chapters than those indicated in the book circular, and some particularly late, oversize or under-size contributions which have been put in the Appendix. However, everything mentioned in the circular you will find in the book—and then some.

It is not intended for navigational purposes, but rather to help plan a day's, a week-end, or even a month's cruise, and to make the cruise more enjoyable. The day-to-day story of the cruise itself, the continuity of the log, makes no literary pretensions; it is an honest attempt to express the thoughts in the simplest way. The way Four Old Men, or young ones for that matter, do talk when they are good companions, off on a boat for pleasure, their actions and speech not cramped by the Eternal Feminine. Excuse it if it's a bit uncouth, even bawdy at times. The book has contributions from over fifty authors; therefore has no single one qualified to autograph it as The Author, instead we show facing page 321 "Ye Ed."

Norman Alan Hill

Cecil Apartments
Baltimore 1, Md.
April 17, 1944.

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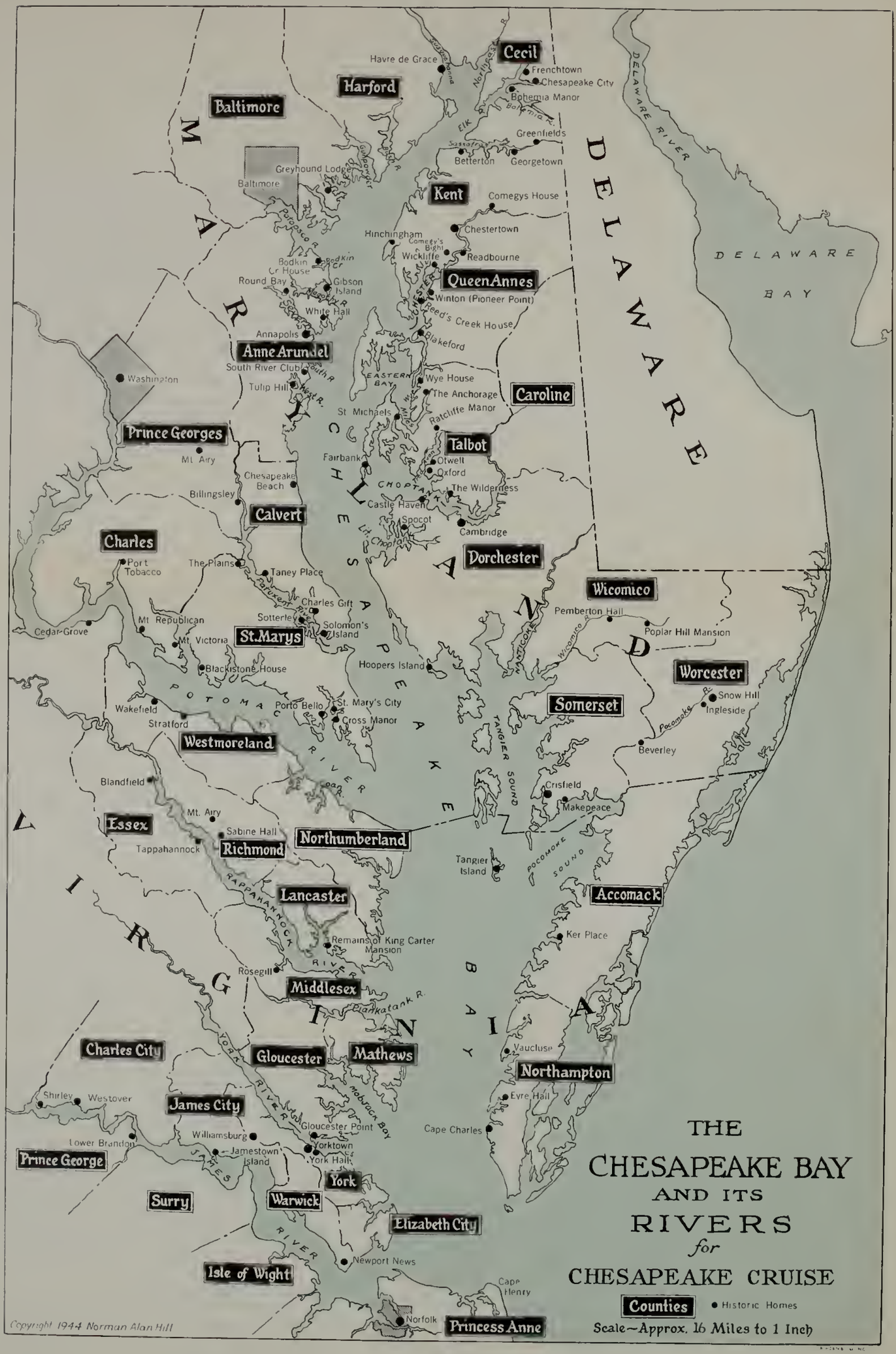
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THE CHESAPEAKE BAY AND ITS RIVERS *for* CHESAPEAKE CRUISE

Counties ● Historic Homes

Scale—Approx. 16 Miles to 1 Inch

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CHAPTER I

THE CHESAPEAKE BAY COUNTRY WELCOMES YOU

A BALTIMORE steamship company executive, a man whose seagoing career started before the mast at the age of twelve, once remarked that the Chesapeake Bay was the finest body of water in the world for yachtsmen. His was a word which could be respected. During the years he spent working his way from cabin boy aboard a sailing ship to an executive position in a great port, he never missed an opportunity to sail small craft for the sheer fun of it. Before his death a few years ago, he had fought heavy winds or sought vagrant ones on most of the important inland waters of the world and many of the unimportant.

His opinion has been echoed by so many visiting sailormen, both professional and amateur, that there is no need for false modesty in acknowledging the fact that the Chesapeake is magnificently generous in its gifts to all—yachtsmen, fishermen, men who sail the ships engaged in world commerce. Few persons realize the length of its shoreline. Shared by the States of Maryland and Virginia, the shores of the Chesapeake and its innumerable tributaries add up to several thousand miles. Between its head, fed by the Susquehanna River, and its mouth between Cape Henry on the south and Cape Charles on the north lie some hundred and ninety-five miles. Its width ranges from three miles to twenty-two. Its bottom is tricky, rising to within a few feet of the surface in spots or dropping abruptly to depths which could accommodate the largest ship afloat.

Within the mouth, at Hampton Roads, is one of the finest natural anchorages in the world, the home of the United States fleet until a few years ago. Another natural anchorage which has played host to many ships, both great and small, is immediately inside the Patuxent River, near the little village of Solomons Island. Baltimore lies some one hundred and eighty miles up the Bay on the Patapsco River, a dredged channel bringing seagoing ships to its piers.

Up and down the Chesapeake and the winding rivers which flow into it pass hundreds of thousands of waterborne craft. Freight craft, large and small and driven by motor or wind (or both), navigate its channel; pleasure craft of all sizes and types roll its blue waters back from their bows. The stately yacht of the millionaire steams majestically past the lumber-laden two-masted schooner; its wash rocks the anchored outboard motor skiff, whose occupants are diligently catching the main course of the eve-

ning meal. The same nature which carved out the Bay's vast bed, permitting the millionaire's yacht to navigate, stocked generously the waters which filled the bed, providing food and a livelihood for many who live in the Bay country.

Chesapeake Bay oysters and terrapin have been topics of conversation for gourmets the world over. Its blue crabs have been the subject of thousands of written words, many of them dealing with the crab as a gustatory delicacy; the majority, unfortunately, discussing the possibility of its eventual extermination. Fish abound and hooking a good-sized rock (the striped bass), trout or blue fish is a thrill the fisherman never forgets. Actually, the Bay is a source of year-'round dinnertime delight, with its crabs and fish in the Summertime (Spring and shad are synomymous in Baltimore), its oysters and ducks in the Winter. The Bay's most famous ducking grounds are the Susquehanna Flats, near Havre de Grace. However, every Autumn sees thousands of shore and water blinds going up in other sections of the Bay and its tributaries.

It is unfortunately true that man's greed and dislike of accepting conservation methods has cut sharply the Chesapeake's natural productivity. This is neither the time nor place to beat the drum for any argument or theory on the subject. Experts, who have spent years studying the problem, are constantly striving to obtain regulations which will be fair to fishermen and conservationist alike, and which will permit natural reproduction profitable to all. For the benefit of future generations it is to be hoped that they succeed.

Any adequate description of the Chesapeake must necessarily include an outline of its history and this will be given in detail, with Maryland the topic of the next chapter, Virginia being discussed later on. For purposes of introduction, suffice it to say that, once British settlers arrived in any number, development of the Bay shores was steady. For this there were many reasons.

The land was good; the Chesapeake and its tributaries provided open lines of communication with the mother country. Stately forests furnished materials for homes and home fires and, what was equally important, for building waterborne craft of various types. No one knew it then, but the vessels which were developed along the Chesapeake as necessity demanded were to play a great part in the history and maritime lore of the nation.

Ships of the seventeenth century were bluff-bowed, deep-drafted and clumsy in handling. The main channel of the Chesapeake and of many of its tributaries provided plenty of depth for them, but navigation of the smaller rivers branching off from the Bay required vessels of shallower

draft. Also, errant winds bouncing from bank to bank in the rivers made the handling of square-rigged craft difficult. Gradually shipbuilders along the Bay evolved a type of ship which went far to solve the sailing problems peculiar to the Chesapeake. These were slender-hulled craft, ranging up to three hundred tons in size. They had lofty, raking masts, usually carrying fore-and-aft rigged fore and mainsails, with square topsails. Due to their hull design their cargo capacity was not great when compared with other craft of the day, but their speed was much greater. They could outsail anything their size afloat and, given proper weather conditions, lead vessels many times larger a merry chase. Eventually they became known as "Baltimore clippers." Their fame spread quickly along the seaboard, probably reaching its peak during the War of 1812, when Chesapeake Bay clipper-built schooners, commissioned as privateers, wreaked havoc with British merchant shipping.

From the type grew the giant clipper ships which carried the American flag and American cargoes into every port in the world during the middle portion of the nineteenth century. In the meantime, Bay shipbuilders were not idle. The "log canoe," which was originally just what the name implies, a sailing craft built of hollowed-out logs, was in process of development; the Bay schooner was appearing, and it frequently surprises individuals who have only a cursory knowledge of Bay craft to learn that many of the comparatively small ships seen today were built to brave the Atlantic Ocean in trading with West Indies islands. The "pungy," a direct descendant of the Baltimore clipper, appeared and the "bugeye" with the clipper's raking masts. These types, peculiar to the Chesapeake, will be discussed in greater detail later in this book.

As Americans pushed westward, the Chesapeake became of great importance to United States commerce, and Baltimore prospered. The Baltimore & Ohio Railroad laid the first tracks in the United States, in 1830, and trade with more westerly States boomed. Up and down the Chesapeake passed ships flying the flags of every maritime nation in the world. The one hundred and eighty-odd miles of water between the Virginia capes and Baltimore became as well known to the Briton and Norwegian as it was to the American seaman.

During these years the natural resources of the Bay were being developed. The fame of Maryland oysters spread and, as oyster beds in other States became depleted, oystermen from those States sailed to the Chesapeake to take on cargoes. Terrapin was so plentiful that an early Maryland law forbade the feeding of the reptile to slaves more than a certain number of times a week. Sportsmen travelled hundreds of miles for their fun when Winter brought ducks to the Chesapeake feeding grounds.

The fame of the blue crab spread rapidly after 1870, when improved methods of shipping and marketing made them available to individuals far removed from the Chesapeake.

With these delicacies at one's front door, so to speak, it was natural that Maryland hospitality became a by-word among Americans of means. No effort is made, in this chapter, to deal with the waterside homes in which this hospitality was offered lavishly. These will be touched on as the narrative unfolds. Nor could one chapter alone adequately describe the Chesapeake itself. It is as sensitive as a person, much like an individual of many moods. Only the man or woman who has spent much time on the Bay, who has seen it at its placid best or its angry worst, can understand it. It is a prime purpose of this book to bring to those who have had little or no opportunity to become acquainted with the Chesapeake Bay Country an introduction to its delights, and to those who know it, perhaps some new things about its historic homes and places readily accessible to yachtsmen.

TO THE CHESAPEAKE BAY

Historic Chesapeake! Most lovely Bay!
Where modern ships of commerce night and day
Now ply with cargoes of exceeding worth
To serve the farthest corners of the earth.

To you all nearby waters bring their toll,
In you a hundred rivers find their goal,
And Nature sows in you that men may reap
The richest harvest from a friendly deep.

The lazy oyster, lying on his bed,
Occasionally yawns—and so is fed;
Below your surface toothsome crabs are gliding
And on your marshes terrapin are hiding.

The fighting Rock and sullen Trout are there,
And Bluefish, Hardhead—well might someone swear,
Should Nature ever give an honorarium
She'd name you as her first and best aquarium.

Comes autumn, when the migrant wild fowl seek
The lovely waters of the Chesapeake;
O'er "moor and fen," o'er lake and mountain high,
Their sunset calls make music in the sky.

A brilliant Flight! The southern waters smile
To welcome back their children—for a while.
Across the blue, a whitened "V" of Swan,
Then Geese and Brant—the wondrous Flight goes on.

The Canvasback, the prince of all the Flight,
His crown is red—his robe, gray, black and white,
Flashes in air and moves his wise old head
To search the bottom for a celery bed.

The Redheads! Great! But yet somehow they lack
The social status of the Canvasback.
The Blackhead, with his shirt of dazzling white
And coat of black, is butler of the Flight.

The Pintail, Baldpate, "wary" Black are there;
The Goldeneye is "whiffling" through the air—
The Indian called him "Spirit Duck"; it's queer.
You shoot and kill; he'll dive and disappear.

* * * * *

Sunshine and calm—small "Butter Balls" at play,
Like children on a golden holiday.
Then stormy weather! Guides call, "Mark! Behind!"
Here come the Geese, "Heads down inside the blind."

Now sunset's red balloon is in the West;
You start for home with story, song and jest.
The houseboat's lights gleam over marsh and grass;
Then home—hot fire—good friends—and tilted glass.

* * * * *

Bay of the South! Your riches we proclaim,
But beauties more than riches spell your fame.
Your lovely shores, your waters framed for play,
Still keep us young, while other States grow gray.

—Ben Griswold.
(B. H. Griswold, Jr.)

CHAPTER II

MARYLAND IN COLONIAL DAYS

JUST as the mist and fog is dispersed from a mountain peak revealing it for the first time to an astonished stranger, just so, only much more slowly, was the veil of oblivion lifted from the Chesapeake Country, dazzling the eyes of the Old World.

Sometime about the year 1550 an European had first seen the Chesapeake—no doubt a Spaniard. The year 1585 is the approximate earliest date that it was seen by an Englishman; very likely when Sir Walter Raleigh gave orders for its exploration.

Captain John Smith, with his Jamestown settlers, arrived in the Bay in 1607, and undoubtedly made the first recorded investigation of its waters. William Claiborne, of Virginia, who had connections with English merchants, founded a trading post on Kent Island in 1631.

George Calvert, first Lord Baltimore (born cir. 1580), was a State servant under James I and was interested in Colonial ventures. After unsatisfactory experiences in Newfoundland, due to climate, he turned his attention to the Chesapeake near the James River, then to the country north of the Potomac. He successfully sought a grant for this land, but before it was signed George Calvert died, in 1632. However, his eldest son, Cecilius Calvert, second Lord Baltimore, fell heir to the patent which was signed by King Charles I, and which covered the land of the peninsula and the mainland between the fortieth degree of latitude and the southern bank of the Potomac River.

Maryland history really begins on the fifth of March, 1634, with the arrival of the *Ark* and the *Dove*. The ships became separated in bad weather, soon after their departure from England, but met in the Barbados and proceeded to the Virginia Capes and thence moved up the Bay. The voyage consumed one hundred and three days. There were about two hundred colonists under the lead of Leonard Calvert, Cecilius' twenty-five-year-old brother, who came as the first governor. The colony had been named Maryland in honour of Henrietta Maria, wife of King Charles I.

On March 25th 1634 the two ships cast anchor at St. Clements, an island off the north shore of the Potomac. This was the first act in the settlement of tidewater Maryland, and the third settlement of the English on the North American continent—Jamestown (Virginia) in 1607 and Plymouth (Massachusetts) in 1620 being the first two.

Eighteen miles below St. Clements, towards the Potomac's mouth, the colonists founded their capital on the north shore, naming it St. Mary's City. The government was proprietary, and indeed Cecilius Calvert was absolute hereditary ruler, who dealt with all matters arising between himself and the colonists. Neither the English King nor the Parliament could levy taxes on the colony.

Lord Baltimore had used care in selecting the colonists who sailed on the *Ark* and the *Dove*, choosing those whom he had reason to believe would develop the colony and maintain peace. He was a Catholic, but very tolerant of all religions, and among these first settlers there were quite a number of Protestants; thus Maryland became an haven for all creeds.

Conditions of settlement were liberal. Each colonist who paid his own expenses from England was given one hundred acres of land, and an additional one hundred acres for each adult up to the number of four, whom he transported. For all under sixteen years old, the allotment was fifty acres. Those who transported five adults received two thousand acres, and if the number ran to twenty or more huge estates were created. Very soon, however, these gifts of land were reduced by one-half for newcomers; nevertheless great estates continued to be founded and the lords of these manors lived and possessed much the same rights as those in similar position in England. Their privileges included holding local court and the receipt of various fines and fees. Every recipient of land was required to give his oath of fealty to the Proprietor; no land could be given or sold to religious bodies except for burial grounds; and all land was granted to "heirs and assigns forever." The gift of land to colonists was continued until 1683, and the English law of primogeniture was in force until as late as 1786.

William Claiborne, of Virginia, had established his main trading station on Kent Island, had protested the grant to Lord Baltimore and refused to acknowledge his jurisdiction, claiming the island to be Virginia territory. Leonard Calvert failed in all attempts to conciliate Claiborne and open warfare broke out in 1635. After several years of conflict, Calvert, with the aid of the Governor of Virginia, succeeded in establishing his rule over the territory granted by the Crown.

It was compulsory for all freemen to be present either in person or by proxy at the early general assemblies. In time the increase in population made this too cumbersome and the procedure of electing delegates was introduced. In the first general assemblies many laws were enacted which were rejected by Lord Baltimore in England, but in 1638 he delegated the power of acceptance or rejection to the Governor of the colony.

The unusual freedom, for these times, allowed by the Calverts to all religious sects brought very many Puritans, also Quakers and Dissenters, to Maryland. These Puritans, spurred on by the rebellion against the King in England and Oliver Cromwell's treason, joined hands with Claiborne. Led by a certain Captain Ingle in 1645 they took St. Mary's City, upset Calvert's government, and moved the capital to Preston on the Patuxent. The Cavaliers of Virginia came to the rescue, and by the end of 1646 Calvert was able to restore his rule as Governor. The following June, 1647, Leonard Calvert died, aged thirty-nine. He named Thomas Greene to succeed him as Governor, and Mistress Margaret Brent, an exceptionally able woman, as his executrix.

At this time the Bay country was entirely agricultural and possessed but few small towns. This condition continued up to Revolutionary times. It was customary for indentured servants, both white and black, to serve voluntarily until the cost of their transportation and expenses was covered by their labour. This usually meant five to six years of service. Among this class there was but a small percentage of convicts. These indentured servants were frequently offered for sale from landing to landing on both sides of the Bay.

Shortly after Leonard Calvert's death, Lord Baltimore, in order to appease the Puritans in England, removed Governor Greene and installed William Stone in his place. This had the effect of bringing many Puritans from Virginia, where they were cordially hated, to settle at Providence on the Severn.

When the news came in 1649 that King Charles I had been beheaded by Cromwell and his Puritans, Thomas Greene, acting in the absence of Governor Stone, followed the example set by the Virginia Cavaliers and proclaimed Charles II as King. Despite the fact that Stone rescinded this action, commissioners were sent out by Cromwell to take charge of Maryland and Virginia. Among these commissioners was William Claiborne. Governor Stone in 1652 would not accede to their demands and insisted on a continuance of the proprietary rights. The Puritan commissioners removed him from power in 1654 and disfranchised all who had not submitted to Parliament, which meant the vast majority of Catholics. Protection was then withdrawn by law from members of the Catholic Church and the Church of England. In 1655 Stone, with an armed force, moved against the Puritan settlement at Providence. He was defeated and the Puritans were now in complete control. A settlement between Lord Baltimore and the Maryland Puritans was reached in 1657, and Josias Fendall appointed Governor, with orders to restore protection to all religious sects. Soon thereafter the lower house of the assembly tried to seize all

power. These political troubles were ended with the Restoration in England and the accession of King Charles II in 1660. Philip Calvert arrived as Governor with full authority from the King to restore proprietary power. The Puritans, at the return of the monarchy, had lost their prestige in England and were ceasing to be of ruling importance in Maryland.

Then began a long period of prosperity, covering thirty years, and rapid expansion along the Bay and rivers. Tobacco was the main crop and constituted the bulk of business in this agricultural country; indeed it was used as a substitute for money.

During this era there developed a greater tendency toward absolute rule, both on the part of the King and Lord Baltimore, with the result that important colonial posts were for the most part given to Calvert's friends. Philip Calvert only held the governorship until 1662, when he was succeeded by Charles, son of Cecilius. Upon the death of Cecilius, Lord Baltimore, in 1675, Charles became the first of the Lords Proprietary to govern in person. A very able man, he ruled the colony from 1679 to 1684 and then gave place to his son, Benedict Leonard Calvert. Charles, third Lord Baltimore, died in February, 1715, and was immediately succeeded in the peerage by Benedict Leonard Calvert, who survived his father by only two months.

With the accession of James II to the throne of England in 1685, action was taken toward the revocation of all proprietary charters for the purpose of making all colonies directly subject to the Crown. Just in time to avoid this, the revolution of 1688 established Mary II and William III of Orange upon the throne. However, the establishment of the Church of England was fixed as the State religion in the colony in 1689, and local agitation succeeded in stripping Lord Baltimore of his political powers. Francis Nicholson, among the first of the royal governors, immediately moved the capital of the colony from St. Mary's City to the banks of the Severn, where Annapolis soon grew. Under the royal governors, who ruled Maryland from 1691 to 1715, there was less attention paid to the welfare or wishes of the colonists. Early in the royal regime a poll tax was enacted to support the Church of England. This was aimed at the Catholics, who were suspect as supporters of the royal House of Stuart, more than it was intended to jeopardize religious toleration. Proprietary government was restored in 1715 when Benedict Leonard Calvert renounced Catholicism. Sir Henry Harford, illegitimate son of Frederick Calvert, sixth Lord Baltimore, succeeded in 1771 and was the last of the Lords Proprietary.

The population of Maryland had grown from a scant 8,000 in 1660 to 32,000 in 1700, and by 1715, with a population of 50,200, the colony was surpassed only by Virginia and Massachusetts. Of this latter figure,

about 9,500 were negroes. Just on the eve of the Revolution (1775) Maryland's population is given as 200,000; the Indians had almost entirely disappeared, there being only slightly more than one hundred remaining.

The years of the eighteenth century up to the Revolution were peaceful and prosperous in the Chesapeake country, and developed delightful and luxurious living, very similar to the life of the upper classes in England. The end of this happy existence was hastened by the introduction of manufacturing and railroads, and its death blow came with the freeing of the negro. About 1790 a very famous actor said regarding Maryland, "The grand product was good humour; the great exchange, hospitality; the one avocation, enjoyment." I shall add, What could be nearer Paradise in the life of man? With the mixture of all nations, which the immigration laws have permitted, it is a pleasure to look back upon a pure stock and see the affection and pride which they felt for their homeland. The diseases of Radicalism, Communism, Socialism and the New Deal were unknown.

From as early as 1624 Dutchmen had occasionally come into the Bay country, but intercourse with them, as well as the Delaware Swedes, had been for the most part without friction; not so with the Pennsylvanians, for with the grant to Penn in 1681 boundary disputes began. Border clashes continued until a few years before the Revolution, despite the fact that the border, very close to the present one, had been surveyed in 1732 and by Mason and Dixon (1760-67). In all her boundary disputes Maryland lost territory, even down to 1912.

As has been said there were but few towns and those were small in early Colonial times. The site of Baltimore on the Patapsco was first seen by Captain John Smith. The river he called the Bolus. While the lands were patented in 1662, it was more than fifty years thereafter before there was any development along the Patapsco, save a few plantations and boat landings. The first settler to build an house was David Jones in 1682, on the falls named after him, but the land for "Baltimore Town" was not purchased until 1729 and the city not incorporated until 1797. A wooden wall with east and west gates, which was built around the town in 1750, remained standing for less than five years, when it was torn down for firewood by the inhabitants. Baltimore has the distinction of having been the only walled town in the United States. The Continental Congress moved to Baltimore late in the year 1776, and for a brief time the city was the capital of the revolutionary republic.

Annapolis, on the banks of the Severn, is much older than our big city on the Patapsco, the site having been settled by Puritans from Virginia in 1649. It was called Providence until the closing years of the seventeenth century, then it became Arundel Town and finally Annapolis.



LAFAYETTE'S PLAN OF THE HARBOUR OF COLONIAL ANNAPOLIS—1781

From Collection of P. H. Magruder



HON. HERBERT R. O'CONOR
Governor of Maryland

HERBERT R O'CONOR
GOVERNOR

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT
ANNAPOLIS, MARYLAND

February 12, 1944

Mr. Norman Alan Hill
Cecil Apartments
Baltimore-1, Maryland

Dear Mr. Hill:

Because the Chesapeake Bay country of Maryland is so rich in historical interest, I am very happy to cooperate in calling the attention of our people to the bounteous heritage that is at their very doors, so to speak.

Few sections in America can offer the close link to our colonial past that is afforded by the many splendid homes still extant throughout the tidewater section of our State, and I firmly believe that renewed interest in these fine old residences by our people would assist materially in spreading appreciation of the accomplishments and the ideals of our Maryland forefathers.

With kindest regards, I am

Very truly yours,

Governor

P



Thirty-Foot Owens — THE "FANNY" — T. Gardner Hill



To illustrate the Story of — "STEAMBOAT DAYS" — A. A. Bodine

When the Puritans, due to the Restoration in England, lost most of their power, they joined other Protestant groups in the colony against the Catholics. These forces were enabled in 1694 to remove the capital from St. Mary's City to Annapolis. Within a comparatively short time St. Mary's became a desolate ruin, and today nearly every trace of the original city has disappeared. A fine reproduction of the old State House was built in 1934.

Annapolis was the seat of Congress in 1783 and for a short time capital of the republic. It was also there that George Washington resigned his command of the Continental Army.

Until the Boston Port Act to eliminate smuggling in 1774, there had been but little contention with England. This, however, was followed by boycott of imports, the formation of a militia, and the raising of troops in 1775 to aid the northern colonies. Robert Eden, the popular Governor since 1769, received a courteous suggestion that it might be well for him to leave Maryland. In 1776 he graciously complied, but returned after the war to visit his friends.

A Provincial Convention was now formed. This later became the Provincial Government. The Convention was loathe to break the old bonds with England, but was driven on by the mass feeling. Maryland sent Samuel Chase, William Paca, Charles Carroll and Thomas Stone as delegates to the Convention, now renamed the Continental Congress. The new government very closely resembled that of the proprietary governors; a property qualification was necessary for the franchise, and in March, 1777, Thomas Johnson, the first of the Maryland State Governors, took office.

Of the Revolutionary War, the Maryland Chesapeake country saw little; a few raiding parties and the landing of Admiral Howe at the Elk River in 1777 were about all. However, Maryland "Old Line" troops served throughout the war, and were considered among the best in the Continental Army.

LORDS BALTIMORE AND LORDS PROPRIETARY OF MARYLAND

George Calvert—First Lord Baltimore (born circa 1580, died 1632).

Cecilius Calvert—Second Lord Baltimore and Lord Proprietary, succeeded 1632

Charles Calvert—Third Lord Baltimore and Lord Proprietary, succeeded 1675

Benedict Leonard Calvert—Fourth Lord Baltimore and Lord Proprietary, succeeded 1715

Charles Calvert—Fifth Lord Baltimore and Lord Proprietary, succeeded 1715

Frederick Calvert—Sixth Lord Baltimore and Lord Proprietary, succeeded 1751

Sir Henry Harford—Lord Proprietary, succeeded 1771

PROPRIETARY GOVERNORS

1633—Leonard Calvert (Edward Ingle and Edward Hill alternately usurped government for short period)
1647—Thomas Greene
1649—William Stone
1652—Richard Bennett, Edmund Curtis and William Claiborne (Parliamentary Commissioners)
1654—Committee of Puritans
1656—Josiah Fendall
1660—Philip Calvert
1661—Charles Calvert (later Lord Baltimore), at intervals until 1692 Cecil and Benedict Leonard Calvert, infant sons of the Proprietary, had part in the government
1676—Jesse Wharton
1676—Thomas Notley
1688—William Joseph
1689—The Convention of Protestant Associations
1679-1684—Charles Calvert ruled in person

ROYAL GOVERNORS

1691—Sir Lionel Copley
1693—Sir Thomas Lawrence (usurpation)
1693—Sir Edmund Andros (usurpation)
1693—Colonel Nicholas Greenbury (usurpation)
1694—Francis Nicholson
1698—Nathaniel Blakiston
1702—Thomas Tench (in absence of Blakiston)
1704—John Seymour
1709—Edward Lloyd
1714—John Hart

PROPRIETARY GOVERNORS

1715—John Hart
1720—Charles Calvert
1727—Benedict Leonard Calvert
1731—Samuel Ogle
1732—Charles, Lord Baltimore
1733—Samuel Ogle
1742—Thomas Bladen
1747—Samuel Ogle
1752—Benjamin Tasker
1753—Horatio Sharpe
1769—Robert Eden

CHAPTER III

PLANNING THE CRUISE

AFTER dinner at the skipper's at Round Bay on the Severn the four old men, later described, characterized and caricatured, foregathered on the porch. Smoking, relaxed, and reasonably content, they listened to "Skip's" planning of the month-long cruise to be started the next day.

"We'll work down the Western Shore to Hampton Roads, visting the Severn, South, West, Rhode, Patuxent, Potomac, Rappahannock, York and James, cross over to Cape Charles and work back up the Eastern Shore. On the way up we'll visit several fine creeks on the Eastern Shore of Virginia, Tangier Island, the Pocomoke, Wicomico, Nanticoke, Hoopers Island, Tilghmans Island, the Little and Big Choptank, Tred Avon, Eastern Bay, Miles, Wye, Chester, Sassafras, Bohemia, Elk, North East and the Susquehanna.

Then we start back down the Bay, visiting Middle River, Sue Island. We pass Fort Carroll, Fort McHenry, Federal Hill and visit Baltimore, Bodkin Creek, Gibson Island and the Magothy, Whitehall Creek and Whitehall, again visit Annapolis, and back up the Severn to Round Bay. We'll visit some sixty historic homes and places on most of which "Doc" has voluminous notes.

We will have sportsmen friends visit us at various stops of the cruise to tell tales of their favored sports, visits with the commodores of the ten or twelve yacht clubs to tell us of their clubs, and quite a few other visitors to add to our pleasure and enlightenment.

What's more there's no alibi for a humorous story, tall tales, or just plain fable from one of us each day of the trip. These are to be a part of the log, and as you've been warned of this requirement, no excuses go.

Now I call your attention to the cartoon of us drawn by a neighbor celebrity. If anyone of you is vain, look well and be deflated.

The crew of the *Fanny*, as caricatured in the cartoon, may be characterized further thusly:

"Skipper," or "Skip" for short, sixty, six-two, two hundred; fallen arches, arthritic, the fancy name for gouty, fairly healthy, but subject to the usual ills of those no longer claiming to be just middle aged. Lots of hair, big nose, big head, not smart, but gift of gab and lots of brass.

"Mate," his brother, seven years older, five ten, a hundred fifty; active, alert, big head with lots in it, a good man to have around in a pinch. Good navigator and what is much more important a good cook.


FANNY
ROUND BAY
MD.
Yardley

Lots of curly grey hair, also a big nose, also brown eyes and actually a moustache.

"Handy," a few years older than Mate, shorter and leaner, but just as active physically and mentally. Unlike Doc, Skip and Mate, who have grown and married children, Handy is a bachelor, and genuinely modest and unassuming. Very willing and able to do a good job as cleaner-upper, dishwasher and bed maker. Not so hot at steering as he is absent-minded and inclined to get off course. Knows his Maryland history.

"Doc," same age as Skip, shorter, a hundred sixty, getting a pot, blond, sandy hair, blue eyes, slowing up, but still the undisputed champion of the crew at draw poker and beer drinking. Inclined to be a bit highbrow, over-traveled, over-cultured and definitely reactionary to present social trends. Knows his history, not only Maryland but lots more. Another good cook and competent navigator.

The "Four Old Men," not yet in the boat, but were still relaxed on the Skipper's porch, smoking and beering when Pete Fish joined them.

Doc reminded Skip of the time the two of them with a lawyer friend who turned out to be anything but a "sea lawyer" went across the Bay to see the International Comet Races and had so many mishaps the event was always remembered as the International Comic Races.

The trio were heading for an overnight mooring in the Little Choptank and were just below Sharps Island, when suddenly there loomed out of the darkness a huge schooner running without lights at a fast clip under full sail and a powerful auxiliary.

There was no time to get out of the way and this solid version of the Flying Dutchman smacked the small craft on the left side, smashing some planking, twisting the superstructure askew and tumbling chinaware and crewmen to the deck.

A hit-and-run schooner it was and the big vessel sped off into the darkness without a pause or a hail. Those on the *Fanny* after picking themselves up off the deck, leaped to the searchlight to try to identify the schooner, but the blow had put the light out of commission.

Next day at the races the three scuttled about among the handsome yachts, looking for one showing a scar on its bow, but found no clew. Apparently those on the schooner had passed up the races and vamoosed from those waters.

En route to Baltimore the following night the lawyer—who was learning to steer—put the *Fanny* in too close to Bodkin Point and smacked her right onto Bodkin Bar. That tore it, as the English say. She wouldn't back off under power and the three divested themselves of all clothing and jumped over in two feet of water in a futile effort to push her off. Standing

with the chilly water up to their knees they decided there was nothing to do but wait for the tide to lift them off.

They were climbing up the swim ladder like three angular and nude Aphrodites when a big yacht successfully rounding the Point, threw its searchlight on them.

From the yacht came a gust of somewhat hysterical laughter from the girls lining the rail. It was the kind of laugh which said: "You men laugh at us about our silly hats, but you three in your birthday suits look pretty silly yourselves."

There was no rebuttal from the grounded *Fanny*.

Mate spoke up, "You old goats were no treat to those gals. Here's one for the book:

Bear Creek is a broad and pleasant stream that winds between low green hills, forming the kind of setting that gets poets into a frenzy. But some years ago it put a certain quartet of amateur fishermen into a different sort of frenzy and ever since they think of it only as 'Skunk Creek.'

They had put in there for an overnight anchorage to get a peaceful sleep before heading down the Bay next day for some serious fishing. Sometime after midnight the sleepers began to stir uneasily. They would gasp a little and sink back to sleep again. But not for long. More shifting and gasping and finally they were broad awake to discover that the stream seemed to be heavily blanketed by a terrific stench.

It was a smell of such horsepower that it would have brought a chloroformed man to his feet yelling. The party went on deck, but the night was dark and still and nothing untoward could be seen. The stench was getting worse by the minute—or so it seemed—and finally two of the fishermen put off in the dinghy to see what was wrong.

There was a haze on the water and they didn't go far before the source of the odor became apparent. During the night three scows loaded with decaying pea hulls from a cannery upstream had been anchored in the shadows near the shore up-wind and not far away. The fishermen upped anchor and got away from there fast.

But hardly had they gotten to sleep at an anchorage that seemed out of range when the stench again smote them into wakefulness. It seems that the wind had shifted and once more they were in the path of that, to quote the crew, —— —— —— aroma that resembled nothing in heaven or earth except, perhaps, the fragrance from a plenary session of a congress of skunks. This time they went far down the river, but all next day while fishing miles away one or another would sniff and mournfully report a trace of pea-hull odor clinging to the boat."

Skip piped up, "That story of a bad smell reminds me, Pete, of the time we had at Oxford and we craved that 'good to the last drop' taste and grand eye-opener smell."

Boatmen all agree there is nothing like the savory aroma of coffee and the hot liquid itself to get the day started right. Nobody wanted to argue and the Skipper went on with his story as they knew he would.

"We two Round Bay couples were fishing out near the main channel below Hills Point one Saturday when the engine heated up and the pump wouldn't hold suction. And not to be wondered at, as it was an old flivver crock on temporary marine duty.

There was nothing to do except limp along and stop every few minutes to let the motor cool off. It looked like a dismal end to a good day on the water. And it got more dismal. The start and stop progress finally brought us to Oxford and a shipyard, where the boat was tied up for repairs.

The four of us then sprinted to a hotel for a hot supper, but got only cold food—and not much of that. However, the pump had been fixed and the craft was headed to the other side of the river for the night as the town was getting noisy with Saturday night drunks expressing themselves in song.

All of us were ready for sleep and the girls took over the cabin while we men curled up on the seats of the cockpit, which had a canopy but no side curtains. Shortly after we turned in Pete threw an empty bottle overboard. During the night a squall broke and a hard rain drenched the cockpit.

Pete was pretty well lined with gin and somewhat impervious to water at the time, but thought it looked dumb to lie out in the rain. So the two of us men invaded the cabin and stretched out on the narrow bunks, feet to feet with respective spouse, each with his head at the bottom of the bunk to conserve space. My six feet plus put my head out into the hatch opening. All night I slept with the rain dripping on my face. Pete was short enough to be all under cover.

Came morning and the sun and all hands were more cheerful except Pete, who appeared to need a pick-me-up. His face was half as long as his arm. Suddenly someone shouted from the galley:

'The coffee is all gone.'

Well, sir, the bottom just fell out of the day. But it was a treat to hear Pete cursing; he did the matter ample justice."

Pete spoke up, "I'll never forget that nor will our wives, and to contribute my story as a prelude to your cruise, Skip, I'll tell you one thing you're going to miss on this junket."

"Um-m-m—— What's that, Peter Fish?"

STEAMBOAT DAYS

(Illustrations facing pages 11, 320)

"The steamboats. I don't mean the ocean liners that plied from the port of Baltimore to every known corner of the earth; I don't mean the big coastwise steamers that ran to Boston, Savannah or Jacksonville; but what I do mean are the smaller 'river craft'—the boats that brought the produce of the Eastern Shore, the cantaloupes, watermelons, tomatoes and wheat from the Eastern Shore; the succulent soft-shell crabs, shad and oysters from Tangier, the Potomac, the Rappahannock and the Piankatank.

Do you realize that of the scores of these craft that churned the waters of the Chesapeake and poked their noses into every river and creek on the Bay for scores of years there's not a single one left.

Which one of you off-hand can tell me where's the old *Cambridge* that ran between Baltimore and Claiborne, carrying thousands of vacationers and excursionists over the water-lap of the jaunt to Ocean City for their annual holiday. And what of 'The Flyer' that used to bear Mother and Dad and all the kids from Claiborne to complete their journey by rail to Ocean City—Maryland's only ocean resort—or one of the dozens of Summer boarding houses that flourished on every intervening river.

And where is the old *Westmoreland* that made the run from Baltimore to Love Point, the Bay terminal of the Maryland, Delaware & Virginia Railroad that ran from there to Lewes, Delaware, and stopped at all the wayside stations.

What of the old *Louise* that packed 'em in on the 'moonlights' and every Summer weekday and Saturday on the trip across the Bay to Tolchester loaded to the gunwales with the pleasure seekers who scampered ashore for a cooling dip in the Chesapeake, a thrilling ride on the lurch-back or a jog on the ponies. And remember the Sunday school excursions with Mom and Pop and the thousand and one delectable indigestibles which we used to take on all-day picnics.

And where's the *Middlesex*, the old *Northumberland*, the *Emma Giles*, the *Piankatank*, the *Talbot*, the *Avalon*, the *B. S. Ford* and all the rest. It was a regular procession, starting in the early afternoon and continuing until late evening, when these old river boats used to leave Baltimore for their trips down the Bay, stopping at this wharf and that to load on the bounties of the rivers and land and returning the next morning or the morning thereafter to bring these riches of the soil and water to markets.

'Meeting the steamboats' was a miniature holiday in itself for the thousands of rural folks and Summer boarders who thrilled to the core as the deep 'WHO-o-o' sounded from the steamer as she would come 'round the point! No matter how late or how early it was when she docked, there

was always a welcoming gallery at every wharf they touched to put on or take off freight or gather passengers bound for the city or let off those coming home to see the Old Folks.

Best of all I liked the overnight trips that started from one of the Bay points like Crisfield, Cambridge, or other places and then on to Baltimore, after stopping at every river and Bay side pier to take on freight and passengers for the city.

There was always something of interest, and not infrequently humorous incidents. I remember once taking the night boat from Cambridge. It was the old *Talbot,* I believe. We left Cambridge and after the usual stops steamed down the Choptank to Oxford en route to Baltimore.

In the deepening twilight of an early Fall day we landed at that picturesque and beautiful little town of Oxford on the Tred Avon River, right where it empties into the Choptank, and tied up alongside the pier. A hefty young steer was one of the pieces of freight that was to go. The roustabouts had trundled crates of chickens and boxes of fish and other items of freight aboard with the greatest of ease, but that steer had ideas of his own.

Two of the boys got him by the head and started leading him on. But not for far. The steer balked and a third freight handler got him by the tail, giving that member a vicious twist to encourage forward motion. But the more they pulled and tugged the worse that steer became. Finally nearly every man jack of the deck crew of that steamer had gone ashore to take a hand in the argument.

There was only one officer aboard—the second mate, I believe he was—and he was shouting suggestions from the wheelhouse.

Lucky he was there, too. Occupied with the shouting and executing of orders, the bawling of the steer, which time and again almost plunged overboard carrying all hands with him, nobody had noticed a sudden equinoxial storm that had come up as quickly as any I have ever seen. That is, not until that first wicked gust hit.

The stern line snapped and the boat started swinging around in an arc, threatening to tear her bow loose, smash the wharf or drive her ashore. There was no time to lose. The young officer in the wheelhouse rang full speed astern. Somebody cast off the bow line and single handed he steered her out into broad water, where he brought her head into the storm.

The squall was over almost as quickly as it started and single handed the second mate brought the big boat back to the pier. In the meantime all hands had ganged up on the steer. They had finally thrown him, tied his feet and carried him bodily aboard. Then we set out for Easton Landing.

Sleep was never very important on these overnight trips. There was always something doing. Within a short time after leaving the initial point things began to develop. A poker game would spring up in the men's smoking room. There was always a crowd around 'the old pianner' and everybody joined in singing the old familiar songs whose spirit never seems to die. The ladies took out their knitting or started euchre or games of five hundred. The young bloods, dressed to kill, started scouting around. The girls—'teen olders and upwards—paraded and looked coy. Acquaintances sprang up like flowers in the Springtime.

Then there was always another wharf where the boat had to stop. Around midnight, or after the last river stop, the old boat would head toward Baltimore, and still there was no sleep. For by the time most of us would be ready to take a big slice of shut-eye, the cattle would begin bellowing and bawling, the sheep bleating, the roosters crowing and the engines clanking as the steam-driven Noah's Ark plowed up the Bay.

Come Seven Foot Knoll and the first call for breakfast. Then you'd either arise and get your bacon and eggs or wish you had. For a three-ringed circus there are few modes of travel that could touch a night trip up the Bay on one of the old Bay steamers.

Back of the rise and decline of steamboating on the Chesapeake lies approximately one hundred and thirty years of transportation by steam through the water routes that in time touched communities along the shores of practically every river of the Bay.

It was in 1813, just six years after Robert Fulton's *Clermont* made her successful run up the Hudson from New York to Albany, that the first Chesapeake Bay steamboat made its initial run out of Baltimore harbor. It was the steamboat *Chesapeake* of The Union Line, Captain Edward Trippe, master, and her first run, advertised in the *American and Commercial Daily Advertiser* of Baltimore, June 12, 1813, was an excursion from Baltimore to Annapolis. The announcement of her trip follows:

'The Steamboat *Chesapeake*, Edward Trippe, Master, will leave the lower end of Bowley's Wharf on Sunday morning next, the 13th instant, at eight o'clock precisely, for Annapolis and will return in the evening. Passage one Dollar there and the same back. A cold dinner will be provided on board. Edward Trippe, Master.'

Trippe, an Eastern Shore planter who lived in Dorchester County, was well acquainted with Fulton, whom he met at the home of Robert R. Livingston, an associate of Fulton in his steamboat enterprise. The possibilities of the steamboat as a means of travel and transport became deeply impressed upon Trippe and subsequently he broached the subject to Lieutenant-Colonel William McDonald, leading citizen and capitalist of



CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH'S CHARTE OF THE CHESAPEAKE—1608

From Collection of P. H. Magruder



"COMMODORE PETE," A. Y. C. FLAGSHIP LIMBAS—REGATTA, 1941

P. H. Magruder



THIRTY-SIX-FOOT RICHARDSON Clyde E. Loose



MATTHEWS FIFTY-FOOTER Clyde E. Loose

Baltimore, and Andrew F. Henderson, with whom he was operating a sailing packet line from Baltimore to Philadelphia.

The trio organized the Union Line with the idea of building a steamboat to operate on the Baltimore-Philadelphia run. And so the *Chesapeake* was conceived, being built by William Flanigan at Flanigan's shipyards in Baltimore, which afterwards became known as Union Dock. John J. Shannahan, who has written much of the history of steamboating on the Chesapeake, claims that the *Chesapeake* undoubtedly was the first to churn the waters of the Bay. The steamboat experiments of James Rumsey, a Marylander, whom many claim beat Fulton to the gun in the propulsion of watercraft by steam, were said to have been carried on much earlier in the upper Potomac River near Shepherdstown.

The *Chesapeake* is described as being one hundred and thirty feet long, twenty feet beam and seven-foot draft. She was painted white, with green rails, and her two paddle wheels were ten feet in diameter and five feet in width. On her wheelhouse was painted 'Chesapeake: Union Line.' The women's cabin, with berths, occupied the stern of the boat, while the men's cabin was between that and the engine. In the day time the men's cabin was used as the dining room. The *Chesapeake* made her first regular trip to Frenchtown on Elk River, the across-the-Bay terminus of the Baltimore-Philadelphia route, and back—one hundred and forty miles—in twenty-four hours.

From Frenchtown, passengers and freight were carried overland by horse power to Newcastle, where they were taken aboard another steamer to continue their route to Philadelphia. The old Union Line was successful from the start and, in fact, it may be looked upon as the ancestor of the Baltimore-Philadelphia Steamboat Company, organized in 1844, thus operating over one of the oldest steamboat routes in the world.

The old *Chesapeake*, it is true, showed the way in the Chesapeake Bay steamboating, but she held the center of the stage only a scant two years. Then came the *Surprise* and later the *Eagle*, chartered for Chesapeake waters by a Southern Marylander, George Weems, the first steamboats to brave the open ocean. Built in Philadelphia, there was no other way to the Bay except out of Delaware Bay, into the Atlantic and through the Virginia Capes into the Chesapeake.

Operated over a route between Fair Haven, the Weems estate on the Patuxent, and Baltimore, stopping at river and Bayside points for freight and passengers, these steamers were the first of what was later to become the Weems Line, long noted in Chesapeake Bay steamboating history.

These pioneers were but the beginners, blazing the water trails of the Chesapeake for numerous other individual lines which were not slow to

recognize the advantages of steam over sail in the packet trade. Came the Eastern Shore Steamboat Company, the Maryland Steamboat Company, the Choptank Steamboat Company, the Chester River Steamboat Company, the Wheeler Line, and others whose names now are but memories. Individual lines in years to come, it was found, could not be operated for profit as well as large corporations. Consolidations started in 1894, when the Baltimore, Chesapeake & Atlantic Railway Company, a subsidiary of the Pennsylvania Railroad, took over four lines and the Baltimore-Eastern Shore Railroad, which ran from Claiborne to Ocean City, serving as the land link of the Baltimore to Ocean City route, was organized.

The Maryland, Delaware & Virginia Railway Company was formed January 30, 1905, taking over the Queen Anne's Railroad, which operated to Rehoboth, Delaware, the Weems Steamboat Line and the Chester River Steamboat Company. Thus these two companies—the B., C. & A. and the M., D. & V.—which were affiliated came into possession of the majority of the steamboats operating in the Bay.

But changes in the river boat traffic did not halt there. In subsequent years, due to the inroads made by the automobile into their passenger carrying and the toll taken of the freight business by the motor trucks, the river steamboats again were in difficulties. They were not paying propositions and sentiment was poor compensation for stockholders. After years of financial difficulties and litigations of one kind or another both the Baltimore, Chesapeake & Atlantic and the Maryland, Delaware & Virginia companies went by the boards and today neither of the two which in their heyday had a virtual monopoly of the Chesapeake Bay river steamboat business exist, as such.

Today the Baltimore Steam Packet Company (the Old Bay Line), after its merger with the Chesapeake Line, is still doing a flourishing business over a century old, with palatial steamers operating between Baltimore and Norfolk; the Tolchester Lines, Inc., operates a ferry service from Baltimore to Tolchester; the Ericsson Line plies between Baltimore and Philadelphia via the Chesapeake and Delaware Canal; the Wilson Line operates from Baltimore to Seaside Park and excursions and 'moonlights,' the Pennsylvania Railroad runs a ferry and freight service between Baltimore and Love Point; and the State of Maryland operates a ferry service between Annapolis and Matapeake, with a short connecting link between Romancoke and Claiborne, and there are several small independent lines operating from other points to Baltimore. That is about all.

In the meantime grass grows between many miles of rails over which the trains used to speed to Rehoboth and Ocean City (some portions are still utilized by a gasoline-driven railway car freight service) and scores

of former stations along these lines are boarded up, with their platforms falling into decay.

Along the river fronts steamboat landings are but specters of previous activity. Wharf houses are dilapidated, windows broken and doors sagging from rusted hinges; with gaunt piles standing like tombstones in a watery graveyard, reminiscent only of joyous goings and comings, of an industry that was born, flourished and died.

But over smooth highways shiny bug-like automobiles are whizzing—huge motor trucks packed with oysters, crabs and fish; with peaches, watermelons, cantaloupes; with string beans, potatoes and tomatoes—and each turn of their wheels as they rush onward to markets sounds the death-knell of a romantic period of Chesapeake's history—its river steamboats."

CHAPTER IV

THE SEVERN RIVER AND ANNAPOLIS

THE story of "Steam Boat Days," as well as the beer, agreed with the crew. They had slept well, and the morning of July 13th, not too bright, and not too early, they breakfasted heartily, and held the bathroom parade. Not too soon thereafter, they decided to get ready to start, loading the boat with all their duffle and oddments. The terious part of gassing up, oil changing, battery testing, filling the water tank, and a thorough check over of the engine and the electric system, had been attended to the day before by the skipper.

In relays they carried their stuff down to the twelve-foot "Old Town" dinghy, tender for the *Fanny*, at a nearby small boat pier. Then rowed it out to her mooring and loaded up. About eleven they knocked off and went for a swim from the big pier. Shortly after this, they did justice to a hearty lunch. After lunch they took a well-earned rest for an hour or so. In fact, Mate and Handy took a nap while Skip and Doc did a few odd jobs on the boat. These two then got everything fixed up to give the older men the best beds, but the worst jobs.

Around five o'clock, they actually got started; a short run from the mooring, with the dink in tow, found Aaron with the ice at the big pier; also Skip's boss in his car with the perishable foodstuff to be put in the refrigerator. Tom Trixler, "Sage of the Severn," came on board to ride to Annapolis with them and tell them the story of the Chesapeake's most beautiful tributary. The few people on the big pier waved goodbye as they headed the *Fanny* down stream at five thirty. A nice, convenient time to start a month's cruise, particularly if you are only going eight miles that day and tie up at the Annapolis Yacht Club for dinner and overnight. As they passed Sherwood Forest, Trix spoke up:

"Well, Skip, let me tell you a little something about the Severn River as we run down to Annapolis.

The river is navigable for some ten miles above Greenbury Light and for the last three miles it is rather narrow, the distance from bank to bank being only about one hundred to two hundred yards in some places.

Round Bay, as you can see, resembles a lake, being more or less circular and about two miles in diameter.

As we leave Round Bay you will find the river narrowing to some eight hundred yards at this point and as we go down it gradually opens

up to a width of about one mile at the point where it empties into Chesapeake Bay some seven miles from here.

The Severn is very easy to navigate, the depth in mid-channel being from twenty to thirty feet, except for the upper three miles, where it carries a depth of from six to fifteen feet. To keep out of trouble stay clear of the bars which make out from the shore at various places. You will find numerous day beacons and several can and nun buoys to give aid."

Doc cut in: "There's a lot of creeks, Trix, tell us about 'em!"

"Yes," said Trix, "the many small creeks and coves making off the river on either side are truly delightful spots. Nearly all of them are navigable and carry a depth of from twelve to fifteen feet of water. They are easy to enter, but keep a sharp lookout for the sand bars. Most of them afford a perfect anchorage in bad weather, being surrounded by high wooded banks which protect from any wind. To get away from the rest of the world for a time, I cannot think of any better place."

Handy spoke up: "The only rival of this stream is the Sassafras."

Trix countered: "The Severn is often referred to as the 'Hudson River of Maryland.' This name is suggested by the high wooded bluffs and banks which line her shores. Mother Nature cut deep when she formed the Severn. The river runs through a thickly wooded country and, except where man has cleared away the trees to build the many fine homes located on the banks, the natural growth remains. The river is beautiful in all seasons, but no yachtsman has seen the Severn in her full glory unless he has sailed it in late April or early May, when the dogwood trees are in full bloom, or in late October, when the bright red of the gum and dogwood trees blend into the deep yellow of the tulip poplar and chestnut oak. Make an opportunity to watch a Winter sunset across Round Bay and you will see a sight you will never forget."

Skip blurted out: "Don't forget I live here, too, Trix, in the Summer."

Trix ignored that and countered: "Round Bay is a fine spot for sailing craft. On most any Sunday afternoon from May until October you can see many small sail boats competing in races sponsored by the sailing division of the Indian Landing Boat Club, the club house of which is located at the head of the river. You will see represented Penguins, Severn One Design, National One Design, Comets, Twenty-Foot Round and Chine Bottoms and an occasional Chesapeake Bay Log Canoe and many others. The skippers range from ten to sixty years of age, all having some wonderful sport and showing a fine spirit of fair play and good-fellowship."

Mate interrupts with: "Tell us something about the fishing, Trix!"

Trix: "The river abounds in white and yellow perch, sunfish, pike and striped bass or, as locally known, rock fish. Sunday afternoons hundreds

of fishermen are on the Severn, some in row boats fishing for yellow perch in the shallow, grassy parts; others in boats with outboard motors, and still others in large cruisers or just fishing work boats, all trolling for rock in the deeper water. A fish hatchery is located at the head of the river in Severn Run, and is operated by the Conservation Department of the State of Maryland. Each year thousands of yellow perch are released in the Severn from this source.

Much of the credit for the good fishing in the river must go to the Severn River Association. This association was organized in 1911 by a small group of men residing on the banks of the river. Among its objects as listed in the original by-laws were two which have gone far toward preserving the fish. They are (A) To stock the Severn River with fish, and (B) To secure laws for the protection of fish and game and due enforcement of the same. In 1916 the association succeeded in having enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland a law which prohibited the taking of fish from the Severn River by any method other than by hook and line. The association has been headed by many able men, all of whom have made very definite and valuable contributions to the Severn River country through their efforts to obtain improved roads and transportation facilities and in the beautification of the countryside. The present membership is two hundred and fifty and the association is the 'Watch Dog of the Severn'."

Skipper spoke up: "Thanks a lot, Trix, for your story."

Trix replied: "This has been a delightful trip, Skip. Many thanks and good luck."

The "Sage of the Severn," Tom Trixler, left the *Fanny* after a cocktail or two. The four old men had a nice dinner at the Annapolis Yacht Club. Later, the famed arbiter of the club, Commodore Pete, joined them and told of his long experience at the Naval Academy and of the old City of Annapolis, which he knows and loves so well, and also of its yacht club. It is as follows:

ANNAPOLIS—THE ACADEMY AND YACHT CLUB

(Illustrations facing pages 10, 20, 30)

"Fellow yachtsmen of the *Fanny*: It is a great pleasure to join you at the Annapolis Yacht Club this lovely Summer evening before your long cruise in Chesapeake waters and extend to you a sailor-boy greeting, as I have done so often to our visiting yachtsmen. As we look out on this beautiful sheet of water, where the blue waves of the Chesapeake kiss the green shores of the Severn, which we always speak of affectionately as the

'Harbor of Colonial Annapolis,' we recall it has been the scene of many historic events and interesting cruises, both yachting and otherwise, and has been frequently referred to in publications of our Chesapeake Bay region as a paradise for yachtsmen. It is interesting to note here that the first cruise made into our harbor was that of Captain John Smith in 1608, after the settlement at Jamestown. He then sailed up the western shore of the Bay and down the eastern shore, where he lost one of his ships, wrecked somewhere in Tangier Sound. I have a copy of his famous map, which definitely outlines the Severn and the 'Patapsico' rivers. It is most interesting and of historic value as a chart, as it was he who noted thereon names so familiar to us, such as Cape Henry and Cape Charles, the 'Chesapak' Bay, the James, Rappahannock, 'Pointe Comfort,' 'Patomack,' 'Sesqueannah' and 'Pawtuxant' rivers, etc., and called the Atlantic Ocean 'The Virginia Sea.' I would like to show you this map if you are interested. Since 1608 there have been many historic incidents enacted in our harbor. George Washington made eighteen recorded crossings of our harbor on his way to Philadelphia, as water in those days was the easiest way of communication to points north. In 1781, General Lafayette was so enchanted with our harbor and its possibilities that he made a map of Annapolis harbor, which shows Greenberry and Horn Points almost intersecting. Earlier maps do show these points as intersecting, indicating what erosion can do in a few hundred years. Just across the harbor, in front of the Naval Academy, is where Commodore Perry's squadron anchored prior to sailing for Japan. It is not generally known that Perry's celebrated expedition to Japan sailed direct from Annapolis in November, 1852, and just before sailing President Fillmore and his Cabinet visited the ships and were entertained at a memorable party aboard the Flagship *Mississippi.* My father saw the ships sail and witnessed their return to Annapolis, except the *Mississippi,* which went direct to New York for repairs. Perhaps as affairs have turned out it may have been better if Perry had never seen Japan and opened it up to the outside world. A strange stroke of fate. I could recall to you many, many other historic incidents in connection with our harbor, but I know your time is limited. However, I must note here that since 1608 no recognition had ever been extended officially to this historic harbor, until the Annapolis Yacht Club on August 16, 1940, dedicated our flag mast in 'Honor of the Harbor of Colonial Annapolis.' This is the tallest single stick mast on the Atlantic Coast. This memorable occasion was attended by the Governor of Maryland, the Superintendent of the Naval Academy, our Senators and Congressmen, together with other distinguished guests. In this same harbor have anchored at various times war ships of all nations, except the Aus-

tralians and Japanese, which anchored in the outer harbor. The famous *Great Eastern* anchored off Annapolis for five days in August, 1860, on the occasion of her first visit to the United States. This ship was unable to reach Baltimore on account of her great draft, so Annapolis was the mecca magnet for all visitors to view the most famous ship of her time."

Skip cut in: "Commodore, please tell us something of 'The Home of the Navy'."

The commodore continued: "The United States Naval Academy is the greatest institution of its kind in the world. Here midshipmen are trained, before they are commissioned as officers, for their naval duties. The Naval Academy was founded in 1845 by George Bancroft, Secretary of the Navy, and since that date the government has built up a magnificent naval school, representing an investment of about thirty-five millions with its fine buildings and equipment. We are proud of the Naval Academy and its great achievements and you know it is more frequently spoken of as 'Annapolis' than by its official title 'Naval Academy.' Now just consider the changes here in the last century as shown in the pictures."

Mate then said: "Give us a bit of its history, Commodore."

The commodore continued: "Annapolis was settled in 1649, and we are nearly fifty years older than Williamsburg. We have what Williamsburg does not possess. Williamsburg had to rebuild and make replicas of its original buildings, but Annapolis has its original Colonial State House, five of the most cherished Georgian structures in this country and the famous Liberty Tree on the grounds of St. John's College, one of the oldest colleges in America. Under this famous tree, tradition tells us, is the spot where the Indians and the settlers made their treaty in 1649. We have in use today three homes that were the residences of three signers of the Declaration of Independence—Chase, Paca and Carroll. Why, New York City cannot boast of that. Annapolis had in its heyday the first theatre and race track, where George Washington frequently visited, as noted in his private diary. Washington's Birthday was first officially celebrated in Annapolis, and he resigned his commission in the present State House, which I will point out to you in a moment. Washington loved the City of Annapolis and the Annapolis people of his day adored him. You will see today the things that Washington saw and loved. The City of Washington was planned after our Annapolis. L'Enfant, the engineer, made two recorded visits to Annapolis for the purpose of technical study."

Handy then asked for something about the club and the commodore continued with: "Annapolis Yacht Club, originally a famous old boat club of its day, was founded in 1885, which makes us the oldest boating organization on Chesapeake Bay. Our club was first organized in March,

1885, three months earlier than the Chesapeake Bay Yacht Club, organized in June of that year, which makes us the oldest boating organization, and they the oldest yacht club on the Bay. We have only been a yacht club for seven years, but much has been done in that time to make yachtsmen say we are an 'outstanding yacht club.' This makes us a bit proud of our brief existence in the yachting world. Our ocean yacht race from New London to Annapolis in 1939 caused all the skippers to say it was the best arranged and best conducted race they have ever sailed. This race and our excellent regattas before and after have helped to put us on the map. Our club burgee has flown from Halifax to Seattle, on two yachts in the Persian Gulf, and was flown all around the world on the *Viking*, one of the last sailing ships to round the Horn and Cape of Good Hope. Three years ago twenty of our pennants were counted in the Florida waters. The *Stormy Weather*, of our club, has four times won the Nassau Race. So you can see we have a reason to be a bit 'cocky' in our brief existence and endeavors. Our club house is located on 'Proctors Point,' where the Indians and the settlers first met on this side of the Severn. It was named after the captain of the ship, which gave Annapolis its second name, the 'Town of Proctors.' The first settlement was on Greenberry Point and was called 'Providence.' Its third name was the 'City by the Severn,' then 'Anne Arundel Town,' and finally 'Annapolis'—hence the Annapolis Yacht Club. Annapolis has had also five fancied names—'The Athens of America,' 'The Ancient City,' 'The Finished City,' 'The City of Chimneys,' and finally the 'Home of the Navy.'

Let me point out to you the famous old State House, the Richard Carvel House, the boyhood home of Francis Scott Key, where he lived when he was a student at St. John's College, the Lloyd-Chase and Harwood-Hammond Houses, as all are worth your careful inspection.

So let's have another mint julep and then, like old Samuel Pepys, 'I'm off to bed and leave you to do likewise'."

The story of Annapolis concluded, the old men and their host moved out on the upper deck of the club, overlooking the harbor, toward Eastport, and across the Annapolis yacht basin with its many fine yachts. They all agreed that it had been a very delightful evening, and the crew went aboard the *Fanny* about midnight and tucked in for the night.

CHAPTER V

THE SOUTH, WEST AND RHODE

THE next morning, not too bright and not too early, the four old men breakfasted at the yacht club. They then bought a few more edibles and some odds and ends in Annapolis. At about eleven o'clock, they really got going. As they cleared Annapolis Roads, the story of the brief and checkered career of the "Beach and Tennis Club" was told. Well beyond Tolly's Point, the trash was tossed overboard in a weighted bag.

South River, just westward of Thomas Point Light, has a narrow channel with a depth of about fourteen feet for six and a half miles, and from nine to twelve feet into the tributaries. A shoal extends about a thousand feet northeastward from Turkey Point, which is at the southern entrance. The channel is well marked to the first bridge, six miles from the entrance, at the south end of which bridge is a small restaurant and at its pier, gas, oil, ice and limited provisions are available in Summer.

The South River entrance is wide and scenically attractive. Its shore line is quite heavily wooded on the north shore mainland. Several large and imposing estates are on this north shore, with handsome, modern homes, barns, stables and well-tilled fields and pastures. One, a real show place, belongs to a retired Baltimore investment banker who successfully survived the depression.

The land is gently rolling, well wooded and has a broken shore line, which adds to its beauty.

Arrived at the bridge, the *Fanny* tied up at the store pier and the crew decided to buy some crabs and have Mate give them a treat of Crab Soup Supreme, as Carroll Dulany, as agreed, had joined them for lunch.

After the soup, which was very filling, with plenty of old-time oyster crackers, the crew toyed with a simple salad of canned asparagus tips, sliced tomatoes, lettuce with thousand island dressing, some saltines and some bits of snappy cheese. Beer was the beverage and a good time was had by all. Following a smoke, came Carroll Dulany's promised story of the Old South River Club:

OLD SOUTH RIVER CLUB

(Illustration facing page 31)

"On a breezy hillock overlooking the beautiful South River in Anne Arundel County stands the old log club house of the South River Club, the oldest social organization in the United States.



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF ANNAPOLIS—1858 From Collection of P. H. Magruder



ANNAPOLIS YACHT CLUB, YACHT BASIN, NAVAL ACADEMY From Collection of P. H. Magruder



Pratt Library Collection

OLD SOUTH RIVER CLUB
On the South River

Historic American Buildings Survey



Pratt Library Collection

TULIP HILL
Near the West River

Historic American Buildings Survey

The club house itself has stood there for more than two hundred years. Wood is not immortal, and while the interior has not been changed, the outer surface has been clapboarded, and the venerable chimney has been anchored to the house with strap iron.

Walnut and locust trees supply plenty of shade, and there is a fine lawn for 'bowling on the green.' The club's bowling set, it should be mentioned, was brought from Scotland by the late Blanchard Randall, for many years a valued member of the club.

The exact age of the South River Club is unknown, because its early records were destroyed in the fire which burned the building about 1741. But we get some clue to its great age from the deed to the land on which the club house stands, which hints that the club was in existence in 1720. It is believed to have been in existence as early as 1700, because a newspaper account of 1746 refers to it as the ancient South River Club.

The founders of the club were the tobacco growers of the neighborhood, and the membership today, in theory at least, is limited to their lineal descendants. Many of the present members live in the South River district, but there are a number in Baltimore and in farther-away places. Only when a member dies—they never resign—is a new member admitted, and preference is given a descendant of an original member. Applicants have waited as long as thirty years to be elected.

Some clubs pride themselves on their civic endeavors, some on their literary flavor, some on their size and influence. The South River Club has no such concern and never had. It was organized solely for eating and for good fellowship. The old rule, always enforced, is that no tales be carried outside and no politics inside.

The nearest approach to a violation of the latter was in 1746, when the club noted with satisfaction the Duke of Cumberland's victory at Culloden. And it is a safe guess that those hardy Scots, the Murrays and the Steuarts, among the original members, protested against this departure from precedent.

Even when the Civil War cast its shadow over the club, and its membership was divided politically, there is one instance on record of a prominent member and public official, who was a Union man, hiding in his home a friend and fellow-member, a physician, who was a fire-eating Secessionist and for whom Union soldiers were hunting with the avowed purpose of hanging him.

In its early days the members met and dined twice a month. Since the war of the sixties, however, the dinner meetings have been limited to four a year. At each of these feasts one of the members, usually one recently elected, serves as host.

The beautiful old punch bowl of the club is brought out and filled with the club's own brew of punch. This consists of rum, brandy, peach brandy, lemon juice and sugar in proper proportions. It is very much like the Fish House punch of the famous Philadelphia organization, with this notable exception: the Philadelphians put water in their punch; members of the South River Club maintain that water is for swimming and washing."

Carroll Dulany got a grateful farewell as he left to motor to Tulip Hill.

The *Fanny* then went back toward the mouth of the South River, as close to the south shore as was safe. At the mouth of the river they passed a place made famous for its hospitality by the late Harry Busick, and which was the scene of his untimely death.

As the *Fanny* was passing Turkey Point, the skipper said: "Mate, this must remind you of the heyday of this place when the late Harry Busick kept open house for congenial companions, Spring, Summer and late into the Fall."

Mate replied: "It reminds me of a tale of those days, when the Volstead Act was in full force and disfavor, and all the liquor stock of his two hotels was stored here at Turkey Point in special vaults, with time locks and what have you, to defeat all attempts at theft. He fully appreciated that hijackers balked at nothing, on the highways, high seas and inland waterways, and that Turkey Point was vulnerable to determined liquor pirates."

Skip continued: "Well, it seems that Harry had a full house one week end in the early Fall, fifteen or eighteen men, and after several tables of bridge and poker one evening, and all to bed about one o'clock, they were roused about two by yells of the host, 'All out, men, there's something queer off the house pier, everyone get a gun, rifle or revolver and prepare to repel boarders.'

In a matter of minutes, a pajama-clad and bathrobed gang of somewhat woozy men piled out the kitchen wing, crept along back of their host, well deployed to present a poor target, and wound up near the water's edge. There was no moon, but the starlight was enough to spot the medium-sized cruiser off the pier, motor idling and a dink or rowboat on the way to the private pier. Playing a flash on the pier the man in the stern of the dink saw a dozen robed figures, all with guns trained on him, so he yelled, 'For God's sake don't shoot, I'm Bill Harkins from Galesville, our motor poohed out, and we drifted in here, and were coming ashore for help.' Well, of course, they got hell for seeming to sneak in on a liquor haven, but also got help, a drink and bed for the night at Turkey Point."

The Turkey Point tale of a near battle for booze, gave the crew a thirst, but the unwritten law of the *Fanny* of no hard liquor while under way, made it a choice of beer or coke. The former got it three to one, Handy being the only patron of 'The Pause That Refreshes.' While the three beers and the coke were being absorbed, the short run around Sounders Point Shoal to the West River entrance marker buoys was made and the Rhode noted as it ran north from the common mouth from which the West runs west and South west into the six creeks which form its headwaters some two miles from the entrance.

The West is another attractive waterway, with wooded shores and a very much broken shore line; no less than six creeks or coves are passed above Galesville, its principal town, near the head of the river. Here the *Fanny* ran up into the town creek and tied up in Hartges boat yard. Here the *Fanny* felt at home, having spent time on the ways more than once for odd jobs, including a new rudder, one time that Skip's younger son had run afoul of drift wood. Captain Ed, after strong hints that way, agreed to take the crew to Tulip Hill nearby, but not near enough for walking in the frying sun that afternoon.

Carroll Dulany was there, as he had promised, to smooth the way for the visit to "Tulip Hill," and with the owner, helped with the story of this beautiful old home, which is definitely one of the finest in the Chesapeake country. Its story follows:

TULIP HILL

(Illustration facing page 31)

On a high ridge with beautiful views over West River and the Bay stands "Tulip Hill," one of the finest examples extant of a Colonial home. The estate on which the house stands was first called "Poplar Knowl" and was patented to Richard Talbot in 1659. "Friends" came here at about this time and the scanty remains of the old Quaker Meeting House are but a quarter of a mile away.

"Tulip Hill," named from a grove of tulip poplars in park-like form, through which is the approach to the mansion, was built by Samuel Galloway, himself a Quaker, in 1745. The trees have been famous for two centuries. In the rear of the house, the grounds formed into three long terraces, drop sharply to the river.

The large brick residence, built in true Georgian style, consists of a central building two and one-half stories high, with curtains and wings on each side and a steep pitched roof. The massive chimneys are graceful and truly remarkable, being hollowed out in the centre by arches. The house really consists of five parts, a curtain or arcaded gallery leading from each side of the main building to a two-story wing.

A large portico, with four plain columns, forms the front entrance. On this portico is carved in high relief a Cupid in the act of scattering flowers, and in the attic directly above the portico is an ornamented bull's-eye window. This perfectly proportioned house is famous for its front and back entrances and for the exceptional taste of its interior decoration. A wide, high-ceilinged hall with an exquisite double arch runs the full depth of the house from the front door to the garden entrance. This beautiful garden doorway with a shell portico and floral carving is widely known and admired. An open-string stairway with very low risers begins from the arch to the right of the front door. The newel post and rails are mahogany, carved with the skill of an artist; the walls are wainscoted. To the right of the hall is a large dining room, from which an aisle connects with an equally large kitchen; to the left is a spacious living room with deep windows and seats, adjoined by an aisle leading to a library. The ground floor rooms are paneled in old oak and have richly carved mantels. The second floor has suitable large and airy rooms, and the attic discloses the huge adze-hewn rafters, precisely fitted and bolted to the beams with hand-made pegs.

The cellar, with foundation walls as thick as those of a fortification, extends under the entire house. Here are a wine vault, servants' baking oven, the bases of the two huge chimneys, and in the right wing a slaves' dungeon. From this cellar there is supposed to have been a subterranean passage leading to the terrace by the river bank. It is said to have been used to bring in slaves.

Samuel Galloway, who built "Tulip Hill," was the son of John Galloway, who married Mary Thomas. John Galloway was the son of Samuel Galloway the first, a second son of Richard Galloway, of London.

The Samuel Galloway with whom we are concerned, died in 1786, and his oldest son, also Samuel, having died without offspring, his second son, John, inherited "Tulip Hill." John died in 1810 and is buried in the "Friends" Burying Ground. His only child, Mary, inherited the estate, which upon her death passed to her daughter, Ann Sarah Maxcy, who married Colonel George W. Hughes. In 1876, Mrs. Hughes sold "Tulip Hill" to Mr. Henry M. Murray, whose wife, strangely enough, was a descendant of Samuel Galloway.

Mr. A. DuPont Parker, of Denver, bought "Tulip Hill" and a portion of the acreage from Mr. Murray in 1906. The house has since passed into the hands of Mr. Henry H. Flather, of Washington, D. C.

On the ride back to the yard, Captain Ed told of the West River Sailing Club and its annual small boat regatta late in August, which Skip

incidentally had attended for years, and he told the story of a fellow boat fan of the power variety who at last year's regatta in this very West River had the following amusing experience:

"What to wear on a boat during the day is unlikely to move the skipper of the *Miggy* to argument, but about night attire he has a definite opinion dating back to a sultry Summer night some years ago.

Arriving at Galesville after a sunny afternoon at the West River Regatta, the *Miggy* was bedded down alongside Hartges yard main wharf. A few craft were at anchor and more were coming in with the sun setting astern. After a dinner on board and a smoke on deck under a starry but sullen sky all hands turned in.

Some hours later the skipper was awakened by a lashing thunderstorm, but, after reaching up to close the windward port, he snuggled down in the berth, comforted by the thought that the *Miggy* was on the lee side of the dock in one of the tightest harbors on the Chesapeake Bay.

But the drenching rain continued to beat on the roof and the skipper got up to check the ports. To his amazement he found himself standing in water. He knew the answer at once. The cover had been left off the transom seat across the open cockpit and the rain was pouring down behind the cushions into the bilge instead of draining into the self-bailing cockpit.

His shouts awakened two boys who were put to work on the bilge pump. Slipping off his pajamas, the captain went aft into the open cockpit to put the cover in place. The sluicing rain felt cool on his epidermis as he felt his way along, buttoning down the canvas. Crackling lightning ran along the sky.

Straightening up to ease his back during a flash he was startled to hear a burst of laughter from the darkness all around. Again lightning flailed the heavens and once more the crackle of laughter. He looked around when the next flash came and noted the rails of all the boats nearby lined with people with their gaze on the *Miggy*.

With a roaring in his ears and a flush that mounted upward from his ankles he realized that every lightning stroke had revealed his rotund body like a naked Aphrodite rising from the sea. He ducked below and completed his work in oil skins. Next day ashore was painful when groups of girls would point to him and start giggling.

And so the skipper of the *Miggy* will say about night attire: always wear something."

With best thanks to Captain Hartge, the Fannyites moved on to the main town wharf, filled the ice box, and got a few edibles, before wending their way to the Rhode for overnight. The Rhode is just another short

tidal estuary, with some six creeks and almost as many little islands in its boundaries. It is a yachtsman's perfect haven, protected from storm from any direction; sparsely settled, except for two small communities, and is the ideal spot for overnight or longer. Like the West, there is good water in the channel, which is well marked, and plenty of fine anchorages. The *Fanny* quickly was mud hooked and the crew overboard for a grand swim.

There is a small sailing and canoe club on the Rhode, where people have the best fun for the least money of most any place you'll find. They are orderly, too, no molesting visiting yachtsmen with wild parties and uninvited visits, as has been experienced in so many other havens, particularly at regattas. The peace and quiet facilitated Doc's dinner getting, with Handy's assistance (table setting and such), so that when the crew answered chow call they really were trenchermen of skill and gargantuan capacity. Bones overboard from the pork chops were all the crabs got that night.

The radio dinner music, news events and dish-washing over, all hands sat on the back porch—aft cockpit to you, if nautical—till dark and the mosquitoes drove them into the living room—sedan or main cabin, if you're nautical.

Mate spoke up: "I'm sorry Tom Queen couldn't join us here, as expected, for he told me that the 'Contee House' here on the Rhode is one of the oldest in this part of the State, with an unusually interesting history, which is not generally known. It seems, however, that the place is closed just now, and that with all the 'No Trespass' signs and a caretaker who does not welcome visitors, that we had better pass it up. He knows the owners and if here could give the countersign and get us in. He did send me a letter about his hobby, and mine, of fossil hunting at the Cliffs of Calvert, which I will read to you later when we pass them."

He had turned off the radio and Handy recalled the promise of a story a day to keep the worries away, said Skip had delivered his about his friend's experience on the *Miggy*, and he would like Doc to repeat the story of his engineer-salesman friend who made fishing not only his hobby but his mission in life.

"Oh, you mean Bill Irish, Handy," said Doc, and he told the story of Bill and his proselyting in this wise:

"Some decades ago Baltimore was known as one of the ports where 'shanghaiing' was an active industry. Sailors drinking along the waterfront were slipped 'knockout drops' in their beer or whiskey and would wake up in the forecastle of a ship passing through the Capes and bound for a distant port—maybe Shanghai. There were tales that even oyster pungies 'recruited' deckhands by these ruthless methods.

Quite recently a somewhat more suave and less violent shanghaiing technique was used to instill in a reluctant Baltimorean a love for fishing. The victim was one of those who believed that pleasant hours out in the sun with rod and line were sheer waste of time.

But he had a friend who held to the opinion that a liking for the sport is hidden away in everyone and needs only to be developed. So, on the pretext of a business deal, he lured the scoffer to Annapolis and, arrived there, led him to the waterfront and onto a boat 'to see a man they had to meet.'

Suddenly the boat got under way despite the protestations of the man who had always thought that Izaak Walton was the name of a cigar. Out on the water where fish were known to be abundant the friend handed the skeptic a rod and reel with the remark: 'I paid fifteen dollars for this outfit for you and if you don't enjoy yourself, you don't owe me a penny.'

Glumly the novice cast his line out according to instructions. Soon with mounting excitement he was hauling rock, hardhead and Norfolk spots. At the end of the day he handed fifteen dollars over to his friend with the comment that he had never had such a pleasant time in his life. And now he is a disciple of Izaak Walton who can catch them and stretch them with the best of the veterans."

Handy remarked that Doc had jumped the price of the outfit since he told the story before, but it was worth fifteen dollars to make a convert piscatorial, and said he would contribute one, told him as true as Gospel, and since it came from an advertising man you just have to "believe it or not." It went this way:

"Speaking of fish, as who doesn't on the water, here is the story of a fisherman who caught seven fish when he thought he was catching only one. With a party of friends he was out in a big boat after channel bass off Cape Charles, where the Bay is widest and fishin'est.

They had caught a mess of bass when something took hold of one of the lines and headed for Cape Henry, miles away. All the drag possible was put on the line, but whatever it was kept on going. When the 300-yard line was all out the big fish changed its mind and headed back toward the boat. Then it stopped dead.

Tugging and pulling was of no avail. Others in the boat began to jeer that the fisherman had caught a log or snagged a shell bar. But after an hour of pulling there again was movement on the line and some rapid reeling brought the catch close enough to everyone to see that a huge 'butterfly' ray had been hooked and was furnishing all the excitement.

At the sight of the boat the ray went straight to the bottom, but, tired and bleeding, it eventually was brought up close enough to the boat to be

harpooned and gaffed. Too heavy to be hauled on deck, the captain rigged up a block and tackle and soon the big thing was aboard, where after a few gasps it died.

Seconds later a woman in the party let out a scream and looking around the fisherman found six little rays flopping around the deck. It had been a mamma ray and the little ones had elected that moment to come forth into the world. They were put back into the water and after a time 'mamma' ray was heaved overboard."

After this lot of fishy stories, the good companions joined in their theme song, "I Ain't Goin' to Work No Mo,' No Mo' " and called it a day.

CHAPTER VI

DOWN THE BAY

THE next morning was another fine one and all had a dip before the breakfast which Mate cooked and Doc served deftly, not forgetting himself. Canned fruit juice, which had cooled in the icebox overnight, a right good 75-pound refrigerator at that, scrambled eggs, crisp bacon and some rolls obtained at Galesville.

Handy did his usual good job as cleaner-upper and then the *Fanny* left her delightful haven at two bell's—nine o'clock Skip's time. She passed Curtis Point and Cedarhurst and in an hour and a half was off Herring Bay, which isn't a real bay, just a sort of dent in the shallow shore line, with never a herring in it. It has a sticky bottom and just why there is a tiny village at Fairhaven and a ruined pier has never been explained, perhaps because it's handy to good fishing across the Bay off Sharps Island and in the Choptank.

Soon the end of Herring Bay, Holland Point was passed and after North Beach, but a mile to Chesapeake Beach and its sailing club, where *Fanny* put in at the pier back of the breakwater.

Chesapeake Beach is an excursion resort, now called Seaside Park for no good reason since it is definitely Bay side and not sea side. The settlement just above it at North Beach is a cottage colony, distinct from the hotel and boarding houses at the Summer resort with its long pier, dance hall, bath houses and boardwalk stores and stands. The sailing club seems to serve both communities and is an active group of small sail enthusiasts, with very modest quarters and facilities. It seemed a nice place to stop and patronize some of the boardwalk stands and watch the excursionists having a big time.

Just for a change the crew ate at the hotel and regretted it. In mid-afternoon they tried the beach bathing and were glad to get back to the comparative quiet of the *Fanny*. Skip had run into a landlubber friend who was a passenger on the streamlined excursion boat, which did not start back to Baltimore till six, so Skip held forth for his benefit on "Boats You'll Meet in the Chesapeake":

BOATS YOU'LL MEET IN THE CHESAPEAKE

(Illustrations facing pages 11, 21, 111, 120, 131, 161, 190, 231, 271, 281, 290, 291, 311)

"The rowboat makes a good outboard outfit for trolling or just going places too far to row, and while ideal for rivers many a one is used out in the big, old Bay for offshore fishing, when the weather permits.

If you would be a bit more sporting, the canoe is fun, and the sponson type is almost as safe as a rowboat. The square stern sponson makes an ideal outboard outfit, and the straight side canoe is good fun to sail with lee boards, a triangular sail and set of sprits.

Of all the small boats, designed for manpower, the yachtsman's choice is the dinghy, or so-called yacht tender. In the ten- and twelve-foot sailing dinks you have sport, economy and efficiency, and with a small outboard as well as the sailing rig, you have an all around utility boat that's hard to beat.

Next we come to the custom built, or stock, outboard runabouts. They run to more money, but are streamlined, snappy jobs. In the mahogany models with large twin or quad motors these run from $250 up, with speeds of twenty to forty an hour.

Now for small sail. There are some twenty classes found and raced in the Chesapeake country, from the kids' scows to the fast Stars, including the plywood Severns and Penguins, Moths, Sneakboxes, Nationals, Duckboats, Snipes and Comets—probably most popular of the small sail. Some Hampdens, Half-Raters and an occasional Cat.

The trend for the past fifteen years has been to triangular or so-called jib-head sails; in fact, the gaff is seldom seen now unless it is on an old catboat, or the type used aslant for lanteen sails. Excepting the sailing dinks and canoes, most small sailing craft have jibs, the hand-sail type with sprits. All are single masted, and excepting in the cutter the mainsail area much greater than the jib.

The medium and larger sailing craft, when we step up from the Stars, include the knockabout sloop, single mast, with jib; cruising sloop, similar rig but with extra sails; the ketch with a shorter mast aft but forward of the rudder post, carrying a jib-head sail; the yawl, almost identical, but with the short mast aft of the rudder post. Then come the cruising and racing schooners, with two or more masts, mainmast taller than foremast or foremast and mizzenmast. These, too, are nearly always Marconi rigged, that is with jib-head sails, and with all kinds of jibs and extra sails. On the Naval Academy's all-mahogany hull racing yacht, *Vamarie*, an unique wishbone gaff is used between her mastheads.

The runabouts, which have regular four-cycle marine gasoline engines mounted in the cockpit usually have removable covers over them.

A variety of this inboard runabout is the displacement type of racing runabout, usually an all-mahogany and chrome job, with hinged cover over the large power plant and both fore and aft cockpits with comfortable leather seats and backs, windshield and sometimes folding disappear-



CHARLES' GIFT — Hulbert Footner
On the Patuxent River



CHARLES' GIFT — Hulbert Footner
On the Patuxent River



Pratt Library Collection

TANEY PLACE
On the Patuxent River

Photograph by Don Swann



ST. GEORGE TUCKER HOUSE

Courtesy of "Colonial Williamsburg"

ing auto tops. These run from the twelve-foot utility models to the thirty-foot, forty to fifty miles an hour sport models.

Next come the small yard cruisers of all shapes and sizes and with everything from a Ford marine conversion to twin marine motors and from the fisherman's deadrise to the bridge-deck houseboat.

Stock cruisers, made by well established and favorably known manufacturers of power pleasure craft, run from twenty-two to fifty-four feet, and from twenty-five hundred to twenty-five thousand or more in price. The Class I boats, under twenty-six feet in length, are single cabin, usually with small aft cockpit; Class II power pleasure craft from twenty-six to forty feet in length, are apt to be of the sedan type for the twenty-six, twenty-eight, thirty, thirty-three and thirty-four-foot lengths, with a sleeping cabin under the fore deck, galley and toilet midships, and a large living room type of cabin occupying the rest of the superstructure, with a comparatively small open cockpit aft. The thirty-six, thirty-eight and forty-foot cruisers are apt to be the semi-sedan, twin cabin or deckhouse type. Class III, from forty to sixty-five feet in length, are apt to be double cabin, sometimes with bridge-deckhouse, and over fifty-four feet are usually custom built to a naval architect's plans and specifications.

In the smaller stock cruisers, with which the writer is most familiar, in Class II, his experience with boats listing from three to five thousand dollars, is that it pays to sell or trade them in after five years. The power plant then is apt to start giving trouble, the maintenance costs run up, new canvas may be needed on the decks, and it is well to let someone else take over. Of course, for a good mechanic who is a natural-born tinkerer and can do a good overhaul himself, a stock cruiser is good for many times five years. Such a man can get a five-year-old stock cruiser at half cost and have many a year of service. Many a good buy, with competent help from a yacht broker or repair yard owner, can be had on boats less than five years old for two-thirds original cost. About a thousand dollars a year is an overall cost of such as the *Fanny*."

Skip's spiel was old stuff for the crew, but his friend seemed to soak it up, together with a couple of bottles of beer.

The bum dinner at mid-day called for an offset that evening, so Doc said he'd row up to the fish house and get some soft crabs and have them for supper, a la Maryland, with a salad and plenty of beer. He was as good as his word and after that epicurean repast they all relaxed and soaked up the late afternoon sun on the back porch—cockpit to you, if you're yachty.

A round of stories was called for with Mate leading off with this one told him by a fellow engineer:

"It must be remembered that the following happened in the pre-point era and moreover any intention of making the reader's mouth water is hereby disclaimed.

A party of young business men had left Baltimore for a week-end of fishing in a big cabin cruiser, with an old salt from Crisfield at the wheel. Going down the Bay the beer and mint juleps circulated freely and by late afternoon when the fishing grounds were reached the party was hilarious. It was just as well, as the fish were not biting.

When night fell the skipper ordered the noisy party below for supper and remained alone at the wheel, chewing his eating tobacco and watching the star-sprinkled sky. His reverie was interrupted by a splash to port and another on the starboard side. Then followed more splashes.

'Come on deck,' the skipper shouted. 'Get the lines over. The fish are jumping.'

He was greeted by a loud guffaw from below and soon the whole crowd trooped up on deck. Several were still gnawing the meat off the pork chops. One waved the denuded bone at the skipper.

'Cap, they were pork fish you heard splashing around just now. We were throwing the pork chop bones through the saloon hatch.'

The skipper became vocal and profane. It would be a pleasure to quote him, but it happens that this volume is not printed on asbestos. Finally the hook was tossed over and all hands composed themselves for sleep. Next morning the captain was up be-times and had hardly gotten under way when a school of bluefish was seen breaking not far away.

His hail brought all on deck and a dinghy manned by the more ardent of the fishermen—the rest were feeling a little pale—was rowed over. Soon it was back and the take—thirty fine bluefish—was tossed on deck just as the steward started to serve breakfast. Despite the cook's protest ham and eggs were tossed overboard and 'blues' that ten minutes before had made the mistake of gobbling a trolling spoon for an alewife were sizzling in the pan.

What a breakfast! Whiskey sours for a starter; fresh blues, broiled tomatoes, corn cakes and strawberry jam and coffee. Blues for lunch and corn on the cob and—really we can't go on, we're drooling a bit ourself."

This retold tale of utilizing luck by a utility man set Doc off with this tale of a chartered bugeye cruise of city folk last Summer, as told him by another "Doc":

" 'All we need is two cents worth of wind,' said the skipper of the yawl, going to the side as he fumbled in his pocket for coppers.

But he didn't heave over the pennies, for just at that moment an old St. Mary's County negro, on board as general factotum, pushed through the group of cruising Baltimoreans and pleaded plaintively:

'Please God, Mistah Captain, doan do dat.'

He was asked why, but remained silent. One of the group offered him the gin bottle to oil his tongue and told him to pour a 'gentleman's drink.' That he did—a tumblerful.

'My fust trip,' said the old darkey after the gin had warmed him, 'was on the bugeye *Gracie* wif Cap Lee when ah was seventeen. Cap Lee war the mos' blasphemious man what ever lived. We tuk up a load of tomatoes to Long Dock, Baltimoh, and we started back with fertilizer, about three-quatahs loaded.

'Hardly no breeze and tuk most a day to reach Bodkin's Point—just me and de captain. We was a lying there off Bodkin just a sighin' and soakin' in de sun. Cap Lee walked ovah to de pote side an' put his han' in his pocket and tuk out two copper cents.

'Den he looked up to the sky and wif the most awfulest cuss words, he say:

' "Now, —— —— ——, blow me two cents wuf of win'."

'Man, dat cap'n skeered me so I almos walked out on de water and I caint swim. I went below and dropped on my bunk and pulled the kivers over my head.

'Presently she began to blow and blow, an' I could heah water rushing, rushing under de bottom. By and by I heah the cap'n drop de foh sail and de water hittin' the deck. Scairt? I just lay there a-tremblin'.

'Well, finally the cap'n gets de bugeye undah the lea of Mount'in Bah Pint and comes down and rousts me out wid o piece of stove wood. We gits her ankered and de cap't say:

' "Iffen Ah knowed it was goin' to blow so hard, I wouldn't hev bought so much win'." '

As the old negro finished his tale and looked hopefully at the gin bottle again, the skipper of the yawl covertly threw over one cent with a little nautical prayer."

Skip said: "Doc, I didn't think you had it in you to impersonate a colored deck hand that well."

By way of contrast, here is a tale told me by one of the most prominent and successful cruiser racing owners and skippers; he is a modest chap, and I mean to use his very words:

"There are many things that happened on the cruises which we took; and races which we made to Oxford that would make amusing tales, but they are so personal I would not like to write them.

Although, one night I remember, we had just retired to our bunks and were getting ready for a little shut-eye before morning when we heard quite an excitement on shore.

It seems that two of the gay lotharios whom we had left behind entertaining at one of the parties on the near land had persuaded two of the fairer sex to leave their husbands and come down to see the boat; and in being rowed over for the inspection, it occurred to one of the fellows, who possibly had had a little too much to drink, that it would be exciting to upset the boat.

There was, of course, a tremendous amount of excitement that followed and the two women were pulled aboard; and if it had not been for a few of the sailors who were staying up late that night and were 'Johnny on the Spot,' there might have been a drowning."

Handy then called the meeting to order with the remark: "I am going to read you lads a story that is a story, by a man who helped write a book on the subject and really knows. It is a brief but colorful story of 'Privateers and Men of Marque.' I know you'll like it. Here it is:

PRIVATEERS AND MEN OF MARQUE

(Illustration facing page 281)

No history of the Chesapeake Bay or the Board of Baltimore would be complete without an account of the activities of the privateers which swarmed out to sea to prey on British merchant shipping during the War of 1812. Baltimore's privately armed vessels had fought to good purpose during the Revolution. However, it was through the years 1812-15 that American privateers reaped their greatest harvest, with ships built along the Chesapeake's shores getting their full share, and more.

The secret of their success lay in their construction. Through the years before 1812, Chesapeake Bay shipbuilders had been evolving a light, fast vessel peculiarly suited to the privateering trade. These were the famous 'Baltimore Clippers' and were identified by their high, raking masts, their simple rigging and their low freeboard. A broad, flush deck provided plenty of room for gun handling. While tricky, and requiring consummate seamanship, they could remain at sea in any weather while their speed enabled them to overhaul a merchant victim or run away from a ship of war.

Two popular misconceptions have grown up around the Baltimore 'Privateers.' In the mind of the average layman the words 'privateer' and

'pirate' are practically synonymous, while the term clipper ship usually brings up visions of the towering clipper ships of a later day, from 1830 on. Both of these beliefs are fallacious, insofar as the Baltimore privateer of 1812 is concerned. Privately armed vessels held commissions known as 'Letters of Marque,' which were authorized by Congress and issued by the State Department through Collectors of Customs at the various ports. Owners, masters and crews were bound by the regular rules of warfare; for instance, an enemy ship and cargo were legitimate prizes, but the personal possessions of all on board were inviolate. In applying for letters of marque for any vessel, the owner was required to give the name of his ship, her tonnage, rig and armament, the number in her crew and the names of the captain and first lieutenant. As forfeit in case any of the rules of warfare were disobeyed, the owner posted a bond—$5,000 in case the crew numbered less than one hundred and fifty, $10,000 for a crew over that number—which was endorsed by two sureties. Any infraction of the regulations could bring forfeiture of the bond, revocation of the commission and federal prosecution of the men involved.

Once the bond had been posted, the commission issued and the vessel armed and manned, she put to sea as a privately owned warship, legally entitled to attempt the capture of any craft flying the flag of an enemy. In 1812, privateering was an ancient and honorable profession and a boon to infant nations such as the United States which, lacking a large navy, could harass its foes at sea only through private enterprise.

Baltimore craft fell into two categories: privateers, which were outfitted solely to fight and capture merchant ships (rarely did they battle British war craft) and 'letter of marque' vessels which carried commissions and a few guns but which were primarily cargo carriers, the commission simply enabling them to add to the profits of their voyages by taking any lightly armed enemy ship crossing their courses.

When prizes were taken skeleton crews went aboard, to take the captured ships into home ports. On their arrival, the federal authorities took charge. A federal judge heard testimony concerning the methods of capture and the nationality of the ship and cargo, and if both had been enemy property, ordered the United States Marshal to sell them at auction. The proceeds of such sales were divided equally between the owners and the crews, each man receiving a certain number of 'shares' according to his rank on board. Occasionally ship or cargo or both would be ordered restored to neutral owners. These mistakes on the part of privateer captains were, for the most part honest ones, born of suspicious acts on the part of the vessel taken or irregularities in her papers.

The 'Baltimore Clippers' were a distinctive type of ship, whose origin is obscure, although French, Swedish and even Barbary Coast influences have been noted by experts studying their designs. They were schooner rigged below, with square topsails and the phrase 'rakish topsail schooner' applied to them frequently by mariners of the day described them perfectly. Their speed and ability to sail into the wind gave them a great advantage over the bluff-bowed, square-rigged craft popular with the British. Only when forced to run before a heavy sea and wind did they find themselves in trouble; then it was that the privateer captain had to shorten sail while the comparatively huge frigate or ship of the line, holding its great spread of canvas, could come up with the raider. Another advantage of their size was the ability to use sweeps or huge oars, which could push the clippers ahead slowly in dead flat calms.

These advantages of design made the Baltimore craft ideal for privateering and for the less wholesome occupation for which they also were used—slave trading. They had one great fault, however, a fault which eventually led to their extinction as a type: their cargo capacity was small. This was no great disadvantage in the pursuits listed above or even in freight transportation from the United States to comparatively nearby ports. As the nation grew commercially, however, with trade lanes reaching out to far points of the globe, cargo capacity became all-important. Vessels grew in size, shipbuilders retaining some of the points of hull design which had given the Baltimore Clippers their speed. They returned to the square sails, but kept the rake of the masts, and the clipper ships of song and story were born. It is significant that the ship generally believed to have been the first of the clippers—the *Ann McKim*—was built in Baltimore.

Telling all of the exploits of the Baltimore privateers in 1812 in the space available here would be impossible; in fact, the writer, with John Philips Cranwell, used some 140,000 words to tell the stories of the principal vessels in 'Men of Marque,' published by W. W. Norton & Co., New York, in 1940. All told, forty-eight privateers and seventy-eight letters of marque craft sailed from Baltimore during the war, more than from any other United States port. They ranged in size from the 376-ton schooner *Mammoth*, which took twenty-four prizes, to the twenty-five-ton lugger *General Pike*, which took one. With the exception of the *Pike* and two or three others (one was the *Ultor*, with the odd xebec rig, which might lend some weight to the Barbary Coast theory of origin) all were of the 'sharp-built' schooner type.

On the whole, business was good with them, many making highly profitable cruises. One of the most successful was a short cruise by the

schooner *Kemp* out of Wilmington, North Carolina. The *Kemp* was of 228 tons and 100 feet overall length, her beam being 25.2 feet. When Captain Joseph Almeda took her over she carried four long nine-pounder guns and two six-pounders, with a crew of 100 men. On December 1, 1814, after three days at sea battling a storm, the privateer's lookout sighted eight vessels in convoy, guarded by a lone frigate. Almeda stood for the convoy while the frigate changed course to meet him. As the big ship approached, the privateer was put on the wind, decoying the war vessel after him. The *Kemp* outran the Britisher easily and her captain put her back on a course for the convoy.

The next morning the lookout again spotted the eight ships, minus their guardian, which had been unable to come up during the night. One, lagging behind, was boarded and found to be a Spaniard. She was allowed to proceed. Almeda went after the others, who were obviously preparing to use their guns to protect themselves as best they could. In the group were two large ships, three brigs and two schooners.

The Englishmen opened fire first. Almeda held his until within easy range, then ran down between the lines of vessels, firing both broadsides. The battles were sharp, but brief. The privateersmen, who preferred to shoot, then board, ran their craft alongside one of the brigs and American seamen clambered onto her decks; the brig's colors came down. Next came a ship; she surrendered as men with pistols and cutlasses climbed over her bulwarks. A schooner lowered her colors before the privateer's approach and Almeda went after another brig which, aided by the ship and the schooner, whose captain had had a change of heart, put up a stiff cannonading. Almeda worked the *Kemp* alongside the brig and carried her by boarding. The schooner made off and the ship surrendered, as did the other schooner.

In a few hours the *Kemp* had captured five British vessels. Almeda, who couldn't write, dictated these words to his clerk, who put them down in the log:

> **"Manned our prizes and dispatched them for the United States. Like the gallant Perry, we may say 'We have met the enemy and they are ours.' In this unequal contest every man acted as Americans should do. List of vessels taken, men and guns: Ship *Rosella,* Beatson, 16 guns, 35 men; ship *Princess,* Dawes, 2 guns, 26 men; brig *Portsea,* Stokes, 8 guns, 26 men; brig *Only Son,* McKay, 14 guns, 28 men; and schooner *Cossac,* formerly American schooner *O. H. Perry,* 1 gun, 28 men."**

The *Kemp* and her 100 men had fought and whipped 143 men wielding forty-one guns. She had had one man killed, three wounded, while the

losses aboard the prizes amounted to three killed and five wounded. Eight days after leaving port Almeda returned, shepherding enemy vessels worth half a million dollars.

Cruises such as that were, of course, an exception. Many ships wandered aimlessly over the ocean for weeks without sighting anything. While such wanderings were profitless to owners and crew, the mere fact that the privateers were out, served to send up British marine insurance rates and tie up British war vessels on convoy duty. By so much did they aid the nation's war effort.

No story of Baltimore privateers would be complete without mention of probably the most famous and successful privateer captain of all time, Captain Thomas Boyle. Boyle's first ship, the *Comet*, and his second, the *Chasseur*, ranged far and wide. On one occasion he fought—and whipped—a Portuguese brig of war, the *Libra*, which was convoying three British ships, the action resulting in the Portuguese government's ordering its warships to refrain from such activities in the future. On another occasion he wrote and dispatched by cartel a proclamation to be posted in Lloyd's Coffee House, London. In it he announced that by virtue of the power vested in him (the 'power' being his commission and the schooner *Chasseur*, 356 tons, 150 men and sixteen long twelve-pounders) he was blockading the entire coast line of the United Kingdom and Ireland. This was in ironic answer to the 'paper' blockade by Britain of the United States shoreline, a blockade ineffectual except in the case of the Chesapeake Bay, which had been cut off from international commerce completely.

Again, in the schooner *Chasseur*, Boyle unknowingly tangled with a British warship, the *St. Lawrence*, which had been the Philadelphia privateer schooner *Atlas*. As has been said, privateers kept clear of war vessels whenever possible; the danger was great, the profit possibilities small. Once engaged, however, Boyle refused to quit. The battle was long and bloody, but the Baltimore ship won in the end. Boyle wrote to his owners:

> **'. . . I should not willingly perhaps have sought a contest with a King's vessel knowing it was not our object, but my expectations were at first a valuable vessel and a valuable cargo. When I found myself deceived, the honor of the flag left with me was not to be disgraced by flight.'**

Of such stuff were American privateersmen made and the Chesapeake Bay schooners which took them to sea upheld them nobly in battle.

CHAPTER VII

ON TO SOLOMONS ISLAND

THE crew awoke after dreaming perhaps of privateers and men of marque, to a slightly overcast sky, wind southeast about fifteen miles per hour, and quite a chop outside the breakwater. The barometer showed little change in twenty-four hours and there were no signs of rain or storm. Breakfast over they lost no time in getting under way.

The character of the country in Calvert County was not as markedly different at the resort stop, Chesapeake Beach, as it soon became with the approach to the Cliffs of Calvert, rising sharply from the sandy beach, where at low tide the fossil hunters may be seen most any fine Sunday in the Summertime.

Mate spoke up: "Gather round me, you other old fossils, I have a letter here from Tom Queen, the one I mentioned in the Rhode. I am going to read it to you right now. Here it is:

CLIFFS OF CALVERT FOSSILS

The Chesapeake is justly famous for its great rivers and broad creeks, but the part I find most interesting is that inhospitable line of cliffs that stretch from Holland Point on the south side of Herring Bay to Drum Point at the mouth of the Patuxent. They are unique and different from anything else in the Bay, but few boats approach them. For twenty-five miles there is no harbor or shelter of any kind, not even a creek. The water is shallow for a half mile out. It is a bad lee shore for any boat if heavy weather is brewing.

The cliffs are from 20 to 100 feet high, broken by short stretches of low ground. At some places the waves beat against the cliff base, at others sandy beaches gleam in the sunshine to make a pleasant color contrast with the dark reds, blues and yellows of the hard clay of the cliffs.

The Chesapeake shores are full of historic interest, but the Calvert Cliffs are rich in prehistory for they contain the best exposures of miocene fossils in America. They are famous among paleontologists the world over. Here we find the record of what our Bay was like and the life that swam or crawled or lay on the bottom from ten to twenty million years ago. On the beaches and in the shallow water, you may find the teeth of many varieties of sharks. One giant grew to be over eighty feet long and his four-inch teeth are a prized find. If you explore the strata of the cliffs, you may find coral, many kinds of curious and common shells, bones of great whales, crocodile plates and many other relics of the ancient life

of sea and shore. Some are like nothing that lives there today, others show that species have changed very little in millions of years.

On one of my fossil-hunting expeditions to the cliffs, I met a native of the shore and talked to him about the specimens I had found, referring to some of them by their scientific names and telling him of the life that once swarmed in these waters. He was polite, but evidently skeptical of the information I was giving him. Finally he said: 'You say these creatures lived here before there were any people in the country?' I replied: 'Yes, long before there were any men on earth.' Then with the air of a man who wishes to prove you are a liar without saying it directly, he remarked: 'Well, if that is so, how do you know what their names were'?"

After passing the cliffs, the run past Cove Point was soon made, the Patuxent entered, Drum Point passed and the inner channel taken into Solomons Island. The *Fanny* went right to the Webster wharf, was gassed and watered and iced up and then moved to a snug anchorage in short rowing distance for the overnight stay.

Solomons Island lies a short distance below Point Patience off the eastern bank of the Patuxent River and is connected with the mainland by a causeway. The island has become a Summer resort for fishing enthusiasts, and on the land side the harbour serves as an anchorage for a large commercial fishing fleet. The deepest water is nearly one hundred feet and averages fifty feet deep on much of the river near the town, and the island boasts a harbour two miles wide. With the exception of the modest "House of Solomon," the first settler, the island is devoid of any aged or important houses.

Here in 1905 the huge drydock *Dewey* was tested, and at Point Patience for over twenty years the large German transatlantic liners, which were seized by the United States during the first World War, lay at anchor. President Wilson used one of these, which was renamed the *George Washington*, to cross the Atlantic to the peace conference; another, the largest steamship of her day, the *Vaterland*, lay at anchor here until she was refitted and renamed the *Leviathan* and put in service by the United States Lines. All of these transatlantic liners were disposed of some five years ago.

The State maintains here the Chesapeake Biological Laboratory for the study of marine life. Dr. R. V. Truitt is the director.

The crew voted unanimously for dinner ashore, or rather supper, as the evening meal is called at Solomons' two small hotels, or for that matter at any of its several fishermen's boarding houses. At six they rowed ashore to eat, saving the "drink and be merry" part till later, as Skip



THE PLAINS
On the Patuxent River

From "The Chesapeake Bay Country," by Swepson Earle



BILLINGSLEY

Courtesy of Dr. A. N. Meloy



Pratt Library Collection

SOTTERLEY
On the Patuxent River

Courtesy of The Sun



Pratt Library Collection

CROSS MANOR
On St. Inigoes Creek, St. Mary's River

Courtesy of The Sun

had arranged to have Dr. Truitt join them on the *Fanny*. This the Doctor did about eight thirty and held forth as follows:

Truitt: "Good evening, Skip! We welcome a visit from you and your cruise companions. Our pier facilities are yours and we hope you will also visit the department's headquarters and observe the research work the State is carrying on here."

Skip: "Thank you, Dr. Truitt! Your cordiality is appreciated and your invitation intrigues us, although I fear that your factual information may wreck some of the arguments provoked by our voyage. We are mystified by the seemingly impossible claims pertinent to the love life of such a phlegmatic creature as the oyster and the purported amorous activities of the blue crab—just plain crab to us. Are these stories true?"

Truitt: "One would hesitate to give blanket approval, off hand, to stories that might arise in a group such as yours under conditions of clear skies, blue waters, balmy air and nibbles that readily grow into bites and, then, fish that attain unreachable sizes by the time you have returned home. Then, too, we all measure romance in the lower animal groups by human standards and experiences. Gentlemen, it can't be done. But let's see first-hand some of the answers to your question. Come to the laboratory."

Skip: "Is it literally true, Dr. Truitt, that oysters lay eight or ten millions of eggs at one setting, so to speak? And that the sexes don't mix?"

Mate: "He means, Doctor, are oysters 'poor fish'?"

Truitt: "Yes and no to all three questions. We estimated according to best practices that one five-year-old oyster had 48,000,000 eggs in her, ripe and ready to be spawned and that, uninterrupted, this individual would have produced during the entire season upward of 100,000,000 eggs."

Handy: "That outdoes you. But look in the microscope, great gimminy, there must be that many millions right here, and this only a sample! A drop he said! These are eggs. What about the male elements?"

Truitt: "Look through this microscope. These almost infinitely small wriggling objects, barely more than motion itself, are the sperm cells. So numerous are they that even a Washington statistician would hesitate to give an estimate of their numbers in the male oyster. Sextillions probably would be conservative."

Doc: "What a man! Seriously, Dr. Truitt, why are there so many male cells in an oyster?"

Truitt: "This brings us back to that 'poor fish' idea. Oysters *really don't.* The sex act, spawning, may take place in an oyster removed feet or even yards from another oyster. Rather than contact, these molluscs

give off chemical principles, correlated with temperature, which are carried by the tides to stimulate each other. Sexual products are discharged into the open waters and by chance, surviving the hazards of chemical, physical and biological conditions, they may meet. The male cell penetrates the drifting ovum and development thereby is initiated."

Mate: "Egad! That's the start of an oyster! Well, tell me, I'm interested, 'poor' or any other kind of fish, whither the oyster from here?"

Truitt: "Well, you direct the destiny of these oysters. Just put a drop of female milt and a drop of male milt, the term for genital products of fishes, in that tumbler. There, that's it. Now, put a drop of the mixture under the 'scope and watch. You have it! The male is penetrating the female cell. There it is, see it?"

Handy: "My soul! Impossible! You mean that what I see here is ringing the bell of oyster life—is the starting point for the development of an honest-to-goodness oyster? So what?"

Truitt: "Just follow it for the next several minutes and you will complete the story to the ultimate of romance. All of the developmental stages will pass before your eyes and eventually the—— See, they are beginning to swim; they are ciliated larvae now—eventually they pass through the free living stage and attach themselves to some hard object. Now they are bivalved sedentary creatures, never more to roam. Only the sex cells of an oyster roam. It remains now only for the oyster to grow over a two, three or four-year period to become the *piece de resistance* so dear to Marylanders."

Skip: "Does that other Chesapeake delicacy, the crab, carry on its love affairs vicariously as does the oyster?"

Someone: "I'm interested in that, too, Dr. Truitt, but I am still pondering the oyster's affairs. Why is an 'oyster bed,' don't they call it that?"

Truitt: "That question really makes sense. Yes, the home of the oyster is variously termed bed, rock, bar. However, it is as far fetched to think of a bed in the love life of an oyster as it is to think of Maryland rye in terms of an oyster bar."

Doc: "Well, if this is the story of the oyster, just what and how is or does the crab? What kind of a lover is he? Or is it a she that controls their romance?"

Truitt: "Again, let's observe. See this? That one female crab is carrying some 1,500,000 eggs and from an earlier deposition she has already hatched out about 2,000,000 zoea or crab larvae. Following this batch, she becomes senile and during late Winter she will die of old age."

Mate: "I want to hear both ends of that story—the fore and aft of what happens. Do sperms drift in the water and find her eggs to start them

on their course to a crab? They are not molluscs, I recall. Does that make a difference?"

Truitt: "There is some little relationship between the high and low in evolution and the act of fertilization. No, the crab mates—and in a big way."

Handy: "You mean more cells or more contact or something of that kind?"

Truitt: "Something of that kind. Perhaps no animal living is more aggressive and amorous than the common crab—we call him *Callinectes sapidus*—and none consumes more time or more determination in propagation."

Skip: "Keep her in everyday terms, Doctor, and give us a bit more of this absorbing story. It's seductive—I mean instructive. I really mean, does he seduce her?"

Truitt: "Keeping ourselves on the plane of a biologist, let's begin at the beginning. In doing so, join me for observations on the float overboard."

Doc: "That's a 'peeler' or a 'buster,' isn't it? Does that play any part in crab love life?"

Truitt: "Peeler and buster are terms applied to those stages when crabs are about to shed or moult; that is, throw off their hard skins (shell) in order to accommodate growth. The skeleton of a crab, unlike our own, is on the outside of its body, and following an interval of feeding and the addition of tissue, the old shell is discarded, then follows the soft shell period, and a new expanded shell is grown."

Mate: "This goes on, Doctor, at regular intervals all the way from the egg to crab soup, from babes to lovers, does it?"

Truitt: "In a sense, yes! But the interval of shedding varies from a few minutes in the early larvae to a matter of weeks or even months in the last stage—the one that is characterized by reproduction."

Handy: "You appraised the love affair of the crab as the most complete of all animals, or some such analogy, a while ago. Did you actually mean that? You appear to be broadly acquainted with human nature and your comparison was broad. Pursue that thought further, will you?"

Truitt: "Perhaps a mere recital of facts would be best and then every fellow, broadly experienced as you are, can draw his own conclusions. The story, briefly and bluntly, is this: Ordinarily the sexes do not mingle, but adult males are drawn to those females ready to moult for the last time; that is, while in the peeler stage and just prior to reaching maturity. Such females are virgins. After minor differences in this approach, the female becomes entirely passive and is then clasped securely by the male.

who swims away with her. Bear in mind that both of them are hard crabs at this time."

Skip: "And then, swims away——"

Truitt: "Yes! The male proceeds to a favorable moulting place, sometimes many miles away, usually a flat where the water is comparatively shallow and permits the passage of rays from the sun and where there is sea-oar or eel-grass. These factors give, on the one hand, warmth to speed up the physiology of moulting and, on the other hand, protection from enemies. Here he puts her down on the bottom and guards her against all comers, including the ever-present 'wolves' of his own species. After an interval of time, varying from minutes to days, depending largely upon the degree of maturity, the female sloughs her shell. She is now a soft crab and when her shell forms, she is to be an adult hard crab."

Handy: "That feature is clear, but——"

Truitt: "I understand, you want to get directly at that 'poor fish' introductory, don't you? Well, impregnation is accomplished at this point. The female at this time is not only utterly soft and defenseless, but aggressive sexually. Contrary to the anatomy of most males, the crab has two cirri (mating appendages) and the female is correspondingly equipped with genital openings. Now, there's the unvarnished story of the crab. As I've already said, people are prone to judge invertebrate matters and doings in terms of human experience and reaction. Draw your own conclusions."

Mate: "Let me ask you, Dr. Truitt, does Ripley know this?"

Someone: "I don't see that that matters. I only wish I could judge this matter in a sub- or super-human way, or possibly, in an invertebrate way. Whether or not the ways of crab lovers are grand I'm not here to say, but the biology of their affairs is surely intricate. And it all seems to lead to exactly the same purpose, reproduction, doesn't it?"

Truitt: "To be sure, but in every way there is more of it. And before I'm asked what next, let me briefly finish the story. By the time the female leaves the embrace of the male, her new integument has begun to harden into a shell and shortly, a day of two later, she is a mature, hard crab. She will not shed again. Typically this takes place in Maryland waters during August and September. Thereafter this pregnant crab migrates to the lower waters of the Bay and hibernates in Virginia. Late the following Spring she produces her eggs, each of which is fertilized as it passes by the sack (two of them known as receptacles in each female) filled with sperms the year before. Sperms live and are viable fully a year and a half after injection by the male. The eggs, upon extrusion, are attached by a secretion in the manner demonstrated to you a while ago in the labora-

tory—that 'sponge' of some 2,000,000 eggs. The eggs hatch about fifteen days later, the curious larval form, the zoea, such as we saw under the 'scope. Through rapid shedding these, in turn, pass through seven stages, or instars, before they take the common form of the crab. Now, about the size of a small bird's eye, they grow for another year, shedding about sixteen more times, to reach adulthood."

Doc: "I'm glad to have that story clear in my mind."

Mate: "Dare we ask you about the fish?"

Truitt: "Why not? The story is not as bleak or romance bare in the fin-fishes as your 'poor fish' story indicates. The *affaires de coeur* of fishes typically bring two or even schools of them together. In nearly all cases, reproduction is stimulated by contact and in a few cases actually the two sexes rest in a type of embrace, while milt is commingled in a very close proximity. However, with rare exception, fin fishes do not transfer the reproductive cells for internal fertilization. I'll not bother you with isolated cases, since these descriptions are time consuming. I leave it to you gentlemen to judge the spirit and fact of romance in the fishes."

Skip: "Perhaps we've been too time consuming, Dr. Truitt, in persisting—in broadening our knowledge of these biological intimacies of the denizens of the deep. I'm sure you will tell us about the part such discoveries play in the conservation picture of the Bay. Would it be asking too much if we requested a word about the practicability of such matters?"

Truitt: "Not at all. Knowledge of the biology of aquatic animals is just as essential to management programs for high yields as it is for land forms. Let me cite, categorically, a specific case, the oyster. The sex of oysters may change with age and size. Young or small oysters typically are males. Our cull law requires that three-inch oysters must be left on the beds. Big oysters, mainly females, are removed in the fishery operations. Such management, obviously, could lead to utter failure since new populations can't be obtained from only males or only females. Then, too, it was pointed out that oysters are stimulated to eject their genital products by secretions from other oysters on the bar. This fact dictates in no small way the success or failure of efforts to establish or to maintain brood reserves for the animal reproductive increment. At State expense, millions upon millions of bushels of oyster shells have been planted in public beds, to end, in all too many cases, in failure. With sufficient knowledge of the abundance and time of spawn, or larvae, in the water, no inconsiderable improvement could be effected. The microscope should be a true confederate in any plan of management for oyster restoration. That rehabilitation is needed is obvious from the fact that our yields have dropped from 15,000,000 to 2,500,000 bushels annually. This means a

food poundage of a volume far greater than the beef production of Maryland. What's more, the nutrient values are far greater than in beef."

Skip: "That's startling. What is the crab picture in this connection?"

Truitt: "The fact that crabs reach maturity in Maryland waters and that the males remain up here, while the females move to Virginia, is basic in a conservation program. From this knowledge, it has been possible to establish a refuge or sanctuary near Cape Henry, where the egg-bearing female is protected from exploitation. This plan was introduced only two years ago by Virginia's authorities. It promises to be productive."

Doc: "And the 'poor fish'?"

Truitt: "Spawning habits of fish make possible one item of information that, in the shad at least, is the back-log upon which management should rest. At the time of spawning a ring or marking appears on the scales of the fish. Now, by examining the commercial catch it is possible to determine very accurately the extent of escapement from capture. That is, it is possible by microscopic examination of scales to tell whether the fish is a virgin returned from the ocean to spawn, a once spawned, a twice spawned or a three times spawned fish. It has been determined that at least 40 per cent. of the shad catch should be 'repeaters,' or that not over 60 per cent. of the catch should be virgins if sufficient brood stock is to be kept in the water to maintain optimum yields."

Skip: "Has this been demonstrated in a practical way?"

Truitt: "I'm glad you asked that question. It most assuredly has. Some twenty-odd years ago, on the Hudson River, the shad fishery dropped to such a low estate that fishermen virtually stopped fishing for it. This meant an increase in the escapement or brood reserve, the repeaters—those not captured—thus allowed to spawn and return the following year, or even the third or fourth years of their mature life. This pyramided reproduction and by 1940 the fishery was not only completely restored, it reached a new all-time high level of production."

Skip: "What about Maryland?"

Truitt: "Repeaters in this region constituted only 8 per cent. of the total catch in 1940, whereas they should have made up at least 40 per cent. of same. You will be interested to know that a law was passed at Annapolis in 1941 that authorized a management program which embraces the principle of building up the brood reserve by freezing the catch effort; that is, the number of gears operated at the very low level then obtaining. Incidentally, the light fishing effort of 1941 was typical of that of the preceding three or four years, due to continued low yields and,

in cases, submarginal incomes. A development like that of the Hudson River already was taking place."

Skip: "The proof of the pudding, it is said, is in the eating. Is it working here?"

Truitt: "Remarkably well. Since 1940 the brood reserve of shad has increased from 8 per cent. to 18 per cent. The goal is, as already indicated, 40 per cent. or more."

Mate: "Do I understand that this unique plan of management is based upon controlling the number of men who fish, or, in a way, the amount of fish captured? Isn't it heretical to refuse a waterman the so-called 'God given right to fish'?"

Truitt: "Answer to that question is a discussion, and I know you don't want that. It must be said, however, that this natural resource is public property and should be managed for the public good. We all agree that the air is about the most free thing there is, but for the general good we, the five of us, can't just go out here and start a broadcasting station. We all own cars, but we can't operate them for hire until the interest of the public is cared for."

Mate: "But these cases are not biological and, therefore, not comparable, are they?"

Truitt: "Well, in a sense biological, since the human animal is involved. What I'm getting at is that there must be restrictions in this country if the greater number of people is involved in a loss. More people by far lose when radio wave lengths interfere with reception than those who profit from ownership of a station. The type of fishery management now operating in Maryland unquestionably will provide a build-up that will, eventually, permit additional gears fished by more watermen—all with assured better returns. A better parallel than the taxi or the radio is found in the grazing program on our public domain. In the early part of this century, the number of animals grazed on lands declined greatly and vegetation of the ranges was, in cases, alarmingly depleted and on some of them virtually denuded. This resulted in less beef, less mutton, fewer horses and fewer hides. All of this, in turn, adversely affected the American people. Against the protest of many shortsighted users of the public domain, a grazing act was passed by Congress that required owners of stock to license same and in such reduced numbers as to permit restoration of vegetation and range rehabilitation. New operators could not obtain licenses to graze stock for the time being. Control over owners and animals involved made possible a policy of management that maintained a balance between grazing and vegetation abundance in favor of the latter. Thus the ranges were restored. This, in turn, made it possible to

increase grazing quotas and the number (by lottery) of owners as well. As matters now stand, the public is assured of greater quantities and better grades of meats, more operators are engaged and the future of the domain is assured. Maryland's fishery management law is designed to serve exactly the same purpose for our waters and our fin-fishes. We should not only increase the shad yield 500 per cent., but the number of men engaged should expand."

Skip: "That straightens me out on this matter of democracy in the fisheries. I can see how it works even to the betterment of the fishermen, but I'm still wondering why this same goal can't be reached by other, possibly more simple, practices—say, by shortening the season of operation or, e-eh, shortening the nets or, say, lifting the nets so many days each week. This would permit the desired escapement, would it not?"

Truitt: "Perhaps the best answer to your question, Skip, is found in the fact that those very principles have dominated, honestly so, conservation since its earliest attempts, and with rare exception the fisheries have declined. The reason is simple. Our fishermen until recently have made only a meager living, many of them not even that. It is patent that fishermen must have a living. This being true and we impose further restrictions on the amount of their catches, submarginal goes their income. What follows? A man who fishes five gears will, since he must have a livelihood, purchase and operate, at increased outlay in cash and labor, one more gear to catch more fish in, say, the five-day period as over and against the seven-day operations—or in a ten-week season rather than his old twelve-week fishing period. Actually, up to this time, management laws, no matter how good and how honest their intent, have set up inefficiency upon inefficiency, though seeming to be constructive restrictions and without avail as far as maintenance of yield is concerned."

Handy: "What is the reaction to the new management program, Dr. Truitt, favorable or unfavorable, now that results have begun to show?"

Truitt: "The honest-to-goodness fishermen, the all-weather type, in the main like it and expect it to produce. The in-an-outers, those fishermen who operate only when fish are abundant, who fish merely for the 'cream' and who go out of business when production curves dip low, are opposed to it. However, the died-in-the-wool fishermen are not inclined to fight for the measure or to protect the grounds gained for fear of being charged with 'special privilege' or selfish interest. I should say that the management program was made possible only by action of organized fishermen, who put it through Annapolis, without a single dissenting vote, a remarkable thing within itself."

Skip: "Well, Doctor, you've confirmed the conviction of all of us aboard the *Fanny* that only by basic facts and information upon which to build sound policies for conservation can we expect a reasonable measure of improvement in the unfortunate Chesapeake situation. We are glad to learn that your organization is not only gaining an insight into the fundamentals, but that you have set up an educational program that will carry this whole matter to the people of the State, especially the school children. All good wishes to you, your personnel, and the constructive work you are doing. May all of our watermen and the public in general come under the influence of the management program."

Before the good Doctor left, and the Four Old Men in the boat could quote old Samuel Pepys' "and so to bed," a good time was had by all—yes, even a few barber shop harmonies wafted about.

CHAPTER VIII

THE PATUXENT

THE Patuxent River is eighty-seven miles above the entrance to the Bay, and sixty-four miles below Baltimore. It has a depth of thirty feet to its splendid anchorage off Solomons and is safe navigating for drafts of seven feet for forty-odd miles from its mouth.

The entrance is marked at the south by Cedar Point, its lighthouse and a large water tank, which can be seen for many a mile. Every visitor to Solomons for the fishing knows Millstone Landing, some two miles across the river from it, to the southeast. This was the spot in Volstead days where the knowing ones would go ashore, greet a native with "It's one o'clock," the open sesame for white mule by the gallon or five-gallon jug or can.

Calvert County is normally the most backward, or, putting it more tactfully, the least forward of the counties as to its public improvements. It is rather sparsely populated, and far from opulent, but this makes for delightful living for those who have the means, as the laboring class have not been spoiled and life is delightfully simple.

The county is a long and narrow peninsula with the Bay at its east, and the Patuxent at its south and west; the river divides it from St. Mary's to the south. Its forefathers were Puritans; those of St. Mary's, Cavaliers. Its population is about evenly divided between white and colored, who get along amicably and quite happily. The county has no towns of considerable size, no railroads, and few good highways. It has a half dozen road crossing hamlets, with its commercial fishing and sport fishing industry centered at Solomons.

There is a saying, among sportsmen piscatorial, once you get the Solomons Island habit you never shake it. To this the Four Old Men subscribed, accepted the perfect morning, wind from the south and a cloudless sky, as just another bit of Patuxent hospitality.

The *Fanny* got going at a respectably early hour for our ancient mariners, and with the good weather still favoring them, and a gentle breeze blowing, right after breakfast they went up stream a half hour to make the first historic home visit of the day.

They anchored near the private pier at "Charles' Gift," rowed ashore, and were welcomed by the owner, Mr. Hulbert Footner, of Baltimore, who helped in the story and description of his place in his usual quiet and gracious manner. The description follows:



Pratt Library Collection

STATE HOUSE, ST. MARY'S
On the St. Mary's River

Historic American Buildings Survey



Pratt Library Collection

PORTO BELLO
On the St. Mary's River

Photograph by Don Swann



THE ARK AND THE DOVE

Courtesy of
Pratt Library



BLACKISTONE HOUSE
On the Potomac River

Courtesy of
Mrs. Blackistone

CHARLES' GIFT

(Illustration facing page 40)

On the north bank of the Patuxent, between Mears and Hellen Creeks, is the historic old estate of "Charles' Gift," formerly known as "Preston-on-the-Patuxent." The original tract was one thousand acres, covered by grants to Richard Preston, one of the leading Puritans who came to Maryland from Virginia in 1649 at the invitation of the Calverts, when these Puritans had become unwelcome residents in the eyes of Governor Berkeley, of Virginia. Preston was unquestionably a man of very considerable ability, yet tainted with the usual Puritan intolerance and certainly with shameless ingratitude, for almost at once he became the leading figure in the overthrow of Lord Baltimore's government. The Puritan rule was then forced upon the colony, Preston became one of the Commissioners, appointed by Cromwell in 1652, and his house served as the seat of government for Maryland until Lord Baltimore recovered his province in 1659. Certain it is that "Charles' Gift" was built by Richard Preston about 1651 and that it was used for the court sessions and for the meetings of the Assembly. Here it was that the laws depriving Catholics and Anglicans from representation were enacted.

The original house is a one-and-one-half-story building of brick laid in Flemish bond. At some later date these bricks were whitewashed. The very steep gable roof is pierced in front by three dormers, and surmounted on each end by a chimney. A cellar extends under the old house, and in the early days there was a kitchen wing joined by a curtain or aisle to the main structure. Some thirty years ago a small frame building was added on the south side to serve as a kitchen; this was later converted into a nursery. A new, large, frame one-and-one-half-story wing, extending at right angles from the rear of the main house, has been added by the present owner. This wing terminates in a somewhat smaller structure, which is the present kitchen. The new building has roof, dormers and chimney to correspond with the old homestead and harmonizes in every respect.

The ground floor interior of the original house consists of one vast room with high ceiling and windows on all sides. It has deep window seats in its thick walls, and is beautifully paneled in virgin pine. There is a huge brick fireplace at each end of this great room and alongside one is a paneled closet. From the other side of this fireplace the original staircase projects into the room, and passes under a doorway before it turns left in its ascent to the second floor. For many years this very large room was divided by a partition, but this has been removed and the room thus restored to what, undoubtedly, was its original size. The upper floor

in the old building contains three bed rooms and hallway, and in the new wing, modern bath room and additional bed rooms. There are a total of seven exits from the house. "Charles' Gift" stands far back from the river bank with a hedge of arbor vitae and scattered trees in front. Especially noteworthy is an aged and very tall pear tree which grows near the house. From the green bluff a path descends to a fine circular beach. Nearby there is a cottage upon the property and a small, ancient burial ground.

Samuel Preston, grandson of the builder, departed from the estate in 1693, and the records show that in 1723 it was in the possession of Alexander Parran and Nathaniel Ashcomb. The heirs of Parran divided the old place, and later the Gantt family owned it for over a hundred years. Thereafter, time and neglect wrought havoc with the ancient house until in 1912 it was purchased by the present owner, Mr. Hulbert Footner, the author, who has given both time and study to beautifying and restoring the picturesque home, as well as building the additions. The present estate comprises twenty acres.

In 1649 the Parliament of England, having deposed King Charles I, ruled in his stead as the Commonwealth of England. Virginia still adhered to the Anglican Church, and the Governor, Sir William Berkeley, was persecuting and oppressing the Puritans. At this juncture, Cecil, Lord Baltimore, invited the Puritans of Virginia to come settle in Maryland, where he promised them land and full religious freedom. His object, of course, was to secure the favor of the Puritan Parliament toward his own faction, the Roman Catholics, who were hated alike by both Puritans and Anglicans. About a thousand of the Puritans accepted. While they were on their way to Maryland King Charles was beheaded.

One of the leaders of the Puritans was Richard Preston, who, with some of his co-religionists, settled on the Patuxent River. The main body of the Puritans continued on to the Severn River. Preston was immediately created Commander of the North Shore of the Patuxent by Lord Baltimore's governor. He built a house and called it "Preston." In the old records it is usually termed "Preston-at-Patuxent." That house still stands. It may be the oldest house in Maryland, though there are two others that dispute the claim. It is very difficult to establish these things; in any case, it doesn't make much difference now.

The Puritans were no sooner established in Maryland than they turned and bit the hand that had beckoned them. In other words, they rebelled against Lord Baltimore; threw out his officers, and set up a government of their own which lasted for six years. During this period Preston was one of the Puritan Commissioners for governing the province

and "Preston-at-Patuxent" served as the capitol of Maryland and the seat of the provincial court.

It is the typical ancient Maryland plantation house with its steep roof, huge chimneys and row of "dormant" windows. There is the usual tradition that the bricks were imported from England, but there is nothing in it; they were undoubtedly made on the place. The whole downstairs was laid off in one great room, forty-three feet by twenty-one feet six inches, with a ceiling nearly eleven feet high. The kitchen was in a separate building. Preston's enemies intimated that he built his house in this fashion intending it to serve later as a meeting place for the House of Delegates and the court.

The house was attacked on two occasions by parties of Lord Baltimore's men, who were seeking to seize the records and hang Preston. They got the records, but not the wily Puritan. In 1655 the Puritans cleaned up Baltimore's men in a pitched battle on the Severn and for three years they reigned undisturbed, until Oliver Cromwell himself reinstated Lord Baltimore in all his rights and privileges and the capitol was moved back to St. Mary's. Incidentally, the Puritans claimed to have lost the first Great Seal of Maryland and it is supposed to be buried in the yard of the old house. All the laws that were passed in the great room and the cases decided there are spread on the Maryland archives. They make highly diverting reading. The Puritans apparently were just as great sinners as we are.

When I came into possession of "Preston-at-Patuxent" in 1912 it was called simply "the old house." A house of much later date in the neighborhood bore its name. In order to avoid confusion I rechristened it "Charles' Gift," a name I borrowed from another of Richard Preston's grants of land.

The run from Solomons Island to "Charles' Gift" was five miles, and it was but ten miles further up river to "Taney Place." Hook down, dink loaded with the Fannyites and Mate, the one-man-power motor, they were soon ashore and crossed the sward to the entrance. The visitors, as usual, were welcomed by the owner, who took them first around and then all through the house—the story of which is as follows:

TANEY PLACE

(Illustration facing page 41)

About a half mile north of the old county seat of Calvert Town, destroyed by the British in 1814, upon a hilltop on the west bank of Battle Creek, overlooking the Patuxent, stands "Taney Place."

The origin of the house is uncertain, but it certainly was an early residence of the Hance family, as "Taney Place" is mentioned in the will of Benjamin Hance in 1708.

An ample lawn and some fine trees surround the spacious house, which is in the form of a rectangle. It is built of brick, with walls two feet thick. The front and back walls are covered with clapboard, but in the ends the brick is bare. The house is two stories, with hip roof, at each end of which are large chimneys.

Considerably prior to the nineteenth century the estate passed into the hands of the Taney family, and here Chief Justice Roger Brooke Taney was born in 1777.

Connected with the place is the story of the fatal stabbing in 1819 of John Magruder by Michael Taney V. The tale is that at a large and very convivial dinner following a morning of hunting, the two men quarreled over a popular girl of those days, and that Magruder slapped Taney. Anyway, after the killing, Taney, with the help of his slaves, escaped to Virginia, where he remained the balance of his life. After his death, his body was brought back and buried at "Taney Place."

The estate, by purchase in 1835, passed to Mr. Dorsey Hance, and has since remained in that family. Its present owner is Mr. Benjamin Hance, son of the late Young D. Hance.

Declining a kind invitation to the mid-day meal, but accepting a delicious mint julep each, the inquiring reporters, after sincere thanks to their host, wended their way back to the dink and the *Fanny*. Skip tossed together a quick lunch of Spam sandwiches and salad, with beer for three to chase the julep and coke for the other one. The animals were fed amply, if sketchily.

Right after lunch, on to "The Plains," another short run of some ten miles. Here they found the owner away, but his gracious lady did the honors beautifully. The story of the place was given as follows:

THE PLAINS

(Illustration facing page 50)

Near Indian Creek, on the western bank of the Patuxent, lies a very old estate, originally called "Orphans' Gift," but for generations known as "The Plains." In the early days it also included the acreage of "Chesley's Hill."

The house is a quaint stuccoed brick structure of considerable size, with curtains and wings adjoining the main building on both sides. The

main building is two stories, with a hip roof, the front of which is broken by three dormer windows. A large chimney flanks each end of the central structure, and there is a chimney rising from the front face of each wing. The brick work still shows the marks of the War of 1812, when British warships came in contact here with the Maryland militia, who endeavored to stop the further progress of the ships. The estate was the homestead of the Jowles family, distinguished in Colonial annals, and in the old burying ground some of their tombstones still stand. With the extinction of that family in the male line, about the middle of the eighteenth century, "The Plains" passed by marriage to the Sothorons. The present impressive Colonial dwelling was built about 1760 by the Hon. Henry Greenfield Sothoron, and the estate is still in the possession of that family.

While it was much too far for the mariners to walk on a hot day, some six miles there—and seemingly would be twice as far back—Doc insisted on telling them about the "Dower House," or "Mt. Airy" of Maryland, as it is related with so many things and people in the early days of the colony. Its story is:

MT. AIRY

Near Croom and just north of Rosaryville, in a grove of great oaks, is "Mt. Airy," a Calvert mansion and home of the descendants of the Lords Baltimore for generations. A lane one-eighth of a mile long leads from the gate through arching linden trees to a circle of boxwood enclosing a picturesque artificial lake in front of the house. On the right is a garden containing rare shrubs, designed by Major L'Enfant, who planned the City of Washington. On a nearby terrace is a tennis court, which was the original site of the old bowling green.

The wing is much older than the main house, having been built about 1660 for a hunting lodge by one of the Calverts. This lodge is built of English brick with walls two feet thick; it is a long, low building, one and one-half stories high, with dormer windows and hip roof. The main house was built in 1751 by Benedict Calvert, illegitimate son of Charles, Fifth Lord Baltimore. It is two stories high with two columns in front, reaching from the ground to the roof, but is not large or elaborate. It is built of brick coated with plaster and includes on the first floor a living room, dining room, hall and stairway to floor above. There is a cellar adjoining the older cellar under the lodge, which legend says has an unexplored secret passage.

Benedict Calvert married, about 1748, his cousin, Elizabeth, daughter of Charles Calvert, Governor of Maryland from 1720 to 1727. He

was given lands on the Patuxent and in 1751 acquired, by transfer through Ignatius Digges, "Mt. Airy."

Although parts of the estate fell to Calvert heirs, "Mt. Airy" continued in the possession of the Calvert family until the death of Dr. Cecelius Calvert, aged ninety-five, in 1901, and Miss Eleanora Adela Calvert, aged eighty-one, in 1902, who died of burns received from the upsetting of an oil lamp while she was descending stairs. George Washington frequently visited "Mt. Airy," and here his stepson, John Parke Custis, married Eleanor Calvert in 1774, and lived until his premature death at the age of twenty-eight in 1779. The old house was famous for its hospitality; here friends came when they pleased and stayed as long as they chose.

At Washington in 1903 the household effects were sold. These included many portraits of the early Calverts; one supposedly a Van Dyke of Charles, Fifth Lord Baltimore. The estate, consisting of some six hundred acres, was bought by Mrs. Tillie R. Duvall.

A fire in 1931 destroyed most of the house, but not the hunting lodge wing. Since then the mansion has been completely restored.

The run up the river to "Billingsley" was an hour's duration, and the crew were again fortunate in finding the owner at home and in receptive mood. All remembered it as the home of the Weems family and linked this in mind with the Weems line of steamers in their youth and early manhood. The story of the place follows:

BILLINGSLEY

(Illustration facing page 50)

Several miles south of Marlborough and overlooking the Patuxent River is "Billingsley." The house is of great age, having been built about the year 1700. It is of brick, rectangular in shape and has an extremely steep pitched gable roof with dormer windows. The unusually wide chimney is an extension of the gable end. To the right of the main entrance is a large brick porch-vestibule, the walls of which are pierced by six wide circle-headed openings and a door. The windows of the first floor and in the gable ends are very tall and have multiple panes and conspicuous architraves.

It is an old Weems family residence, having been sold in 1740 by Colonel Holyday to Dr. James Weems, whose son, William Loch Weems, was later a member of the law-enforcement committee in Prince George's County for the Continental Congress.

The run to "Sotterley" of twelve miles was leisurely and they skirted the lovely shore line, but did not stop to explore creeks, which Handy craved to do.

At "Sotterley" the owner took them all around, then through the house; the story of which follows:

SOTTERLEY

(Illustration facing page 51)

"Sotterley," among the most historic of Maryland homes, stands on a high bank overlooking the Patuxent River. It is built on a part of "Resurrection Manor," which was the old Cornwallis and Plowden grant, dating from 1650. Sometime prior to 1730 some two thousand acres were purchased by Mr. James Bowles, and became known as "Bowles' Separation." Mr. Bowles died young and his widow married the Hon. George Plater, who built "Sotterley" in 1730 and named it after his family's old Saxon manor in Suffolk, England, which had been given by William the Conqueror to one of his followers shortly after the Norman Conquest in 1066.

The house is of frame, one and one-half stories, with brick foundation. A steep gambrel roof with dormer windows is surmounted by a square cupola, upon which is the date 1730. Along that side of the house which faces the river there is a flagstone-paved colonnade supported by plain, slender columns. Two small square buildings with cone-shaped roofs once stood in the front garden; these, perhaps formerly used as a meat house, wine vault, kitchen, or even office for the Collector of the Patuxent District, have been moved further from the house. The present owner, after careful study, removed a kitchen and another room, which, at a much later date than the original house, had been built upon the front porch. The present kitchen has been reconstructed upon the site of one of the previously mentioned outbuildings, which likely was the first kitchen.

This picturesque old house contains some of the finest wood carvings to be found in the Chesapeake country. The library, drawing room, dining room are all large; the so-called "Governor's Study," which may have been the early dining room, is small. The ground floor walls are beautifully paneled with painted pine. The Chinese Chippendale stairway is a masterpiece; it is mahogany and the balustrade is an exquisite filigree, said to have been done by a "King's seven-year convict" named Bowen, whom George Plater freed when the paneling and carving were completed. The drawing room has a fine fireplace and is famous for the two deep, exquisitely carved shell alcoves which flank it. The solid mahogany doors swing on two-foot English brass straps. On the second floor the rooms are low with sloping ceilings.

From the cellar there is supposed to be a secret brick passage leading to the foot of the hill by the river. There is a sun-dial in the front garden which dates from the time the house was built.

George Plater, the builder of "Sotterley," was one-time Attorney General of Maryland and Collector of Customs for the Patuxent. His son, George Plater II, born in 1736, inherited the estate, married Ann Rousby of the famous Rousby Hall, and was most favorably received by Lord Baltimore in England. He lived in princely style on his estate, all nine of his daughters married into the most distinguished families of the Chesapeake country, and in 1791 he became Governor of Maryland. His son, George Plater III, inherited "Sotterley," from whom it passed to a fourth George Plater. About 1808 this last member of the Plater family to own the old homestead, gambled it away to Colonel Somerville, who sold it to Colonel Thomas Barber. By the marriage of a daughter of Colonel Barber to Dr. Briscoe, the estate passed to that family.

In 1910 Mr. Herbert Livingston Satterlee, of New York, purchased "Sotterley." He and Mrs. Satterlee, who was a daughter of Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan I, have studiously restored the property as nearly as possible to its original condition. Strangely enough Mr. Satterlee is a descendant of the family from which the Plater house took its name.

The acreage has been added to of late years, until now it includes about two-thirds of the original two thousand acres which comprised "Bowles Separation."

From "Sotterley" back to Solomons, some five miles, was made in time to down hook, and go ashore for a fish and crab dinner at Cap Harrison's big boarding house.

They were back on the *Fanny* after a brief return visit with Dr. Truitt, who, though it was closed for the day, showed them his very interesting laboratory.

They were all in bed by ten and snoring in unison.

CHAPTER IX

THE ST. MARY'S AND ST. INIGOES CREEK

UP betimes, not by choice but on account of the fishing boats going out before daybreak and few with mufflers or any care for sleepy yachtsmen or boat fans like the *Fanny's* crew. Mate gave up trying to sleep at five thirty, went out in the cockpit and imitated the famed Mannekin-Pis of Brussels to show his disdain of noisy boatmen.

This tore it for the other three, who stretched, yawned and arose, but not with alacrity. It was Doc's turn to get the breakfast, with Handy setting the table, after beds were made.

The sky was overcast and the glass was lower than the day before. Mate said: "I hope the hell we don't catch a blow off Point Lookout, the Potomac's mouth can show ugly teeth as you all know well." Skip piped up: "Let's get going just as soon as we've eaten."

This settled, they got going at seven—six bells to you, able seaman—and soon passed Cedar Point and headed down the Bay with the wind on *Fanny's* rump, so she wallowed and slewed about in a medium heavy following sea.

It was quite lively off Point Lookout, but with the wind almost due north and then the beam-beating till they ran up in the St. Mary's, was not too bad. But at that they were glad to be under lee shore and to run up in St. Inigoes Creek, and anchor handily for their after luncheon visit to "Cross Manor," which Doc described thusly:

CROSS MANOR

(Illustration facing page 51)

The southern bank of St. Inigoes Creek is the site of "Cross Manor," Maryland's oldest residence. The original Manor grant was made to the famed Captain Thomas Cornwalys, supposedly the wealthiest man in the colony, in 1639. The Manor at that time consisted of two thousand acres.

The year 1643 seems to be a fairly accurate date for the house. Huge boxwood bushes, which cover most of the garden between the house and the water, were planted at approximately the same time, and make the box garden among the finest in Maryland.

Unfortunately this remarkable old brick house has undergone several alterations. The bricks in the side walls conclusively prove that the original building was of two stories, with high gambrel roof; it is now two

stories and attic, with gable roof pierced by dormer windows with circle-head sash. At a more recent date modern porches were added to the grand old house. A large chimney flanks each side wall, and at the entrance there is a portico supported by plain, graceful columns.

The name is said to be derived from a cross which was raised over the graves of some Virginians who were murdered by the Indians, before the arrival of Leonard Calvert and his settlers; another much less likely tale says that an earlier Cornwalys accidently shot a friend and erected a wooden cross upon the spot.

The estate is now owned by Senator Charles Sterett Grason.

They then ran over to old St. Mary's City pier, tied up and went up to see the site of the original capital of Maryland and the replica of the old State House.

ST. MARY'S CITY

(Illustrations facing pages 60, 61)

After anchoring off St. Clement's Island, now Blackiston Island, in the Potomac, and having consumed twenty-two days in trying to reach an agreement with the Indian ruler at Piscataway, Leonard Calvert and his band of adventurers landed on March 27, 1634, at a spot on the St. Mary's River, then called St. George's River, destined to become the capital of Lord Baltimore's colony. This spot was a village of the Yoacomico Indians, with whom an arrangement was made to divide the locality for a few months, at the end of which time, in return for certain tools and other wares, the Indians were to move out.

For protection the settlers hurriedly erected a palisade, one hundred and twenty yards square, called St. George's Fort, and then proceeded to build a town on plans suggested by Lord Baltimore. It was St. Mary's, the capital of the colony, and such it remained until 1694. The town grew and prospered and with its State House, Governor's Castle and church numbered some sixty-five representative buildings.

The decline of St. Mary's City was rapid after it lost its prestige as capital to Annapolis. It is true that the inconvenience of its location was a contributing cause, but under the reign of William III and Mary II the Protestants were in the ascendency and were able to force the change. Then, too, the members of various religious sects, such as Puritans and Dissenters, who had foolishly been given refuge in the colony, began to exert their influence in politics. The climax of the town's fate came in 1708 when the county seat was moved to Leonardtown. Thereafter the city's ruin was swift; in fact, it not only ceased to exist, but literally vanished.



MT. VICTORIA
On the Wicomico River of Southern Maryland

Courtesy of
Bennett Crain



Pratt Library
Collection

MT. REPUBLICAN
On the Potomac River

Courtesy of
The Sun



CEDAR GROVE
On the Potomac River

From "The Chesapeake Bay Country," by Swepson Earle



WAKEFIELD
On the Potomac River

Heustis Cook Studio, Richmond

When preparations began for the Tercentenary Celebration in 1934, none of its original buildings were standing, and only a few foundations could be accurately traced. The last house to remain was that of Mary Troughton, which survived alone until 1919. To illustrate how nearly St. Mary's had passed into oblivion, the landing dock had for a very long time been known as Broome's Wharf. The modern buildings which occupy the site are few indeed. There is St. Mary's Seminary for girls, a long two-story brick structure, with gambrel roof pierced by dormers, and a second floor porch above a portico borne on six pillars. The original dated from 1840, was destroyed by fire in 1924 and exactly reproduced. Trinity Episcopal Church is a small, steep roofed building, constructed in 1829 with old bricks dug from the earth, where they had been one hundred years buried. The graveyard is said to contain the tomb of Sir Leonard Copley, first royal governor, and his wife. The remainder of old St. Mary's City, until 1934, was woods and fields.

The early settlement covered a distance of about three miles on the St. Mary's River and was about one mile in width. The main streets, which ran nearly at right angles to each other, were Middle Street and Mattapany Street. Of the old buildings, long since gone, the most important were the following:

The Governor's Castle, built in 1638, was the residence of some of the early Colonial governors. It was a long building, one and one-half stories high, and is said to have been the first brick house to be built in Maryland. The foundations still remain and some pieces of old tiling have been found.

The State House, built by Captain John Quigley in 1676, stood upon a site which is now the burying ground of Trinity Church. The old foundations have been discovered and exposed.

The Palace of St. John, built prior to 1650, was used as a residence by Charles, Third Lord Baltimore. It was also a frequent meeting place for the Assembly.

The Council Chamber was built about 1660, and was used for Assembly meetings until the colonists built the State House. It faced the river, but nothing of it survives, excepting its finely designed brick floor.

The Church, built in 1638, was used by worshipers of all denominations. It stood on the site where Father Andrew White conducted the first services under a canvas shelter supported by trees. Father White, who came with Leonard Calvert on the *Ark*, was one of the outstanding characters of those first settlers. He was an historian of note, and to him we are indebted for most we know of Maryland's early days. The site of the Church has been traced, but nothing of the building remains.

Smith's Town House was St. Mary's first inn and tavern; it also served in 1637 to house the first meeting of the General Assembly. Excavations have brought to light the foundations of the building, but nothing else has survived.

Of Governor Leonard Calvert's home, near the Fort, there is nothing left.

On the three hundredth anniversary in 1934 of the founding of Maryland, an appropriate celebration was held. This was admirably carried out by the Maryland Tercentenary Commission. As a memorial, the old State House was reproduced. As its original site is now a graveyard, the new building was erected a short distance away on Middle Street. The ground was given by Mrs. J. Spence Howard and Mrs. James Bennett. The bricks used in building were obtained from neighboring buildings and were of the approximate age and type of those in the original State House. In the new structure all details of the old building were meticulously reproduced, and furniture made by hand was supplied to duplicate the original. The cross-shaped building has a gable roof surmounted by chimneys at the ends. Boxwood lines the lane which approaches the State House, and the grounds are tastefully laid out and planted with native trees.

Since 1934 the historic spot of St. Mary's City, Maryland's birthplace, has been maintained and preserved by the State, assisted by several societies.

They went from the old city pier to another beauty spot, the famous old home "Porto Bello," which is described as follows:

PORTO BELLO

(Illustration facing page 60)

"Porto Bello" is built on the west bank of St. Mary's River opposite the old capital of the colony. The land on which it stands was granted by Leonard Calvert to Captain Henry Fleet, who was his guide on the first visit to the Indians at Piscataway in 1634.

The present house was built in 1740 by William Hebb, who had served under Admiral Vernon in the English-Spanish War of the early eighteenth century. He named his place for the scene of one of his many adventures.

The large three-part building is of frame, two stories high, with picturesque gambrel roofs of shingles. The main building at the right of the other two is flanked with two chimneys at each end, and a large porch extends across the entire front. The full length of the two adjoining buildings is fronted by an arcaded gallery supported by plain columns. In the

rear of the house is an old burying ground, where are the graves of William Hebb and many of that family.

In later years a boarding school was conducted here, and then through long disuse and the ravages of time the old place seriously deteriorated. The estate has been completely restored and is now owned by the Hon. J. Allan Coad.

Back near St. Mary's City pier again they anchored close in shore and set about the serious business of dinner, which was disposed of by seven bells, they then settled down inside, as out of the wind it was a safe bet that flies would soon be succeeded by skeeters. Skip reminisced on his visit to St. Mary's sesqui-centennial in 1934 with his wife, Handy and a congenial sailorwoman in the *Fanny's* predecessor, a double-cabin Richarson. He said: "Handy and I'll never forget how it was that June day seven years ago when we lined up with hundreds of other boats to view the reproduction of the landing of the *Ark* and the *Dove*. It was an impressive and colorfully dramatic spectacle, very realistically done and followed that afternoon by a most elaborate pageant in an enclosed field with open grandstand. We pitied the actors in their heavy fifteenth century styled costumes, both men and women, in the intense heat and full blast of Old Sol's rays and nary a bit of shade. We saw the new replica of the old State House, visited the old Seminary Building and then decided to take no chance of sunstroke at the pageant, but seek shade in the old graveyard, which we did, and stretched out there looking out on what was like a big regatta scene. After the pageant was over and the sun low, we joined briefly in the reception at the old Seminary, then back to the boat for a cold supper."

Handy spoke up: "Skip, remember the cussing a certain Eastern Sho' mogul got when his yacht got out of line and spoiled the view for a dozen small boats like ours?"

Skip replied: "I sure do and just to think of something pleasant let me tell you all this one of a friend of mine in the insurance business:

When the lady in distress proves to be a lady in her cups, it is the rescuer who needs comforting.

And so it proved one Summer night when a group of prominent Baltimoreans were proceeding up the Bay in a handsome cruiser. They were enjoying their cigars and gazing at the stars when suddenly dead ahead was heard a shrill tumult. Cries for help in a shrill feminine voice mingled with shouts and some profanity.

Those on the cruiser tensed with excitement and leaped into action. The speed was increased and soon the craft was on the scene. Not far off a yacht was circling about as if seeking the person overboard. Those

on the cruiser crowded to the bow and saw a few feet away a woman thrashing about in the water.

Members of the crew reached down and hauled her in over the rail. She proved to be a young woman, easy on the eye but very wet and very disheveled. Those on the rescuing boat experienced a feeling of elation at having saved a life.

But not for long. The young woman arose from the deck where she had been carefully deposited and with blazing eyes turned on her 'rescuers.'

'Why in hell can't a woman take a swim without being interfered with by a bunch of men,' she screamed saltily. And as one under the spell of strong drink she weaved to the side and cast herself into the Bay again.

The yacht had approached by this time and the rescuers went on their way somewhat abashed."

This story of a lady in distress reminded Mate of two by a certain Pennsylvania lawyer, a real cruising enthusiast, when off The Bench and on a boat as follows:

"There is this to say about Jim and his faithful—and trusting—mate, Mrs. Jim; their adventures afloat help to supply a certain lack in the literature of cruising. We refer to the dearth of material about the novice yachtsman.

Jim went into boating in a left-handed fashion and after twenty-one years he was still left-handed as far as boats went, and sometimes his boats went far, but not always where they were intended to go. For example, he never carried a chart, and for a trip he thought it sufficient to fill up the tank, stock the 'pantry' and 'untie the ropes.'

Oh, yes, we need a short glossary: decks were always 'porches' and 'gadget' served for everything else on board of a mechanical nature.

Unlike the usual city man, Jim yearned not for a farm, but for a boat. When he could borrow no more money on a house he had, it was traded for his first boat, a craft of unknown origin and great antiquity, named for some reason *Liberty.*

He could drive a car and knew he could steer a boat. For the maiden voyage he invited two friends, not to work but to pleasure themselves and look on. Mrs. Jim was mate and engineer. The start was made from a berth on the Delaware River and the ancient cruiser was headed downstream.

Everything went well until the Sunday ferry traffic between Camden and Philadelphia was reached. With *Liberty* making about seven miles per hour, a ferry boat drew out of her slip to the starboard and it was soon apparent that both boats were going to reach the same point at the same time.

Jim's guests politely advised him to 'turn to the right' and pass behind the ferry, but Jim was frozen at the wheel with a wild look in his eyes and neither answered nor moved. A sharp warning whistle came from the ferry, but when it became obvious that *Liberty* was undisturbed by signals the ferry stopped.

"One of the guests rushed to the engine rather brusquely, threw the gear into reverse and halted *Liberty* within inches of the ferry's port bow. Through it all Mrs. Jim was completely silent; her faith in Jim's infallibility was absolute. But she had not been inactive. The assistance she gave was to stand on the 'back porch,' hold up both palms forward and motion the ferry to go away.

At that moment the captain of the ferry appeared at the rail of his craft and for a time appeared to be bereft of speech. Then he delivered a terse opinion that Jim was a —— —— landlubber. Jim was still in a state of coma and held his fire.

With the menacing small boat safely motionless, the ferry proceeded on her way and then Mrs. Jim remarked that the 'man' had said 'awful things' about Jim. The two guests assured her that if he had been a sea-going salt he would have probably said enough to jar Jim out of his coma."

The judge's second story follows:

"You've heard me speak about Jim and Mrs. Jim, continued the skipper, sucking on a cold pipe. The curious thing about them is this: during twenty-one years on the water they always seemed to illustrate the landlubber way of doing things; they never did get the nautical know how. But their luck was marvelous; they never had a serious accident.

About the middle of their career, the skipper went on, Jim and the faithful Mrs. Jim, with some friends on board, decided to run down the Cohansey to an overnight anchorage and then out on the Bay next day for some fishing. Early next morning, after a good sleep, the anchor was upped and a start made.

After running for an hour those on board began to wonder what had become of the Bay. After another hour the banks seemed to be closing in and they stopped the boat in bewilderment that lasted only until those on a passing craft informed them that they were headed upstream.

It was useless to explain to Jim that when they had retired the tide was coming in and the anchor line pointed to the Bay, but that the tide had changed during the night and 'following the anchor' in the morning meant going upstream.

Jim had another experience with an anchor toward the end of his career on the water. This time he lost the seat of his pants. With friends they had headed toward a bungalow party at Still Pond. Arrived, they saw hand-

some yachts anchored offshore and were dubious about going to the party in their boating clothes. A vote was in the affirmative however, and Jim threw over the anchor—and went with it.

Anxious to do everything with the right flourish in the presence of the big yachts, Jim had thrown the anchor stock first and flat. In passing, one of the flukes lodged in his gaping trouser pocket and he and the anchor hit the water together. The guests ran to the line and pulled in the anchor, hoping Jim would be on the end of it. But he wasn't.

The engine was put astern to give him clear water to come up in. Mrs. Jim just opened her eyes wide and stared in unbelieving amazement. It was the first time, apparently, that her faith in Jim's mastery of all situations was shaken.

As it happened, Jim had unhooked the anchor and soon came up to the surface with a smile that was a trifle sheepish. Mrs. Jim had seemed worried until he surfaced, but, when he was on board, expressed a terse opinion about a man dumb enough to go swimming with an anchor in his pocket.

Jim backed toward the cabin with the seat of his trousers flapping, and the visit to the party was called off."

Handy said: "Speaking of fellow members of the Bar, here's one by a legal luminary, now of Washington, but a long time Baltimorean, named for the Father of Our Country; it's short, but sweet. Here goes:

After the regular season was over the steamer *Louise* ran a number of special excursions, among which was an excursion of Odd Fellows. That fraternity had a national convention in Baltimore at the time, and we took the load down the Bay, and stopped at Annapolis for a while. As many of the members were real landlubbers, the fish market was of interest to them. As they were returning to the steamer, I was leaning out of the pilot house window watching them, and I noticed a group heading in my direction with quite a sizable bag, from which, when they got about opposite the pilot house, they dumped a large quantity of crabs. Whereupon one of the men picked up a large one, tore off the shell and began to eat the dead men's fingers. He puckered up his mouth, spat vigorously, said he didn't like crabs and scooped up the whole batch and cast them overboard before I could intervene with much needed advice and instructions. When I told him of his mistake, it was too late to correct the situation, as we were then about to leave."

The sunset was followed by the wind dying down to a light breeze, the stars peeped through, and Mate ventured: "Probably clear and less wind tomorrow—so let's to bed, lads, and catch up on some shut-eye."

CHAPTER X

THE POTOMAC

SUNDAY morning, July 18th, found the crew refreshed by their snoreful slumber, and snug in St. Mary's harbor, yet aware that the wind was blowing some twenty miles an hour from the north, the barometer was steady and there were no indications of rain or storm. They breakfasted in a leisurely fashion well knowing that the trip was an easy one, with visits to but three historic homes before the overnight port of Port Tobacco.

They got under way about ten o'clock, out from old St. Mary's to the broad Potomac, our "Father of Waters" in the Chesapeake country. The three Maryland counties, for which it forms the southerly lines—Prince George's, Charles and St. Mary's—run through generally north and west to the Patuxent, forming a long peninsula.

Prince George's was ever a horsey place, keen on "leppers," steeplechasing gentlemen jockeys, and such, and also taking their flat racing seriously with several tracks in the county. This interest in fine horseflesh has survived from the days of Governor Ogle. It is a good growing county, its rich soil making its tobacco the best in the State, and making many a family wealthy. Some of its old homes are magnificent, and maintained as adequately as the times permit. The Prince George's hospitality is famed for its generosity.

The first stop planned, at the old "Ocean House," or, as it is generally known, "the Blackistone House," came after a little over two hours' run, and the urge to eat was much greater than to visit. This meant an hour at anchor off the place before they were replete and ready to row ashore and meet one of the ladies of the family, a charming hostess who did the honors handsomely, even to substituting juleps before departure for the usual ice tea for which she showed her preference. The description of this interesting old home is:

BLACKISTONE HOUSE (OCEAN HALL)

(Illustration facing page 61)

On Longworth Point, near Bushwood, on the east side of the Wicomico River, close to where it joins the Potomac, stands "Blackistone House," also known as "Ocean Hall"—originally "Haul." The latter name is said to have been given the house because of the well-founded rumour that it was once a rendezvous for pirates, who hid their loot under the eaves.

Long Arm, Morgan, Cocklescroft and even Blackbeard are said to have been familiar visitors.

The old place has a fine water frontage, and offers a grand view over the Potomac as well as the Wicomico. The house is said to have been built about 1684 by the Gardiner family, and was the home of Nehemiah Blackistone when he was President of the Maryland Council in 1690. The building is brick and stone, quadrangular in shape, with long sharply pitched gable roof and overhanging eaves. Three dormer windows project on each side and a heavy chimney rises from each gable end. A pillared porch covers the river side of the house, and there is a small entrance porch in front. A one story addition joins the left end of the building.

The interior contains much of the original woodwork, such as very fine paneling and deep inset window-seats for closet space. There is a central hall with a rather unusual staircase, which rises against one wall to a centre landing and continues upward without touching the other wall. The drawing room contains an old picture painted upon the wall above the mantel when the house was built.

The property has remained in the Blackistone family, and is now owned by Mrs. W. W. Blackistone.

The short run to "Mt. Victoria," some five or six miles, as against the twenty-odd from St. Mary's to Blackistone Landing, was made in a half hour; and our inquirers were shown about "Mt. Victoria" by one of the Crain family, its owners for quite some years. Its story follows:

MT. VICTORIA

(Illustration facing page 70)

Mt. Victoria stands on a vast tract high above the Potomac and Wicomico Rivers, and from this well-chosen site there is an exceptional view. The land was originally owned by John Crain, one of the very early settlers. The old farmhouse, which was built about the time of the Revolutionary War, was torn down in the closing years of the last century, and the present spacious and impressive mansion erected on the same spot by the late Robert Crain, a descendant of the original owner. Mr. Crain also purchased the extensive lands which had previously belonged to his family. The present house, a very large, three-story, white structure, is completely surrounded by a wide, roofed, unrailed porch, supported by thirty-six plain columns. From a huge hall, which bisects the house, rises a wide, graceful stairway with low risers, mahogany banisters and white rails. Prominent features of this hall are a large fireplace and a grace-

ful arch under the stairway, serving as an entrance to other rooms. All rooms on the ground floor have an open fireplace and finely carved mantels. The roof is gambrel type, pierced by five dormer windows on each side and with two chimneys at each end. In each gable wall above the third floor windows there is a large decorative spider-web window in the form of a semi-circle. This elegant residence is owned by Mr. Bennett Crain.

Three-quarters of an hour's run brought the *Fanny* offshore of "Mt. Republican," where the same owner, Mr. Bennett Crain, again helped to tell its story:

MT. REPUBLICAN

(Illustration facing page 70)

On a high hill near lower Cedar Point and overlooking the north bank of the Potomac is "Mt. Republican," originally the estate of the Yates family, who possessed a royal genealogy. This property, once a part of "Wolleston Manor," was owned by the well-known Neale family as early as 1642. James Neale, Jr., married Elizabeth Calvert, daughter of Maryland's first Proprietary Governor.

The house was built by Theophilus Yates in 1792, and upon his death passed to his only surviving child, Jane, who married Francis Hawkins. The building, with walls about thirty inches thick, is among the best preserved of the old brick structures still standing. It consists of a two-and-one-half-story main building, with a two-story wing on the left and a small one-story frame addition on the right. The gable roof is flanked at each end by two chimneys which rise from fire walls slightly higher than the roof. A roof curtain joins these chimneys. A large hall extends from front to back and the rooms, upstairs and down, are large and rectangular. Both front and back of the main building are identical entrances, with wide circle-headed door frames with transoms and sidelights.

From the Hawkins family the old mansion came into the possession of Mr. Franklin Weems, known throughout Maryland and Virginia for lavish and continuous entertaining, and his knowledge and fondness for the finest in food and drink. He was indeed a life-long host to a host of friends. Three times a week he gave large parties to young people, and brandy and the finest wines flowed freely. He kept a large stable with a pack of the best fox hounds in Maryland, and had a poker game in constant operation for forty years without intermission.

It is said he often started on a fox hunt without having been to bed for twenty-four hours. Such a regal sport must indeed have left an imperishable memory and been long regretted by his innumerable friends. "Mt. Republican" is now the property of R. Kennedy Hanson, of Pittsburgh.

Mr. Crain insisted on some liquid refreshment being imbibed, and nothing loath they explored the cooling depths of another julep. On up the Port Tobacco River another ten or twelve miles near ancient Port Tobacco. There they anchored, to have dinner on board and spend the night. So much atmosphere of the old Colonial days had been absorbed, besides the juleps, that the crew felt almost high brow, but, remembering Doc's inclination that way, decided to get back to earth that evening with some tall tales and bawdies, even if the latter had to be left out of the log.

While dinner was making, Skip held forth:

ST. MARY'S COUNTY

"St. Mary's County is the birthplace of our State. The story of the *Ark* and the *Dove* landing, March 25, 1634, is too well known to elaborate here and now. It has the mighty Potomac for its southern shore line and the Bay for its eastern and the Patuxent as its northern shore line.

St. Mary's, too, is famed of old for tobacco; its desertion by slave labor in Civil War days, left land grown over or worked out by lack of adequate cultivation.

The Amish immigration has helped St. Mary's. These Pennsylvania Dutch are efficient farmers and husbandmen.

St. Mary's old families in their homes are lovers, as are most of the descendants of the Cavaliers, of good living, music, the arts and the country gentleman's leisurely ways."

Skip paused long enough to get his breath and then said: "If only to get it in the log, I'm going to give you lads a bit now on the county we are in and in which we spend the night:

CHARLES COUNTY

"Charles County is to the south of Prince George's and dates from 1658 as a county, generally assumed to have been named for Charles II though he was then an exile, but more likely it was Charles Calvert's namesake. It, too, is a tobacco county, but not as good as Calvert, and it has never entirely recovered from its desertion by the slaves in Civil War days.

Much of it grew over in trees and underbrush. It has gradually come back to reasonable prosperity as an agricultural county and has many old homes restored, which are delights to their owners and fortunate guests or visitors.



THE GOVERNOR'S PALACE

Courtesy of
"Colonial Williamsburg"



THE CAPITOL

Courtesy of
"Colonial Williamsburg"



HON. COLGATE W. DARDEN, JR.
Governor of Virginia

COMMONWEALTH OF VIRGINIA
GOVERNOR'S OFFICE
RICHMOND 12.

COLGATE W. DARDEN JR.
GOVERNOR

Feb. 28, 1944

Mr. Norman Alan Hill,
Cecil Apartments,
Baltimore 1, Md.

Dear Mr. Hill:

Please pardon my delay in replying to your letter of the 14th. The Assembly is in session and I have not had an opportunity to write you earlier.

I am glad to know of the plan to publish "Chesapeake Cruise", and especially am I pleased that it is being dedicated to Swepson Earle. I remember working with him some years ago on problems having to do with seafood in Chesapeake Bay. He was an individual of vision and ability.

The work will be of great interest to the people of Virginia. The inland sea which constitutes Chesapeake Bay has been from the very earliest times a part of the life of this commonwealth. It has influenced in no small part its development. Congratulations and best wishes.

Sincerely,
Colgate Darden

CWD/W

HARRY FLOOD BYRD, SENATOR FROM VIRGINIA, CHAIRMAN
ROBERT L. DOUGHTON, REPRESENTATIVE FROM NORTH CAROLINA, VICE CHAIRMAN

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HAROLD D. SMITH, DIRECTOR OF THE BUREAU OF THE BUDGET

Congress of the United States
JOINT COMMITTEE ON REDUCTION OF NONESSENTIAL FEDERAL EXPENDITURES
CREATED PURSUANT TO SEC. 601, OF THE REVENUE ACT OF 1941

February 21, 1944 s.

Mr. Norman Alan Hill
Cecil Apartments
Baltimore 1, Maryland

My dear Mr. Hill:

I am delighted to assist in directing the attention of my fellow Americans to Tidewater Virginia, that section of my native state which lies adjacent to the lower section of the great Chesapeake Bay.

This country with its rich historical background and its picturesque streams and harbors offers a cruising ground equal to any of which our nation can boast. This is the country which has given to the world the Chincoteague and Lynnhaven oysters, famous wherever oysters are eaten, and which continues to number fishing and oystering as one of its major occupations.

From Reedville, center of the menhaden industry, on the north, to Hampton Roads, one of our country's major ports, on the south, this section is interlaced with rivers and streams on whose banks one may find such historic places as Fredericksburg, Yorktown, etc. Here one may encounter vessels of all types from the tiny fishing and oystering boats to the mightiest battle wagon of our Navy. Truly a country of which any Virginian is justly proud, and which we could wish were better known to our neighbors from other states.

With best wishes, I am

Faithfully yours,

Harry F. Byrd

Its ancient county seat, Port Tobacco, and until fifty years ago, is but a shell of a place now where once ships came to discharge cargoes from abroad and take away tobacco and other native products.

The village now is full of history, but has nothing much to show for it. A part of the old Court House, which burned in 1891, was salvaged and is used as a church, and across what was once the village green stand three old houses. One of two and a half stories was being restored, next to it a small gambrel-roofed house squats in its decrepitude and then a frame cottage, also decidedly dilapidated.

The harbor has filled up so much that it is only a small-boat port these days."

Don't think the old men had not been doing something about the dryness brought on by so much history during the day; the beer was flowing freely, Handy was smoking one of his Stinko cigars, and Mate likewise. Doc and Skip were smoking cigarettes. The latter being hoarse by then said: "It's up to you three, as Doc has had a rest for several hours from history, to each tell a yarn."

Handy led off with one told him by a retired steel man, thusly:

"He was a piscatorial novice so far as catching drum fish is concerned, but he hooked the biggest one of the trip after the experts had failed to make good on their strikes.

A sixty-three pounder——

But here's the story:

In the Fall about four years ago a party of four set out from Cape Charles to get channel bass. Arrived at the fishing grounds, strikes were fairly frequent, but no fish were landed.

The tyro had been trolling an hour and, watching the failures of the experts, began wondering with some uneasiness how it would fare with him if he got a strike. He realized he had not the remotest idea of what to do.

And then the unexpected happened. The novice felt a heavy pull on his line and feared he had snagged a log. But the voice of experience in the person of the captain said no.

'Wait a minute and then hit hard,' advised the skipper.

And that, apparently, is just what the beginner did, although he had no idea what 'hit hard' meant. There ensued plenty of submarine activity and plenty of surface activity, for during twenty-five minutes the novice was extremely busy, while the experts looked on somewhat enviously. At last the struggle ended and a huge black drum surfaced exhausted and ready for the gaff. It was hauled aboard and laid out alongside its captor, now also exhausted but richly endowed with both beginner's and fisherman's luck."

Mate came through next with a very fishy tale told him by, of all things, a man in the business of educational text books, "The Truth and Nothing But the Truth"—perhaps. Here's how it went:

"This piscatorial incident might be entitled 'Fisherman's Luck' or 'Pride Goeth Before a Fall.'

The anglers arose at 'fisherman's hours' (about three thirty A. M.) at the old Washington Hotel in Princess Anne, Somerset County, and as promptly as might be, put out for Tangier Island.

It was a June day, but not one of those perfect ones of which the poet Lowell sang, because after a cool morning the sun came out on that marsh-bound sound with all the fury of a Libyan Summer. A few hours of this and the fishermen became languid, as did the fish. Hours of inaction ensued.

And then! There was a tug at one of the lines. So startled was the fortunate fisherman that he gripped his pole as in a palsy, while his companions looked on with envy. The fish—and it seemed to be a big one—made a dive for the bottom after it had been played for a time. Slowly the angler began to haul in the line when suddenly there was a snap and the line went limp.

Reeled in, the line was bare of gear. It had been stripped. Only momentarily disappointed, the fisherman began to sketch out some stories about the big fish that was almost in the boat when it got away. Just then another party called out: 'A bite' and after playing the catch for a few minutes hauled it into the boat. It proved to be a little toad fish, puffing and wheezing as it hit the deck.

Angler No. 2 called out to Angler No. 1, who was still gloating over the big strike he had made and lost.

'Was your line green?'

'Yeah.'

'Klondike twisted No. 9?'

'Yeah.'

'Were you using a 3/0 Pfleuger hook?'

'I think so. Why do you ask?'

'Well,' said Angler No. 2 with a glint in his eye. 'This toadie happens to be that fifty-pounder you lost. He's got your gear in his mouth alongside of my hook and line.'

Angler No. 1 was silent. The story he was going to tell ashore deflated as fast as the little toad fish."

Doc, claimed that he was tired of holding forth, but would retell a tale of a friend in the surety bonding business, and he did not put in stars or blanks for the cuss words. Here it is:

"Charts and weather reports were silent on one of the hazards facing foreign sailormen in the Chesapeake some years ago. We refer to the danger of being conked by a rope-tied bundle of religious tracts. The record has it thus:

A Baltimorean, owning a handsome power yacht, was also a lay reader in a sect that believed in vigorous missionary activity. His shipmate was a brawny friend with a right overhand swing that could have made him a champion hammer thrower.

Standard equipment for week-end cruises, in addition to a well-filled larder, was a ton or so of religious tracts in many languages, tied up in ten- and fifteen-pound bundles. With the lay reader at the helm and the tract tosser in the bow, they prowled the Bay on the watch for foreign freighters. Seeing one, they brought the yacht in close and an effort was made by the two to guess at the nationality of the crew by the name and home port of the ship.

Having thus reached a decison the tosser would pick up a bundle of booklets in the appropriate language and take a firm stance on the fore-deck. Swinging back his right arm he would hurl the ten or fifteen pounds of tract up and onto the deck of the vessel.

It was a hit-or-miss enterprise; the misses landed in the water. One time a hit floored—or should we say decked—a seaman who looked over the bulwark just in time to take a bundle face on. Down he went out of sight, but he came up cursing in some strange tongue, the words of which were incomprehensible, although there was no mistaking his state of mind.

Another time the tosser knocked a sailor off a painting scaffold hanging from the side of a tall ship. When this victim of missionary zeal rose to the surface of the water it became apparent that he talked a kind of English, althought the tracts that fetched him were in Modern Greek.

No, he wasn't —— —— interested in any —— —— religion, he explained splutteringly, and —— —— —— he was ready to punch the nose —— —— of any guy —— —— missionary or not who had knocked him off his perch.

Only a five-dollar bill smoothed his wrath—a kind of collection for foreign missions in reverse."

Doc then recited:

TO A GULL

Fleet bird of sea and sky!
Wild creature, where doest fly?
Beneath whose soaring wings,
The spray-swept water sings
Of weird, unearthly things.

In noiseless, airy flight,
The outstretched arms of night
Soon gather thee to rest,
And e'en the billow's crest
Is calm upon thy breast.

Embodiment of mirth,
Thou never wert of earth,
That with thy muted song
Thus muffled glides along,
In very silence, strong.

Although the winds be sighing,
Thy spirit seems undying;
O'er coasts where breakers rave
O'er lands that waters lave,
Fly! tranquil as the grave!

Calm sprite that knows no sorrow,
All thoughtless of the morrow,
Ah! would that we like thee,
Could wing the angry sea
So blind to what might be.

Untroubled soul is thine,
That mid the birch and pine,
Yet holdest not thy sway,
But o'er a liquid way
Is nestled in the spray.

No leafy nest for thee,
Alone the barren sea;
The grassy land, instead
Upon the water's bed,
By chance, thou seekest bread.

And in the day of doom,
Where findest thou thy tomb?
Not in the harrowed land,
But free from all demand
Upon the desert sand.

—F. R. V. W., 1903.

CHAPTER XI

VIRGINIA COLONIAL HISTORY

THE better part of a century had elapsed since Columbus astounded Europe with his discoveries, when in 1578 Queen Elizabeth of England granted permission to Sir Humphrey Gilbert, and later to his half-brother, Sir Walter Raleigh, to explore and develop any part of the New World not theretofore under the flag of another country. Long before this there had been many expeditions by men of various nations, inspired by the quest for fame, the lure of riches or the mere love of adventure. Sir Humphrey landed on the shores of Newfoundland, but the colony failed and he himself was lost at sea on his return voyage. No better fortune followed Sir Walter, despite his valiant attempts. The colonists either returned or were murdered by the Indians, as evidenced by the pathetic Roanoke settlement of 1585-1587.

Thus matters stood, when in 1606 King James I granted a charter to the London Company and the Plymouth Company, empowering them to colonize Virginia—a term then used to designate all North American territory not in the possession of Spain or France. The expedition sent out by the London Company, comprising the ships *Sarah Constant, Godspeed* and *Discovery*, under the command of Captain Christopher Newport, with one hundred and five settlers, arrived off the Virginia Capes in April, 1607. Proceeding some thirty miles up the wide river, which they named the James, the colonists selected an island site for their settlement, which they called Jamestown. The choice was unfortunate, for the spot was marshy and malarious. Under the charter the government of the colony was vested in a "Council for Virginia" chosen from English residents, with another council of thirteen residents in the colony; both subject to the King. The colonists, however, were guaranteed all the rights of English subjects. Edward Maria Wingfield was made president of the first Colonial council; he was soon succeeded by John Ratcliffe, who made way for Captain John Smith, certainly the most capable leader among the settlers.

Captain Newport returned to England in June, 1607, and hardships for the colonists began. The Indians were hostile, and most of the settlers were gentlemen unaccustomed to the necessary hard work. Through the strenuous efforts of John Smith sufficient supplies were obtained from the Indians to sustain the colony; yet death had reduced the number to thirty-eight when Captain Newport arrived in January, 1608, with another one hundred colonists. Again the energy of Smith enabled most of the inhabitants

to survive the Winter, and in August, 1609, further supplies and more settlers arrived. The turning point came in October, when Captain Smith was severely injured and forced to return to England. A period of indescribable suffering followed—famine, disease and death at the hands of the Indians had reduced a total of nearly five hundred settlers to about sixty. These survivors with Sir Thomas Gates, the first governor, set sail for England in June, 1610. Before their ship reached open water they met Governor Lord de la Ware bringing supplies and more settlers. All returned and a fresh start proved enduring.

There soon followed as deputy, Sir Thomas Dale, under whose stern but efficient management a measure of prosperity began to come to the colony. By this time the Indians had been forced from their nearby settlements, but their powerful Emperor, Powhatan, was firmly established in his favorite capital, Werowcomoco, on the James River. It was here that Captain John Smith was taken when captured in 1608, and his life spared, as the story goes, by the intercession of Pocahontas, daughter of Powhatan. At any rate the marriage of John Rolfe to Pocahontas in 1614 was the beginning of better relations with the Indians, and materially promoted the welfare of the English settlers. This same John Rolfe was responsible for the beginning of tobacco cultivation on a large scale, and thus laid the foundation for the wealth of the colony. By 1619 many important changes were in the making; the able Sir George Yeardley was Governor and the first election for the House of Burgesses was held. This was the beginning of representative government, and when this body convened for the first time in July, 1619, it consisted of the Governor, his six Councilors and two representatives from each of the eleven plantations. In this same year another event of major importance occurred. So far there had been but very few women among the settlers, and now the London Company sent some ninety maidens as wives for the planters. As each planter selected one of the girls he paid in tobacco the cost of her transportation to the London Company. So began the foundation of English homes on the North American Continent. The need for servants and plantation labour had so far been supplied by "indentured" servants. These had agreed, often under bond, to work a certain length of time for the colonist who paid the cost of their transportation to Virginia. There were also some criminals sent to the colony under sentence to hard labour. The first negroes to enter Virginia were bought from a Dutch naval vessel in 1619; there were but twenty, and these were purchased as "indentured" servants and not as slaves. It was some fifty years before negroes were brought in numbers as slaves.

With the death of Powhatan in 1618 trouble with the Indians began afresh. His brother and successor, Opechancanough, always hostile to the white man, determined to rid the land of the colonists. After long and secret preparation, the plantations were savagely attacked in March, 1622. The results were disastrous and nearly spelled the end of the colony, for three hundred and sixty-five settlers, about 35 per cent. of the inhabitants, were murdered. A long time elapsed before recovery was made from this calamity. Due largely to disputes arising out of the monopoly enjoyed by the London Company for the handling in England of tobacco, their charter was canceled in 1624 and Virginia came directly under the rule of King James I. With the accession of Charles I in 1625 and due to the efforts of Governor Sir George Yeardley, the local House of Burgesses was again acknowledged in 1628 as a legally constituted body.

In the course of the ensuing years there were several causes of friction with the English Government, such as the grant to Lord Baltimore of Maryland and the tobacco monopoly. The latter resulted in Governor Sir John Harvey dissolving the Legislature and being temporarily forced from office. About this time all free men in the colony became eligible to vote in elections for delegates to the House of Burgesses, and for officials in charge of affairs in the colony. In 1641 one of the best known characters in Virginia's colonial history, Sir William Berkeley, became Governor. Intensely loyal to the Stuart dynasty, he showed scant consideration for either the rebels in England or the Puritans in the colony. His restrictions against the Puritans, as well as their unpopularity with the majority of Virginians, resulted in many accepting Lord Baltimore's invitation to settle in Maryland. After the regicide, Governor Berkeley openly proclaimed Charles II King and offered him refuge in the colony. Prior to this he had gained the esteem of the colonists by his efficient action during and after the terrible Indian massacre of 1644, in which three hundred perished. This outbreak was again led by Opechancanough, who, with his chiefs, was now rounded up and executed. After commissioners sent out from England by Cromwell in 1651 had made the colony subject to Parliament, Governor Berkeley retired to private life on his estate. During the nine remaining years of Cromwell's rule the local House of Burgesses exercised almost complete control over the colony, and for the most part governed well. They elected their own Governors and were successful in settling the quarrel with the Eastern Shore of Virginia, which attempted to secede and govern itself. With the restoration of the monarchy in England in 1660, the General Assembly called upon Sir William Berkeley again to assume the office of Governor. He accepted, and made a trip to England on behalf of the colonists in reference to the English government's requirements that all

exports must come to English ports and be subject to duty. Hereafter Berkeley authorized no further elections, and in a sense exercised absolute power, although it must be said that he had the interest of the colony at heart, as evidenced by his interest in developing local factories—a new venture in Virginia.

In 1675 another Indian outbreak occurred, which was aggravated when Berkeley's soldiers, accidentally or otherwise, fired on some Indian messengers of peace. For some unknown reason the Governor recalled the troops, while the outrages against life and property continued. Thereupon one Nathaniel Bacon, who had recently come from England and was a member of the Council, asked for an officer's commission to proceed against the Indians. The Governor termed Bacon a rebel and refused the commission, but Bacon nevertheless was elected to the House of Burgesses and pardoned by Berkeley. Leaving Jamestown, Bacon soon returned with a rabble at his back and forced Berkeley to give him the desired commission. The Governor sought safety on the Eastern Shore, while Bacon assumed the government, and having in a measure settled the Indian disturbance, proceeded to unsettle the affairs of the colony. No doubt imbued with the principles and methods which had prevailed in England in Cromwell's time, he took possession of an English naval vessel and dispatched it to arrest Governor Berkeley. The ship fell into the Governor's hands and Sir William soon returned to Jamestown, whereupon Bacon took the town by force and burned it down. The rebel's career was soon after ended by a mortal illness while marching through the colony to gain supporters. Berkeley hanged twenty of the accomplices and confiscated considerable property before his own death in 1677. So ended the first attempt to overthrow constituted authority.

In 1682 there was another rebellion, known as the Tobacco Riots, caused when prices dropped perilously due to over-production. Many planters, contrary to the laws of the council, took to cutting down young plants over vast areas. It took considerable time to restore order and six were hanged for their part in the riots. During the reign of James II, despite the usual attempts by that monarch at absolute sovereignty, the House of Burgesses successfully maneuvered to retain its power over the laws. Just as false reports were gaining credence that a general massacre was being planned jointly by Catholics and Indians, word was received in 1689 that the Protestant William III and Mary II had replaced James II on the throne of England. Throughout the new reign the colony was prosperous, the outstanding events being; the founding of the College of William and Mary in 1693 at Williamsburg, and the destruction of Jamestown by another fire in 1698. The old capital had been rebuilt after

Bacon's rebellion, but now the destruction was so complete that the council, also taking into consideration the unhealthy location, decided to move the capital to the "Middle Plantation," which was renamed Williamsburg. This decision was carried out in 1699 and plans were set in motion for building the new city.

The opening years of the eighteenth century, on account of England's European war, brought near bankruptcy to Virginia. The colony, whose enormous crop of tobacco was almost the only source of income, found its exports greatly curtailed, and what could be shipped carried a ruinous duty at English ports. Coupled with these troubles, foreign immigrants were beginning to come in numbers, while many native Virginians were moving to Pennsylvania and other of the colonies. Also the constantly increasing importation of negro slaves was reducing the small planters to poverty. To overcome these economic difficulties, manufacturing had been tried with only modest success, and efforts to curb the number of incoming slaves were fruitless. Conditions were somewhat improved under the governorship of Colonel Alexander Spotswood, who put in operation a smelting furnace in 1715, but, of greater importance, he curbed piracy as a destructive force and made short shift in 1718 of the notorious Blackbeard. He also was the first Governor to make a trip into the Valley of Virginia to see the new plantations which were arising as Virginia's border moved farther west.

Prior to 1699 foreigners entering the colony had been but a few Dutch, French and others who came as skilled workmen, with, from time to time, a few rebellious Irish sent out by England. The much disliked habit of shipping convicts from England was discontinued in 1678. In 1624 three Jews came to Virginia; these were the first and but few others came during the balance of the century. Throughout this period the population was made up of a small aristocracy or Cavaliers, a great number of small planters, "indentured" servants and an increasing number of negro slaves. To give an idea of the slave situation, it may be said that from a most limited beginning the number had grown between 1690 and 1715 to 25 per cent. of the total population of about one hundred thousand; forty years later negroes comprised 40 per cent. of a population of about three hundred thousand.

The Cavaliers, mostly large planters, with a few professional men, held seats in the Council and dominated the affairs of the colony. Their homes stood amid fairly large tracts on the rivers of the tidewater country. The more prosperous generally sent their sons to England to be educated. They lived well and for diversion enjoyed hunting, frequent visiting of friends, drinking and gaming.

In 1699 immigration began on a greater scale, when a large number of French Huguenots arrived, followed by smaller groups of Germans. Some years later various lots of Dissenters came, and introduced beliefs and ideas which were in the course of time to sow the seeds of discord and promote the causes of the Revolution.

Revision of the English laws governing the tobacco trade in 1730 materially improved conditions, and within a few years Tidewater Virginia was approaching its most glorious days. In this period great brick houses arose, with various detached buildings for domestic purposes, on large tracts of land, so that these estates became communities within themselves. A number of the old families had become wealthy and lived on a grand scale, corresponding with those of similar position in England. Entertaining was an important part of the life of this class, and an example may be given in the report that Governor Spotswood, some years earlier, took it quite casually that four hundred guests supped with him. The smaller planters lived in a much less elaborate manner, while the foreign element, accustomed to hard labor, settled largely in the Valley of Virginia and developed fine farms and built small factories and mills. Better educational facilities as well as riches produced the usual result—social and intellectual development—in the Virginia Chesapeake country.

The French and Indian War, which began in 1754 and ended in 1763, has no place here, except to mention that it had an inevitable effect upon tidewater, and that George Washington received much military experience during the conflict and emerged a colonel. Soon after this war and in a degree as a result of it, there began the many irritations and finally quarrels that brought the Revolution. The colonists acknowledged no responsibility for this war's cost, and resented any taxation for that purpose; the Sugar Bill was the first tax levied without consent of the colonists, then followed the Stamp Act, which gave occasion for Patrick Henry's shouts for colonial rights. The Virginia Assembly passed a motion defining these rights, while further protests against the Stamp Act came from Norfolk and also from a group of planters of the Northern Neck. There were, however, in tidewater many Tories who disapproved the action of the General Assembly.

The Stamp Act was repealed in 1766, but further causes for discontent followed in quick succession. There was the Revenue Act in 1767, followed by great indignation when it was learned that the Boston rioters and mobsters were to be removed to England for trial. The excitement caused by the latter order compelled the popular Governor, Norborne Berkeley, Baron de Botetourt, to dissolve the House of Burgesses, which then made an agreement to boycott all British imports, including slaves.



STRATFORD
Near the Potomac River

Heustis Cook Studio,
Richmond



YORK HALL (The Old Nelson House)
At Yorktown

Courtesy of
George W. Blow



SABINE HALL
On the Rappahannock River

Heustis Cook Studio,
Richmond



MT. AIRY (VIRGINIA)
On the Rappahannock River

Heustis Cook Studio,
Richmond

Temporary quiet was restored when all Acts except the tea tax were repealed. In 1771 the sobering influence of the kindly Baron de Botetourt was removed by his death, and he was succeeded by the autocratic John Murray, Earl of Dunmore. Next it came to light that it was proposed to convert a huge area, then considered Virginia territory, into a new colony. This was to be Vandalia. In the dispute which followed, the Earl of Dunmore sympathized with the colonists, and through his instrumentality the plan was given up in 1773.

The northern colonies, as well as Virginia, by now had become suspicious of the intentions of the British government, and to facilitate exchange of views between the colonies, Richard Henry Lee, Thomas Jefferson and others succeeded in having a committee appointed by the Assembly for this purpose.

An attempted boycott on the use of tea continued, despite the fact that only an insignificant duty remained on tea after the repeal of the more drastic laws. At last the flame that fanned the embers to a blaze was the bill which closed the port of Boston in 1774. Almost at once the Virginia Legislature met in the Raleigh Tavern in Williamsburg, after Governor Dunmore had dismissed the session in the capitol. The convention forthwith declared an end of trade with Great Britain, chose delegates for a congress—later to be the Continental Congress—and voted material assistance to Boston. In September, 1774, the first meeting of the Continental Congress took place in Philadelphia, with Peyton Randolph, of Virginia, as president and Patrick Henry as the firebrand.

With war fast approaching, Governor Dunmore moved the ammunition from Williamsburg and threatened to set fire to the town if interfered with. Concessions by Great Britain and offers by the Burgesses, to avoid open conflict, were refused by the respective sides, and in June, 1775, the Virginia House of Burgesses adjourned forever. Governor Lord Dunmore moved his government to Norfolk, where he found certain support from the Tory population, and from there issued a decree which stated that Virginia was in a state of rebellion and freed the negro slaves. Having but few troops, and reinforcements not yet having arrived from England, he was finally compelled to flee to the British warships, from which he bombarded Norfolk on New Year's Day, 1776. The convention now declared Virginia an independent State and drafted a bill of rights and a constitution. Thomas Jefferson was already a party leader and his followers were responsible for the overthrow of the old way of life. Through his influence, the laws of primogeniture and those governing the entail of property were subsequently done away with. Virginia was now governed by a Senate, a House of Delegates, a council and a chief execu-

tive. The Senate and the House of Delegates elected the chief executive and the council, which was composed of eight members.

The Portsmouth Navy Yard was destroyed and the nearby country damaged in 1779 by a fleet under the command of Sir George Collier. Somewhat later both General Alexander Leslie and Benedict Arnold sailed into the Chesapeake Bay and inflicted some damage on the country. Part of the Continental Army under Lafayette came into Virginia in the late Spring of 1781, with the intention of moving against Cornwallis, whose headquarters were then at Petersburg, but meeting superior British forces, Lafayette fell back on Fredericksburg. Cornwallis occupied Williamsburg, but soon moved towards the James River, where, after winning a minor engagement, he marched first to Portsmouth and then to Yorktown. Here he was blockaded from the water by the French fleet under DeGrasse, who, having prevented the British from reinforcing Cornwallis by sea, now landed French troops to aid in the siege. Meantime Lafayette had been reinforced by Anthony Wayne and Von Steuben, and in September, 1781, General Washington and Rochambeau arrived from the north. Cornwallis and his eight thousand men were now cut off by the American and French troops, whose lines stretched across the York peninsula. The town was bombarded for ten days, and Cornwallis in a desperate effort to break out of the trap tried to cross the York River, but was prevented by a violent storm. A short cessation of hostilities was granted while terms were arranged, and the surrender took place on October 19, 1781.

The Revolution had cost Virginia dearly in men and wealth, but her existence as a British colony had come to an end.

COLONIAL GOVERNORS OF VIRGINIA

1607 (April)—Captain Edward Maria Wingfield, President of the Council
1607 (September)—Captain John Ratcliffe, President of the Council.
1608—Captain John Smith, President of the Council.
1609—Thomas West, Lord de la Ware, Governor.
1609—Captain George Percy, President of the Council.
1610—Thomas West, Lord de la Ware, Governor.
1611—Captain George Percy, Deputy Governor.
1611—Sir Thomas Dale, High Marshal and Deputy Governor.
1611—Sir Thomas Gates, Acting Governor.
1612—Sir Thomas Dale, Acting Governor.
1616—Captain George Yeardley, Lieutenant Governor.
1617—Captain Samuel Argall, Lieutenant Governor.
1619—Captain Nathaniel Powell, Lieutenant Governor.

1619—Sir George Yeardley, Lieutenant Governor.
1621—Sir Francis Wyatt, Lieutenant Governor.
1626—Sir George Yeardley, Lieutenant Governor.
1627—Captain Francis West, Governor (elected by Council).
1628—Captain John Pott, Governor (elected by Council).
1629—Sir John Harvey, Governor.
1635—Captain John West, Governor (elected by Council).
1636—Sir John Harvey, Governor.
1639—Sir Francis Wyatt, Governor.
1641—Sir William Berkeley, Governor.
1644—Richard Kemp, Governor (elected by Council in Berkeley's absence).
1645—Sir William Berkeley, Governor.
1652—Richard Bennett, Governor (a Parliamentary Commissioner elected by General Assembly).
1655—Edward Digges, Governor (elected by House of Burgesses).
1657—Samuel Matthews, Governor (elected by House of Burgesses).
1660—Sir William Berkeley, Governor (elected by General Assembly).
1661—Colonel Francis Moryson, Deputy Governor (during Berkeley's absence).
1662—Sir William Berkeley, Governor.
1677—Herbert Jeffreys, Deputy Governor.
1678—Sir Henry Chicheley, Deputy Governor.
1680—Thomas, Lord Culpeper, Governor.
1683—Nicholas Spencer, President of the Council.
1684—Francis, Lord Howard of Effingham, Lieutenant Governor.
1687—Nathaniel Bacon, President of the Council.
1690—Colonel Francis Nicholson, Lieutenant Governor.
1692—Sir Edmund Andros, Governor.
1698—Colonel Francis Nicholson, Lieutenant Governor.
1704—George Hamilton Douglas, Earl of Orkney, Governor for life (never came to Virginia).
1705—Edward Nott, Lieutenant Governor.
1706—Edmund Jennings, President of the Council.
1707—Colonel Robert Hunter, Lieutenant Governor (captured by the French and never arrived).
1710—Colonel Alexander Spotswood, Lieutenant Governor.
1722—Hugh Drysdale, Lieutenant Governor.
1726—Robert Carter, President of the Council.
1727—Sir William Gooch, Lieutenant Governor.
1737—William Anne Keppel, Earl of Albemarle, Governor-in-Chief (never in Virginia).

1740—Reverend James Blair, Acting Governor (in absence of Gooch).
1741—Sir William Gooch, Governor.
1749—John Robinson, President of the Council.
1749—Thomas Lee, President of the Council.
1750—Lewis Burwell, President of the Council.
1751—Robert Dinwiddie, Lieutenant Governor.
1756—John Campbell, Earl of Loudon, Governor General (never in Virginia).
1758—John Blair, President of the Council.
1758—Francis Fauquier, Lieutenant Governor.
1763—Sir Jeffrey Amherst, Governor-in-Chief (never in Virginia).
1768—John Blair, President of the Council.
1768—Norborne Berkeley, Baron de Botetourt, Governor-in-Chief.
1770—William Nelson, President of the Council.
1771—John Murray, Earl of Dunmore, Governor-in-Chief (left 1775).

To resume the unnautical log of the *Fanny*, to say that she had spent the night in Port Tobacco, was true as to the river, but not as to the town. Skip did not like the three feet at low tide indicated on the chart and the unfavorable information in the Coast Pilot, so he had plunked anchor a piece above Chapel Point and insisted on exploration of the ghost town by dinghy with the outboard perking.

They made an uncomfortably early start, amid grunts and groans at the very idea, when Mate dug them out of bed at five o'clock. He said: "Boys, we've got a hundred miles ahead to keep this fool Skip's schedule, and we want out of this mud bank by six o'clock; the day is fine, wind from the east and about twelve miles, with no signs of rain or storm."

There is no doubt that the Potomac is our local "Father of Waters," with deep-draft vessels plying it to Washington. So, there was easy steering and Doc gunned the boat to "Cedar Grove," this in time for a snack lunch before they rowed ashore to see the place, and here is the story of it:

CEDAR GROVE

(Illustration facing page 71)

Above Mathias Point, on the Virginia shore of the Potomac, there is a beautiful Colonial house, "Cedar Grove," for generations the home of the Stuart family. In the early eighteenth century the estate was owned by Richard Foote, who gave it to his daughter, Sarah, and his son-in-law, the Reverend William Stuart, as a wedding present in 1752. The history

of the Stuart family is interesting: The Reverend David Stuart, a connection of the royal house of Stuart and referred to in Sir Walter Scott's novels, fled to Virginia in 1715 at the time of the unsuccessful uprising in favor of his kinsman, James Francis Edward, known in history as the "Old Pretender." David Stuart's son was the Reverend William Stuart, born in 1723, rector of St. Paul's Church in King George County. Richard, son of Reverend William Stuart, inherited "Cedar Grove," and from him it passed to his son, Dr. Richard Henry Stuart, who married Julia Calvert and built the mansion about 1840, after the older house had been destroyed by fire. Dr. Stuart, a wealthy and very popular physician, died in 1889 without surviving sons, so the estate went to his daughter, Rosalie, who had married her cousin, Sholto Turberville Stuart. Their son, Richard Henry Stuart, inherited "Cedar Grove" and made it his home until his death in 1925, after which time it was sold to Mr. H. W. Morgan.

The brick house, surrounded by a spacious lawn, is joined on the right to a large wing by a covered passageway. The main building is two full stories with gable roof, at the end of which one chimney rises. The wing, one and one-half stories, also has a gable roof, which is pierced by three dormers front and back, and at the left gable end, there is an outside chimney. The house has large rooms and fine woodwork throughout.

Two incidents in connection with the place are worthy of note: John Tyler, who was later President of the United States, married his first wife here; also, after the assassination of Lincoln, Booth sought refuge at "Cedar Grove," but, receiving scant welcome, continued his flight southward.

The run from "Cedar Grove" to "Wakefield" was but an hour, and the visit to this historic shrine a delight. With the assistance of a competent guide, the story of it was told:

WAKEFIELD

(Illustration facing page 71)

On the shores of Pope's Creek, just off the Potomac River, "Wakefield," the house in which George Washington was born, has been reproduced. The land on which the original house stood was patented by Henry Brooks in 1650, and from his heirs it was purchased in 1717 by Augustine Washington, and the homestead built in 1720. Tracts to the east of this had been owned since 1664 by the Washington family and several older houses had been occupied by them. A few years later additional land was purchased by Augustine Washington, father of George, and he finally acquired from his cousin, John Washington, the old family estate, known

as Bridge's Creek. The enlarged plantation he named "Wakefield." He also purchased in 1726 from his sister, Mildred Gregory, Hunting Creek Plantation, now famous as Mt. Vernon, and moved there in 1735, when George Washington was but three years old. When the house at Hunting Creek was destroyed by fire in 1738, Augustine Washington bought Ferry Farm, a place of two hundred and eighty acres near Fredericksburg. At his death in 1743 this farm was bequeathed to his son, George, while "Wakefield" was inherited by Augustine the second and "Hunting Creek" by Lawrence, George's older half-brothers, who had been educated in England. To "Wakefield" George returned to live until 1748. At the death of Augustine the second in 1762 the estate passed to his son, William Augustine. On Christmas Day, 1780, while the owner was entertaining friends, the house caught fire and was burned to the ground. Many of the bricks from "Wakefield" were used by William Augustine in the erection of nearby buildings. His son, George Corbin Washington, inherited the plantation when his father died in 1810, and soon after sold it to Mr. John Gray, but retained title to the site of the house and the graveyard. In 1856 the estate came back to the Washingtons by the marriage of Mr. John E. Wilson, who then owned it, to Elizabeth Washington, granddaughter of William Augustine. The Washington heirs presented the site of the old house to the United States Government by whom, in 1896, a monument was erected on the spot where in 1815 George Washington Parke Custis had placed a stone to mark the house site.

After the fire of 1780 the history of "Wakefield" is one of almost utter neglect, even the graves of the Washingtons being covered with an overgrowth of weeds, until in 1923 the Wakefield National Memorial Association was formed. With gifts from many generous individuals and the help of the government the grounds, comprising four hundred acres, have been perfectly reconditioned, the burying ground restored, and a fine reproduction of the old house built.

Most creditable research was done before this restoration, and was made necessary by the many false impressions which existed as to both the site and shape of the old "Wakefield" house. The reproduction is a rectangular brick building, two stories high, with half basement, and steep gable roof pierced back and front with dormer windows. Two large, outside chimneys rise from the ground at each end of the house. The interior is handsomely wainscoted and the fireplaces are notable. The building nearby, which was the kitchen, has also been restored. In the now well cared for graveyard are the tombs of George Washington's great-grandfather, grandfather, father, and his brother Augustine.

"Wakefield" to "Stratford," another shrine, took only a half hour, and its story was just as interesting, and is briefly thus:

STRATFORD

(Illustration facing page 90)

High upon a cliff overlooking the Potomac and amid a great grove of beech trees, lies "Stratford," the ancestral home of the illustrious Lee family of Virginia. The land was patented in 1651 by Nathaniel Pope, a great-great-grandfather of George Washington, who called it the "Clifts Plantation." In 1716 the estate, comprising fourteen hundred and fifty acres, was sold by Nathaniel Pope, a grandson of the first owner, to Colonel Thomas Lee. Richard Lee the first, a man of means and considerable prominence in the colony, came to Virginia about 1640. His second son, Richard Lee the second, was the father of Colonel Thomas Lee, who bought the "Clifts Plantation" and began the construction of "Stratford" about 1727. Thomas Lee was the first and only native-born Virginian to be appointed Governor of the colony by the British Crown. He married Hannah Ludwell, granddaughter of Philip Ludwell, who married the widow of Governor Sir William Berkeley. The oldest of Colonel Thomas Lee's eleven children was Philip Ludwell Lee, whose daughter, Matilda, married her cousin General Henry ("Light Horse Harry") Lee. After her death in 1790, General Lee, who had been Governor of Virginia, married Anne Hill Carter of "Shirley." From that marriage was born at "Stratford" in 1807 General Robert E. Lee.

The massive brick house is the shape of the letter "H," with the two wings projecting far in front and in back of the connecting central link. It is two full stories in height, with multiple hip roof, from which rise two groups of four immense chimneys, arcaded and with molded tops. The bricks in the walls of the first floor and chimneys are laid in Flemish bond; the main entrance doorway is in reality upon the second floor, and is approached by a railed stairway of some twenty steps. Both front and rear doorways are unornamented except for brick pediments. There are three wide windows across the face of each wing on both the first and second floors, and a window of equal size on each side of the doorway. The total width of the house is about eighty-five feet. The main floor, which is really the second floor of this house, has five large rooms with high ceilings, and a great hall twenty-five by thirty feet, which covers the entire central or connecting building. This hall, from which passage-ways lead to the wings, has an arcaded ceiling and walls paneled in pine and ornamented at intervals with Ionic columns. From the passage-way on the left a stairway descends to the first or ground floor. At some little distance the main house is flanked at its four corners by rather large de-

tached buildings. A number of smaller buildings, such as dairy, work shops, mill and smoke house, had succumbed to time and weather, but have now been restored in their previous form. The Colonial gardens, with their boxwood, walks and old ha-ha walls, have also been completely restored.

In its hey-day "Stratford" was a centre of social and plantation life; in the household an orchestra was maintained and a large number of well-trained slaves, with entertainment on a correspondingly elaborate scale.

In 1811 Major Henry Lee, only child of General "Light Horse Harry" Lee, by his first wife, Matilda Lee, inherited "Stratford." Prior to Major Lee's death in Paris in 1837 the estate had been acquired by his wife's sister, from whom it passed to her great-nephews, Judge Charles Stuart and Dr. R. H. Stuart. In the Stuart family the property remained until in 1931 it was conveyed to the Robert E. Lee Memorial Foundation, Inc., a national organization. With infinite care the buildings and grounds were gradually restored to their original condition, to typify a Colonial plantation, but more especially as a shrine to the Commander of the Confederate Armies.

The run from "Stratford" down river for the overnight stop in the Coan River was delightful. The crew relaxed, replete with "Old Dominion" history, they looked forward to the eatments Skip promised at a boarding house near Lewisatta Wharf. It was fulfilled, and at an early hour they broke the still of the night with sundry snores.

CHAPTER XII

THE RAPPAHANNOCK

TUESDAY morning, July 20, 1941, the Four Old Men made up for the ungodly hour at which they had gotten up the day before near Port Tobacco, by sleeping till eight o'clock. The wind was from the east, some twelve miles an hour they figured, with a cloudy sky but bright sunshine; the signs were all for another fine day. They dunked overboard before eating the good breakfast Doc set before them. The old saying: "Dew on deck in the morning, a sign of fair weather; a dry deck early, rain before night," proved itself right again that day.

The run down the Potomac, southeast to clear Smith's Point, was made with a bit of spanking on the quarter, that but added to the zest of that grand feeling of a sturdy boat going places with a congenial gang on board. From Smith's Point Light due south to clear the Rappahannock Spit, then westerly into the Rappahannock River. The river from this point to Tappahannock is comparatively straight, and good for drafts of ten feet.

The shore line is low, indented by numerous creeks, and by the Corotoman River, on the right bank of which the first stop was made to visit the "Remains of 'King' Carter's Mansion," the story of which follows:

REMAINS OF "KING" CARTER'S MANSION

Not far from the mouth of the Rappahannock, on its northern shore near Carter's Creek, is the site of "King" Carter's Mansion. This huge estate once covered eight thousand acres and, known as Corotoman, was the ancestral abode of the Carter family, one of the most famous in Colonial annals. The first of this house was John Carter, said to have been one of the fugitive Cavaliers who came to Virginia from England in 1649. Not much is known of the settlement along the Rappahannock prior to John Carter's time, but he soon amassed great wealth in land and became prominent, both as commander in defense against the Indians and as a member of the Crown Council, of which he is mentioned as early as 1657. Among other information about him we hear that he was three times married. His son by his third wife, Robert, born in 1663, who became of such importance in the community that he was called "King" Carter, built Corotoman. The buildings, vast and elaborate, were con-

structed of brick, with slate roofs and flagstone floors. The main house and most of the out-buildings were destroyed by fire a long time ago, and today only the foundations and a lone chimney remain. However, the large and deep stone-lined well is still in perfect operating condition. Robert Carter was President of the Council, and at one time or another held most of the important offices in the colony. He built the "King's" Highway, and upon it, three miles from his mansion, he built in 1732 Christ Church, also known as "King" Carter's Church. It stands on the site of a smaller church built by his father some sixty years earlier. This historic church is of brick and the ground plan is that of a Greek cross; its walls are three feet thick and from its sandstone floor it rises thirty feet to the ceiling, which forms a groined arch over the intersection of the aisles. The pews are old-time high-backed ones, and two large pews and a narrow chancel form the east transept. The Carter family occupied one of the large pews, which was originally covered with damask and shielded by curtains. There is a small walnut pulpit with winding stair reaching close to the ceiling. A finely carved marble font is worth inspecting. "King" Carter, when building the church, included within it the tombs of his father and his father's three wives, which had been placed outside of the first church. So well was the building constructed that, with the exception of a new roof some fifty years ago and the usual care given for the preservation of wood, it is in perfect condition today. In the adjoining burial ground are the once handsome tombs of "King" Carter and his two wives. The road from the mansion to the church was drained by ditches and lined with cedars, and along this the well-attended "King" drove in his ornate coach, with his liveried servants forming a retinue. The congregation awaited his arrival before entering the church, and it has been said that he carried the key in his pocket.

Robert ("King") Carter died in 1732, enormously wealthy, leaving, it is said, three hundred thousand acres of land and a thousand slaves. He married twice and had by his first wife, Judith Armistead of Hesse, four children; by his second wife, Betty Landon of Hereford, England, eight children. These children carried on his tradition, and the families into which they married represent the most famous names in Virginia. Among his descendants were three signers of the Declaration of Independence, four Governors of Virginia, two Presidents of the United States, not to mention General Robert E. Lee and a host of others.

Of the once vast acreage only a small part, about thirty acres, is known today as the Carter place. The town of Weems has grown up almost to what was the home grounds.



BLANDFIELD
On the Rappahannock River

Heustis Cook Studio,
Richmond



ROSEGILL
On the Rappahannock River

Heustis Cook Studio,
Richmond



SHIRLEY
On the James River

Heustis Cook Studio,
Richmond



SHIRLEY
On the James River

Heustis Cook Studio,
Richmond

The crew were keen on lunch when they got back from the visit ashore and had a real sit-down lunch prepared by Mate. He said: "The label having come off of what I thought was tuna and proved to be sardines, is why you are having sardines and such instead of the tuna salad I intended, which reminds me of a story of lost labels as told me by a literary guy in this way:

" 'A happy boat travels on its stomach,' a pair of amateur yachtsmen were fond of saying, by way of explanation of the huge supplies of tinned food they stowed on board before each cruise. Their sailing craft was old—and leaked a little—and its main galley equipment was a two-burner pressure stove.

For one April week-end trip they had bought an amazing array of tinned stuff from a de luxe supplier to meet the demands of menus that had been worked out days before and posted in the galley. The boat was crowded with gear and the comestibles had to be put in the shallow lockers under the bunks in the cabin.

Away at last in the morning chill and with the sun behind a blanket of gray clouds, the boat cleared Annapolis harbor and headed for Bloody Point, whammed along by a fresh breeze from the southwest. Often the lee rail was well down with plenty of green water coming over the bow.

Off Miles River skipper and crewmen decided they were hungry enough to eat the beeswax in the sail-mending kit and dropped anchor. One got the stove going and the other moved gear to get at the food locker. It was the latter who let out the first yell; but the other let out a yell also when he looked down into the locker.

Water had seeped in and washed all the labels off the cans. They stood up in tinny nudity and the matted paper filled the bilge in a soggy mass. To say the two epicures were aghast is to put it mildly. Out of the port was flung all the menus. From then on it was catch as catch can, with neither knowing what was in a particular can.

Random selections for that lunch produced asparagus soup, tomato soup and peas; for supper three grabs gave them nut bread, corn and nut bread; for Sunday breakfast, three passes revealed cob corn, stewed corn and peas.

The uncertainty of the draw lent excitement; small bets were made on what would come out of the cans and a rule was made that the contents of each can drawn be eaten—or drunk—without any further exploring and wastage to find something tasty.

For Sunday dinner, which was to have been a masterpiece, six cans had been allotted. They gave up grape juice, orange juice, white salmon, red salmon, little peas and big peas.

And now before going on a cruise they remove the labels from the cans and mark the contents on the tops with crayon—that won't come off when wet."

It had been what the good companions called a running lunch; the boat being on her way from the first stop to the second, at "Rosegill," a description of which follows:

ROSEGILL

(Illustration facing page 100)

On the south shore of the Rappahannock, between Urbanna Creek and Rosegill Lake, atop the hill which extends from the village of Urbanna, is the lovely old estate of the Wormeley family—"Rosegill." The tract of land was patented in 1649 by the first Ralph Wormeley. The setting is made beautiful by a profusion of wild roses and other wild flowers which surround the building and line the walks to the river bank. The picturesque old house with double outer entrance gates was built about 1675 by the second Ralph Wormeley, a man of great importance in the colony, who held among many offices that of Member of the Council, Secretary of State, Naval Officer of the Rappahannock, and President of the Council. Like nearly all the Wormeleys, he was educated at Oxford, England.

In a line with the central building, but not connected with it and spaced at equal distances, are a series of buildings which make up the homestead. Thus the whole, set in thirty acres of lawn, gives the impression of being complete within itself, as, in its early days, it undoubtedly was.

All built of brick, the main house is two and one-half stories, with steep gable roof surmounted by four chimneys placed at regular intervals along the length of the roof. The smaller houses have gable roofs pierced by dormers, and a chimney rises near each roof end. These are one and one-half stories, with arched first floor windows.

The interior is both beautiful and impressive. The land side entrance opens into a large square hall, to the right of which are a very large library and drawing room; to the left, living room and dining room, truly huge. Exquisite paneling decorates the rooms; oak in the living room and library, mahogany in the dining room, while the drawing room is paneled in white. On the river side a large hall, with eight windows and a door opening upon a porch, extends the length of the house.

At each end of this long hall there is a winding staircase. The second floor has five immense rooms and a similar hall, affording from its windows a magnificent view over the wide stretch of water. The attic is with-

out partitions and forms one huge dormitory, which was so used to accommodate male guests.

One of the detached buildings is, of course, the old-time kitchen, with its great fireplace and appurtenances still intact.

As early as two hundred years or more ago "Rosegill" possessed a picture gallery and possibly the most extensive library in the Bay country, as well as its own chapel.

A little to the south by the river side is "Rosegill's" Christ Church, and in the burying ground are the Wormeley's graves. From the second Ralph Wormeley, the builder, the estate passed through three more generations of the same name. When the last and much beloved Ralph Wormeley died, in 1806, the estate was sold.

The magnificent old place was restored with meticulous care by Senator J. Henry Cochran; the present owner is Mr. Ben Temple.

The usual courtesies had been extended at "Rosegill," in the absence of the owner, by the overseer, or, as now called, farm manager. The short run across river from "Remains of King Carter's Mansion" to "Rosegill" was followed by a comparatively long run up river to "Sabine Hall." This time a private pier again facilitated the visit to one of the most beautiful lawns, gardens, and manorial homes yet seen. Its story was contributed to by the host—its owner—and goes as follows:

SABINE HALL

(Illustration facing page 91)

On very high ground, amid an estate of four thousand acres overlooking the Rappahannock, is "Sabine Hall." The house is separated from the river by a front lawn made up of five terraces and about a mile of open fields. From these most beautiful grounds the view is one of grandeur. From the land side an entrance road, with an outer gate and keeper's lodge, leads through an exquisite park.

The mansion was built in 1730 by "King" Carter of Corotoman for a son by his second marriage, Landon Carter, whose descendants in direct line have owned it ever since. The main house is of brick with massive walls, two full stories in height, with hip roof, flanked on each end by a chimney. For many years there was a wing on the east side only, but when, not so long ago, it was ascertained that the original building had a wing at each end, an extension was added on the west to match that on the east. These wings are long and low, one and a half stories, with gable roofs pierced by dormer windows. At the extreme end of each wing a

low chimney rises above the roof peak. The glory of "Sabine Hall" is the great Greek portico forming the main entrance. This reaches the full height of the house and is surmounted by a pediment borne on four huge columns of solid cypress.

The fine paneling and wainscoting of the interior is excellently preserved, and the house contains much of the original family furniture and plate. Also the Carter collection of portraits is here, including those of "King" Carter himself and his first wife.

Landon Carter, the first owner, was a sage man without ostentation, but with a remarkable understanding of human nature. He was also a great entertainer, as innumerable notes in his diary bear witness. He married three times; first, Anne Armistead; second, Maria Byrd, sister of the famous beauty, Evelyn Byrd of Westover; and third, Lucy Wormeley of "Rosegill." At his death he bequeathed "Sabine Hall" to his son, Robert Wormeley Carter, from whom it passed to his son, Landon Carter the second, and then to a third generation, Robert Wormeley Carter the second. The latter, dying in 1861, without male issue, left the estate to his daughter's eldest son, Robert Carter Wellford, who in turn passed it on to his two sons, Armistead Nelson Wellford and William Harrison Wellford, the present owners.

The owner's courtesy in showing the tourists about was the usual thing on which the Old Men had counted, and they left him smiling when they said goodbye. Perhaps this story, told by Handy in his quiet way, left something with Mr. Wellford to pass along—the story goes:

"Even after nine years of spasmodic wedded bliss with Myra, she occasionally pulled a relative out of the closet where they kept the family skeletons.

'Isn't it super that we are planning a cruise the very week-end that Cousin Cassie will be here,' she squealed.

'The boat belongs to Bill and Sally. You can't drag along this old gal you haven't seen since you were a kid,' I protested.

'Sally insisted we bring her,' said Myra. I had learned not to argue.

Friday was a day. Beautiful sky! Beautiful breeze! To say that Bill and Sally were startled when we showed up at the boat house towing Cousin Cassie is putting it meekly. Have you ever seen two hundred pounds of mush flesh stuffed into slacks? That was Cousin Cassie. She flopped forward to greet our hosts in enormous tennis shoes like water lily leaves stuck to each foot. Her white hair looked slightly scorched. Her blue eyes had that bright glow you find in pleasantly insane people.

'My, this is a treat, children!' she boomed. 'First time I've ever had a chance to sail.' When she smiled she had a trick of sucking in her protruding uppers so they wouldn't fall out.

While we were busy with the rigging, Bill hissed nastily: 'What do you expect us to do with her on the *Silver Star*—use her to plug up the holes if the boat leaks!'

Cousin Cassie settled happily on three life preservers and we were off. No one spoke; no one but Cousin Cassie.

'This is grand!' she boomed, and sighed as the beautiful breeze kissed her round, red face.

That night we gave Cousin Cassie the cabin. The four of us sprawled on the decks.

Saturday dawn we heard Cousin Cassie in the galley. Presently she presented us with most delicious scrambled eggs, bacon and coffee.

'Tut! Tut!' she boomed. 'Just enjoy yourselves, children; I'll be the galley slave.'

The *Silver Star* did plenty of pitching Saturday afternoon. But Cousin Cassie was as firm as a setting hen. By Sunday, Bill and Cousin Cassie were the only ones who could still take it. Cousin Cassie's soft, fat hand felt marvelous on my brow. And did we need ballast!

When at long last we reached the boat house, Cousin Cassie gathered up Sally and Myra and placed them gently on land.

'What a swell old gal!' whispered Bill as I helped him lower the sails."

As "Mt. Airy on the Rappahannock" is, strictly speaking, not on the river, but quite a piece inland, the crew felt doubly grateful to Mr. Wellford for having arranged for his faithful retainer, Absalom, to take the Fannyites there by station wagon. Its description is as follows:

MT. AIRY ON THE RAPPAHANNOCK

(Illustration facing page 91)

Built upon high ground on the north shore of the Rappahannock is "Mt. Airy," the oldest of the Tayloe homes and one of the finest to be found in the Chesapeake country. The house site, amid the great estate, is nearly three miles from the river bank, but from the back of the home there is a magnificent view over the water and of the town of Tappahannock, across the river to the south. The mansion was built in 1758 by Colonel John Tayloe, third in descent from William Tayloe, who came to Virginia from London, England, and was a burgess in 1710. For two

generations before the present house was built the "Mt. Airy" estate had been the home of the Tayloe family, and it has continued to be ever since.

The building resembles in style a great English baronial house or, indeed, the Italian version of a villa, far more than American Colonial. It is of brown stone, with light stone trimming, and everything about it is in agreeable harmony. Its walls are now ivy-covered. Set out a considerable distance from the main building and advanced beyond its building line, there is a square two-story wing on each end. These wings are connected to the house by curved glazed covered passages, thus giving the appearance of three houses, joined by what were once conservatories. The hip roof of the central building is surmounted by two pairs of large chimneys spaced equi-distant from the end walls. The great entrance-way is recessed and supported on a line with the front wall by two massive columns. The ensemble, standing on a wide terrace, encloses a grass court; the terrace extends on all four sides of the house and is raised considerably above the lawns, which spread away to a park of oaks and cedars. Great brown stone steps, guarded by bronze dogs, lead from the entrance to the grass court, and from this down to the terrace there is another great flight of brown stone steps, flanked by pedestals bearing decorative stone urns.

In the splendid interior there are some twenty-five rooms, nearly all of large dimensions. The array of old family portraits is celebrated. Colonel John Tayloe took a great interest in race horses and maintained one of the most famous stables in the country, as well as a race track. Also a deer park was no inconsiderable adornment to a place, where brilliant entertainment was a conspicuous feature of the social life, which was considered even to the point of keeping a band of musicians made up of servants. John Tayloe was one of the wealthiest men of the colony, and through the marriages of his eight daughters into the most influential families, the Washingtons, Lees, Carters and other old families became connected with his house. The early Tayloes were sent to English universities for their education.

Not far from "Mt. Airy" a bridge built about twenty years ago spans the Rappahannock—a strange sight it would indeed be to its inhabitants of colonial days. The estate is now in the possession of Mr. William Tayloe.

The run from the private pier at "Sabine Hall" to "Blandfield" of an hour and a half was beguiled in part with this tale of Skip's, which was told originally to him by a classmate at their thirty-ninth reunion in Philadelphia:

"Doc was a stream fisherman, but had been induced to join a party out after blue fish on Long Island Sound. He had come on board at a wharf on the Sound and soon was looking a little pale as the rough water tossed the boat about, although to the veteran boatmen present the Sound seemed unusually well behaved.

Having had very little luck, the party decided to head for Saybrook and have lunch in the quiet water inside the piers. During the journey Doc sat in the stern holding on tight and saying little as the wind freshened and began to kick up sizable waves.

At Saybrook a large yacht came in and moored within hailing distance. The skipper on the cruiser called to those on the larger vessel to learn how the Sound was to the west of Saybrook, where the fishing was to be resumed.

The reply from the yacht was this: 'Oh, there are a few holes between here and New Haven.'

As lunch was finished and the fishermen headed their craft westward along the Sound, Doc broke a long silence from the stern, where he was still holding on, to ask what the yachtsmen meant by 'holes.' The others grinned, but made no answer.

The water roughened and spray spattered the stern. The cruiser put her nose into a comber and solid water came over the bow, sweeping the entire craft and almost washing Doc overboard.

As Doc rubbed the salt water out of his eyes, the others shouted: 'That was a hole, Doc.'

'Only a damned fool would be out here on a day like this,' he replied somewhat bitterly, again gripping the stern transom."

The stop at "Blandfield" was again in a creek and at a private pier, and they were again in luck, as the owner was at home and showed them around while contributing to its story:

BLANDFIELD

(Illustration facing page 100)

The estate of "Blandfield" lies on the Rappahannock River, nine miles northwest of Tappahannock. It has been the home for generations of the Beverley family, long prominent in Virginia annals. The first of that family to come to the colony was Robert Beverley, who was Clerk of the House of Burgesses and died in 1686. He left three sons, all of whom achieved distinction; one of them, Robert, was the first native historian of Virginia. This second Robert married Ursula Byrd, daughter of Wil-

liam Byrd of Westover, and left one son, Colonel William Beverley, who married Elizabeth Bland, of that well-known family on the James. The mansion was built and named by Colonel William Beverley, who was a most influential man in the colony and a member of the King's Council. At his death in 1756 the estate was inherited by his son, Robert. Throughout the era of the Revolution, Robert Beverley was openly known to be in sympathy with the British, and was under the surveillance of the local government. His son and grandson, both named Robert, inherited "Blandfield" in succession, and it is still in the possession of the Beverley family.

The large tract extends to the river, although the mansion is situated several miles from the river banks. The central building has long curtains on both ends connecting with large wings. Of all-brick construction, the main house is two full stories, with hip roof and two pairs of large central chimneys. The centre pavilion, projecting somewhat and crowned by a large denticulated pediment, is covered by a portico which protects the entrance. This portico is supported by four columns, and at the second floor level forms an uncovered porch. The large wings are square, one and one-half stories, with hip roofs. The frontage of the buildings measures about one hundred and thirty feet. The property belongs to the estate of R. Carter Beverley.

The juleps were fine at "Blandfield," with the result that an hour and a half run back to Tappahannock for the overnight stop seemed no time at all. The story of this interesting old town is:

TAPPAHANNOCK

About forty miles from the mouth of the Rappahannock River, on its western bank, is an ancient town, which was the site of an Indian village when white man first explored the river. It is Tappahannock, seat of Essex County, formerly the seat of Old Rappahannock County before the latter was divided. The early Colonial settlement was known as "Hobb's Hole," but when it became officially a town and a port in 1682, the same year that Philadelphia was founded, it was given the name of New Plymouth. However, it continued to be spoken of as "Hobb's Hole" until 1808, when it was renamed Tappahannock. Until long after the Revolution it was a regular stopping place on the much traveled route between Washington, Mount Vernon and the North, to Williamsburg and the shores of the James. George Washington was in the habit of breaking his journeys there, resting for the night at Webb's Tavern, a well-known inn of those days.

During the War of 1812 the British used the port for their men-of-war, and not far below Tappahannock is the location of a battle with the

United States fleet. The town itself was bombarded by Admiral Cockburn's ships in December, 1814.

There are quite a few interesting survivals from the past that well repay a visit. One is the old Clerk's Office, a one-story building with steep gable roof surmounted by a short, squat chimney at each end. It was built about 1740, and was pressed into service for a time as a jail in the late sixties of the last century, when the building previously used for that purpose was destroyed by fire. It has now been transformed into a women's club.

The Court House is not a very old building, but it preserves among its old records the will of Lawrence Washington, a brother of George Washington's great-grandfather, who came to Virginia about 1658. In front of the Court House has been erected a Confederate Monument.

Originally used for a record office, the old "Debtors' Prison" was the last jail to hold inmates confined for debt.

The Ritchie House, built about 1760, was the residence of Thomas Ritchie, a prominent figure in the years just following the Revolution. A picturesque old landmark, the house is long and low, one and a half stories, with extremely steep gable roof pierced by five dormer windows on each side. Tall, stepped, outside chimneys flank the house side walls.

There is a very interesting old house just a short distance from the town, called "Bathurst." It originally was the home of Francis Meriwether, who married Mary Bathurst, granddaughter of an English baronet. The place passed from the Meriwether descendants well over a century ago.

Crossing the Rappahannock at this point is the Downing Bridge, opened in 1927. It is a mile and a quarter long and gives access to bus lines connecting Norfolk, Richmond, Washington and northern cities. Thus a great bridge has replaced the Hobb's Hole ferry of George Washington's day as a time-saving link between North and South.

The crew had dinner at the principal caravansary in town, then pulled out in the harbor for anchorage overnight instead of staying tied up at the pier. This for quietness and to avoid the chance of uninvited callers between their bedtime story and the early morning (?) prayers. The bedtime story by Doc was this:

"The good ship *Curlew* of the U. S. Biological Survey some years ago left Baltimore and limped into Washington three days overdue, for a number of very good reasons.

Off Plum Point a gasket blew out. A distress signal was hoisted and a gun fired. One or the other brought help and the crippled *Curlew* was

towed into Rhodes River and tied up until a new gasket was brought from Baltimore.

On the third morning a new start was made and all went well until dinner time. Suddenly the stove burst into flames, that ignited walls and ceiling and cut off two who were chatting in the forward cabin.

At the moment the vessel was a mile off shore and the captain did not know how to swim. A resourceful fellow, he grabbed a fire extinguisher and squirted the contents at the fire. A guest on board grabbed another extinguisher, but nothing came out of the nozzle until he turned it up to examine it, and then the full force of the jet caught him in the face.

The flames were subdued finally, but no supper was to be had. Few on board wanted any at the time, as the excitement had taken their appetites. They stretched out in their clothes to sleep.

Came the dawn and all were awakened to see Washington just ahead and the handyman bringing trays of bacon and eggs that he had cooked on the resuscitated stove. All went ashore with a story to tell."



WESTOVER
On the James River

Heustis Cook Studio,
Richmond



LOWER BRANDON
On the James River

Heustis Cook Studio,
Richmond



SKIPJACK J. S. Rowan



CHESAPEAKE BUGEYE A. A. Bodine

CHAPTER XIII

THE PIANKATANK

THE wind had veered to northeast a bit overnight, call it fifteen miles an hour, when the *Fanny* started the morning's run of some forty miles from Tappahannock to the Piankatank. The weather was still favoring the new discoverers of this historic tidewater country. Skip recalled a trip up the impressive, though often muddy, Rappahannock, some ten or twelve years before, which included a stop near Urbana to visit Christ Church School, of which the late Rev. William Page Dame, Jr., was headmaster at the time, and Skip had a son who attended the school. Mate and Handy had been along, but another "Doc" on that trip made the fourth crewman. This "Doc," a chemist by profession and a good fellow, even if he did hang a picture of Lenin in his lab for a rib and to shock the boobery, was a bachelor at that time—since roped, hog tied and broken to the discipline of a pretty wife.

The three old men recalled the blistering heat as they hoofed it a half mile from the little pier to the school, with devilish horseflies in the woods and fields. Imagine their great relief to be in the cool study of the headmaster and to be regaled with "Whiskeypalian" stories and a cool drink. The hell of it was that they had to hoof it back to the boat after this delightful pause that refreshed them. The path was no place for Page to venture to drive his car.

It was around one o'clock when the *Fanny* entered the Piankatank River, recalling to all of them boyhood steamboat days, when this was one of the favored trips. Then time was no object, and a boat trip was a thing of wonder and delight on any of those old river liners. The wind was southeast and Hill's Bay made a fine anchorage for lunch. It was Skip's turn as chef and he fixed them up some salad with a can of R. & R. chicken, broke out a box of zweiback, a jar of snappy cheese and let them do their worst, with beer a plenty.

Only Stingray Point separates the Piankatank from the Rappahannock at their mouths, and the river steamers which still serve the small river go to Milford Haven, Fishing Bay and Green Point Wharf. The ancient mariners chose the body of water called Milford Haven, which separates Gwynn Island from the mainland, as their spot for the night, but first they ran the river to its head, above Freeport, where the chart showed but five feet, and they started back, tied up at an old wharf at Dixie and caught themselves a mess of hardheads for dinner. They also got a few odds and ends, such as spots, sunnies and an eel.

They anchored just inside the mouth of Stutt's Creek, where it opens into Milford Haven, had a swim and relaxed. An hour or so later, with the serious matter of dinner disposed of, Mate called out: "Hear ye, hear ye, the court is called to order, and I crave your undivided attention and unbiased judgment on whether or not the story I am about to read you, by the wife of my navy officer son, is as good as I think it is, which is 'Grade A.' It's fiction and against all our unwritten rules of 'The Truth and Nothing But the Truth' in this log of our voyaging; but even so, I believe you will thank rather than damn me for their infraction, so here goes:

MY ANCHOR'S AWAY

"Anne is going to be married this afternoon and I am the maid of honor. It's going to be a typical Academy chapel affair with Holy Joe officiating. There will be yards of white satin and filmy tulle veil, a dozen bridesmaids, white orchids (God knows where Vic got them, but he can do things when he once gets the idea), and Granpa is going to give the bride away.

My name is Bette Davis—no relation to the movie star, though I wouldn't mind. I'm short and I've got short red hair and my face is covered with freckles. I am practically eighteen; that is, will be in about six months. All of which might account for why Anne got Vic and not me, but I don't really mind, because Jim is swell, even if he is just a plebe.

Anchors away now and on with the story. I suppose you'd say it really began in 1941 at Pearl Harbor; that was when Dad was killed. Mother, Anne and I were in San Francisco at the time, and Bob, my brother at naval training school. He soon went off to sea, and when Granpa, who is a retired admiral, wired us to come and keep him company in Annapolis, we hopped a train and Crabtown has been our home ever since.

If we hadn't come to Crabtown, the story might never have happened, but then you never can tell. It might have happened wherever we lived, Marion (that's what we called Mother) being the kind of woman she is; pretty and peppy and young looking in spite of her age which though she won't admit, is at least forty-five. All for the simple reason that regardless of age or relation all women are rivals when it comes to *homo sapiens.*

Anyway Annapolis happened to be the town where we landed and where things began to pop. We moved in with the Admiral on Revell Street. It's a nice big homey place, with a backyard that slopes down to Spa Creek and a boat house with two rowboats and a canoe in it. It's swell in Summer, because you can really have fun with boats and water.

Maybe my liking for such things is an inheritance in a small way from my Navy-minded family. Guess I'll carry on the tradition some day by marrying into the Navy myself.

But Anne is the heroine and I guess the best thing I can say about her is that she's just about the swellest sister a girl could have. She is as much a brunette as I am the opposite. This isn't strange though, when you consider that Dad had jet-black hair and brown eyes, and Anne is a lot like him even in other ways. Mother is just the opposite, very blond and plump. I took after her, which is probably why I understand her so well.

Anne looks just the way any girl would like to look. She's got lovely blue-black hair that's naturally curly. She wears it short in a feather-cut, and it forms a soft frame to her oval face. Her features are classic like Dad's, her forehead is high and wide, her eyes smoke color. She is tall and willowy with just the right amount of curve. In other words, Anne is the ideal femme.

Not two weeks after we had landed in Crabtown, Anne had a job as secretary to the Commandant of Midshipmen, Commander Reuben Ross Holiday. Rube, we'll call him from here on in, because he is one, if you know what I mean. A sourer puss you've never seen. The middies call him King Cactus, but I like Rube better. Anne says not to be too hard on him because he was once jilted by a pretty little French wife when he was a junior to the Naval Attache in Paris. That was years ago, though, and a guy who can't pull himself together isn't worth much in my estimation.

Now, Vic is different.

I think Anne fell in love with him the first time she saw him. So did Marion in a way and so did I, but with Anne it was for keeps. He came over for his weekly round of chess with Granpa. I think he came mostly to please the Admiral, but Vic's a corking good chess player and enjoys a game with anybody who can give him a real work-out; the Admiral can do that, all right.

It was after supper on a scorching June evening. We had been in Annapolis about a week. My bedroom faced on Revell Street, and I was up there sitting in the window reading a French novel of Marion's, which she had forbidden me to read. I heard footsteps and looked out to behold the answer to a femme's prayer. Six feet of male in spotless whites. Two gold stripes glistened on his shoulder. His face and hands were as brown as a life guard's and you could just see masculine brawn rippling beneath his uniform. Even from my distance his chin stood out square and defiant.

Imagine my surprise when he turned in at our gate! Either my loud sigh or the sound of the French novel falling to the floor attracted his attention, because he looked up and gave me a broad smile. But for the grace of God, I would have tumbled right down into his cheerful brown eyes.

I tried to collect myself, made a scramble for the dressing table, ran a comb through my stubborn red hair. But Anne had already let him in when I was only half-way down the stairs, where I stopped. They were both just standing there. Anne still had her hand on the door knob, her smoky eyes fastened on his brown ones. With a sort of jerky motion he took off his cap, kept turning it around in his hands. I've never seen two people in more of a trance over a first meeting, but it didn't last long. The Admiral came striding in with a chess board under his arm.

'Well, Victor, my boy,' he said, 'I am going to wallop you good and proper this evening.'

'Y—yes, sir,' Victor made an effort to pull his eyes away from Anne's.

There was a twinkle in the Admiral's eyes. He doesn't miss much, even if he is seventy. 'Mr. Blount, this is my granddaughter, Miss Davis.'

At that point, Marion fluttered in from the porch. She was wearing something cool and filmy, her blond hair curled about her face to make her look at least ten years younger than she was. 'I thought I heard voices. Oh, it must be Victor,' her long eyelashes twittered and she almost blushed, 'or I mean Lieutenant Blount. But you see Father has said so many things about you, that I really feel we're old friends. Well, we shall be soon, so I shall call you Vic.' She took Vic by the hand then and was leading him toward the porch. My mouth must have been open, because I had to close it. Whew, what quick work!

Granpa saw me then. I straightened up, came on down. 'Wait a minute, Vic,' he said, 'you haven't met my other granddaughter. This is Bette.'

Vic disengaged himself from Marion's clutch and we shook hands. 'I saw you through the window,' he said.

'Yes, I saw you too,' I said. His hand was warm and strong and I knew there was going to be trouble.

Vic was walloped good and proper that evening, but it wasn't his fault. Marion sent Anne on an errand of some kind, and she hovered over the chess table all evening. Before he left she had wangled a date with him to take her to a tea the following afternoon.

On Wednesday of the next week, Vic came to dinner. Anne dressed her prettiest in a lovely yellow shantung dress; Marion wore a red print

and was all sunshine as she greeted Vic at the door. 'Come in, Vic, darling,' she said, 'and do sit down; you must be dreadfully tired after a hard day of pounding knowledge into those midshipmen. She put his cap on top of the piano, led him to the most comfortable chair, which Granpa had just left to wash up for dinner, and sat down near him. 'Now tell me all about everything. How are the cute little middies doing?'

Vic was pleased with so much attention, and what man wouldn't be? He began telling Marion about his teaching theories, and you could see he was really wrapped up in his work. Marion listened as though the theory of teaching was the most important thing in the universe.

When Anne came in he stood up stiffly, became as self-conscious as an officer before a court. 'Sure sign,' I said to myself from my vantage point on the stair landing.

'Good evening, Miss Dav—, I mean Anne,' he said, his face turning lobster color.

'It's so nice seeing you again,' said Anne, with that look in her eyes.

'Anne, dear,' said Marion, 'would you see how Fortune is progressing with the dinner?'

Before Anne could go, I ran downstairs, saying, 'Hello, Vic.' Then I smiled sweetly at Mother. 'I'll go see how Fortune is progressing, Marion, dear.'

I thought we would never finish dinner that night. Vic chewed every mouthful at least twenty times. He said it was bad for the digestion to eat rapidly, and besides he enjoyed eating, so why rush through it the way most people did. To be polite Marion ate more than was good for her waistline, and said that Vic was exactly right, 'One must guard one's health.'

After dinner Marion went upstairs for a minute and Vic said, 'It's good for you to have some exercise right after dinner; let's go for a canoe ride.'

Anne said, 'I'd love to, Vic,' and I said it was too hot to move. Having settled down with his evening paper the Admiral said, 'The key to the boat house is behind the door in the kitchen.'

Anne and Vic were gone when Marion came down, and was Marion sore! Not that she said anything, but I could tell. She kept fidgeting around and going to the window overlooking the creek. There was a frustrated look in her blue eyes. Pretty soon the door bell rang, and Commander Reuben Ross Holiday came in. We'd all seen him several times before, and I could tell he had fallen for Anne right off.

Rube is the sour puss I was telling you about. He's a small man, about forty-three, I guess, with a pointed nose and thin lips and thinner

hair on his bullet head. Not beautiful, I'd say. He spoke to everyone, then squinted around rather expectantly and asked in his flat voice, 'Where's Anne?'

'She's gone canoeing with Vic,' said the Admiral.

'She said she wanted some work,' said Rube, 'and my secretary has got married, so I thought maybe she would like the job.' He patted down the few strands of hair on his head and there was a gleam in his squinty eyes.

'I'm sure she would love it,' Marion said, brightening. 'Why don't you wait around until she comes back?'

Well, Anne took the job and Rube was tickled purple, more from a personal standpoint though than from a business one. A lot of good it did him; Anne just tolerated him because of her job. She kept right on falling deeper and deeper in love with Vic and her eyes got smokier and smokier.

One night she knocked on my door, and sort of wafted into the room on a cloud. 'Chickadee,' she said (that was her nickname for me), 'I've just got to tell somebody.'

I was reading the forbidden French novel again. Something always seemed to interrupt my finishing it, and I was annoyed. 'Anne, my lamb,' I said, 'you don't have to tell me; it's written all over you. You're a dead give away.'

Anne laughed then, a soft beautiful laugh. 'He's wonderful, Chick, the most wonderful thing in all the world.'

'You mean you like to sit at the table half the night chewing and chewing and chewing while you listen to nothing but health talk! Then get up and run a mile or wear yourself down to a nubbin paddling a canoe! You actually mean you like all that?' I knew I was being mean, but I was still annoyed.

Anne wasn't dampened a bit. 'Oh, Chick, I'd be the happiest woman in the world if he'd marry me.'

That softened me up I guess, and I said what a sister ought to say. 'Darling, forgive me. Vic is wonderful, and I would love to have him for a brother-in-law.' I put my arm around her. 'I don't think you'll have to worry about his proposing. What man wouldn't want you?'

Anne and Vic were going around a lot then. I thought everything was fine, and that I had been silly to worry about Marion. But I was wrong. In August it happened. Anne and Vic had an argument about something and quarreled. I never could find out what the quarrel was about. It was probably some little insignificant thing that wasn't really important at all, but it sure upset the boat. Vic wouldn't drag Anne any

more; Anne was so sore she would run out of the room whenever his name was mentioned.

That was when Marion really started to work. In a consoling way she told Anne that Vic was really not the type for her anyway, that there were plenty of other officers in Annapolis who would be much better for her. Anne was so wrought up and defiant that she began having dates with Rube. This only made Vic that much madder.

We didn't see Vic around the house much any more, and the Admiral was grumpy because he missed his weekly chess game. I tried taking it up myself to pacify him, but I wasn't on the beam. Marion was fluttering about more than usual in a very rosy mood. She began spending wads of money at the beauty parlor, bought new clothes, and many evenings was mysteriously missing.

I stumbled on the answer one night by chance. Jim and I had gone to the movies and then dropped in at the Mirror Grill for a soda. I heard familiar voices in the booth next to ours, and suddenly realized that they were Marion's and Vic's. I didn't really try to listen; that is, not much, but this is what I heard:

'Vic, darling,' Marion's voice was all Spring flowers and sweetness, 'younger women just don't understand you. You're such a lonely man, such an intelligent, lonely man. What you need is someone to appreciate you for what you are, someone who won't try to make you over the minute she's married to you.'

'Yes,' said Vic, dreamily, 'you are right, Marion.'

'You're like a violin, Vic; a violin in perfect tune, with taut strings.' Marion's voice was low and dramatic now. 'If the wrong kind of bow is used on you or if you are played too harshly, you will be spoiled. Vic, you're too fine for that. I won't let that happen to you.'

'Marion, you are so understanding. I——'

Gee willikers! What a take-in! I felt like jumping up right then and asking Vic if he were a man or a mole, but I controlled myself. It wasn't the time or the place. Instead I left the Grill and got Jim to take me home. He didn't like my leaving him so abruptly, but I told him that I had to see Anne right away about something important. Then I gave him a quick kiss on the cheek before I left him, so I guess he really didn't mind so much after all.

I took the stairs two at a time, knocked on Anne's door. The lights were out and there was a sound of crying. 'Come in,' Anne's voice was strained. 'Who is it?'

'It's just me,' I said. 'Do you mind if I turn on the light?'

'I'll turn on the one by the bed,' said Anne.

I handed her a kleenex. 'This isn't the time for weeping and wailing,' I said. 'You've got work to do.'

'You don't even know what I'm crying about,' sobbed Anne.

'Oh, yes I do, and if you don't get to work, wedding bells are going to be ringing the second time for Marion, and little Anne is going to be carrying a nice big torch the rest of her life.'

Anne wailed louder. 'I don't care,' she cried. 'I don't care, I don't care. I hate Victor Blount, and he can marry whoever he darn well pleases.'

I didn't have to be Methuselah to know that she was really off the deep end. 'Listen,' I said, ignoring her outburst, 'Marion doesn't love Vic. He's not her type, and they'd both be unhappy the minute they were married. Marion's just lonely because she lost Dad. Then, too, she's afraid of getting old. Vic happened to come along, and she seized upon him.'

Anne was quieter now. 'But what can I do,' she sniffled, 'if Vic doesn't want me?'

'But he does want you, Anne.'

'Do you really think so?' Anne looked at me with those smoky eyes and I felt as though I were the older sister or even her grandmother.

'Of course he does. Now listen, I've got a plan.'

It wasn't a very subtle plan, but if it worked what difference did it make? I began on it the following Saturday. I made sure Marion was going to be at home, and told Anne not to miss any of her cues. Then I went to Vic's office over at the Yard and asked him to come home with me. It took some tricky persuasion and maybe one or two little white lies. I told him that Marion wanted him, that Anne wasn't mad anymore, that the Admiral was dying for a game of chess. In other words, we all missed him, and wanted him to come to see us.

When we got to the house I pretended that the front door was locked, took him around back to the kitchen door. Then I said, 'Let's sneak in and surprise everyone.' The Admiral was at the movies, and I had told Anne to keep Marion on the side porch. Anne knew when we came, because she had been watching through the screen.

Anne's timing was perfect, for we had just stepped in the living room when we heard: 'Marion, how would you like Rube for a son-in-law?'

'Anne, darling, I'm so glad.' There was relief in Marion's voice. 'I was so afraid you had fallen in love with Vic and would be hurt when you found out I was going to marry him.'

'You don't think I'd try to take the man you love?'

'My dear, I'll be frank now that we are no longer rivals. You see I'm lonely. Vic is such a simple dear with all his silly health faddist ideas, but I can't be too choosey at my age. Besides, I have him wrapped around my little finger.

Unconsciously I had grabbed Vic's hand to keep him from bolting when he heard his name mentioned. Now he wrenched it free. His face was pale and taut.

At that moment something happened that hadn't been in the plan; it was just plain luck. The door bell rang and I let Rube Holiday in. His squinty eyes beamed. At the same time Marion and Anne appeared at the porch doorway. Marion was so astonished at seeing Vic that she just stood and stared. Anne looked beautiful and innocent. Rube was the only normal one present.

Vic walked up to Rube with outstretched hand. 'Congratulations, Rube,' he said through stiff lips. 'I guess I'll always be a bachleor.'

At this Anne gave a loud wail, 'But it's you I love, Vic,' she cried and ran out of the back door and down the hill toward the boat house, where I had put the canoe in a convenient place at the end of the little wharf.

I looked at Vic then. 'She's probably going to drown herself,' I said tragically.

'Oh, no,' cried Vic, galvanized into action, 'she can't do that,' and disappeared at full gallop through the back door toward the boat house.

Rube and Marion stood there too amazed to speak. I said, 'Well, that's that,' and went upstairs to finish my French novel.

That was three weeks ago, and now I am dressing in my maid of honor dress. I must be careful with it, because I'll probably have to wear it again soon at another wedding. You see I heard Marion and Rube talking together down at the Mirror Grill the other evening."

CHAPTER XIV

YORKTOWN, ITS STORY, AND WILLIAMSBURG

DREAMS of youth had sped the restful night for the crew; they envied the young people living at Annapolis these days of lively anticipation, where "Dot" and "Wes" formed part of the "Crabtown" scene at the Academy. They had not been able to get married-officers's quarters on the grounds, but found an apartment near old St. John's College.

The wind was about the same, from the northeast, about ten miles an hour, sky cloudy but sun shining, and after a before-breakfast swim, eatments and throne-room easements, they took the short cut out of Milford Haven, only three feet at low tide at the tidal entrance, then turned south for the run past Wolf Trap and York Spit lights into the York River. Skip loved the spray that combed the *Fanny* as she cut loose at twelve knots down Bay, and after a two-hour run they were at Yorktown. They lost no time in getting about for the visit to the town, York Hall and the battle field. Doc enlightened them historically, reading from his notes:

YORKTOWN

(Illustration facing page 90)

The York River is formed by the junction of the Pamunkey and Mattaponi Rivers about thirty-five miles from the Bay. The York,—Indian name Pamunke—was at first called the Charles, and is the shortest of the four large rivers on the Chesapeake's Virginia coast.

The land about the site of Yorktown was patented by Captain Nicholas Martieu, who came to the colony in 1621, but despite the short distance of some ten to fifteen miles from the James River, the settlement did not begin until shortly after 1630. Like similar places in Tidewater, Yorktown, on the river's southern bank, ten miles from the Bay, had its beginning as a plantation and landing stage. Stores and houses soon appeared and in 1691 Benjamin Reade, grandson of Captain Martieu, sold fifty acres for the town site. Although the town never developed beyond a village, its harbour became one of the busiest and most important in the colonies. The historic settlement was built on a hill overlooking the river, but about all of interest that remains is the old Custom House, built in 1715, the first in the United States, and the "Old Nelson House," generally called "York Hall." The latter was built in 1740 by William Nelson, and it is said that his son, Thomas Nelson, when one year old was taken to the building site and aided in placing a foundation brick. This Thomas



WORK SCHOONER P. C. Chambliss



"VAMARIE" P. C. Chambliss
U. S. NAVAL ACADEMY



Pratt Library
Collection

FRENCHTOWN LANDING
On the Elk River

Historic American
Buildings Survey



OTWELL
On the Tred Avon River

Pratt Library
Collection

Nelson, who was educated at Cambridge, England, and married Lady Grymes of Brandon, was later Governor of Virginia, a signer of the Declaration of Independence and a member of the Continental Congress. In pre-Revolutionary days, Governor Thomas Nelson was known for his fine horses and dogs, and the mansion was the scene of entertainment on a grand scale. His considerable fortune was spent in Virginia's contribution to the Revolution, and both he and his wife died poor. He is buried in the graveyard of Yorktown Church.

"York Hall" is built upon a terrace above the street level and is surrounded by a walled-garden. The gate leading to the large two and one-half story brick mansion is flanked with boxwood. The gable roof is surmounted by two large chimneys, and during the extensive restoration by the father of the present owner, the late Captain George P. Blow. dormer windows were added. His son, George W. Blow, is the present owner.

There is a great hall with exquisite paneling of Virginia pine, which has turned to mahogany colour with age. Upon this hall open large and beautiful rooms with deep window seats; particularly impressive among them is the dining room, in which a sliding panel, giving a touch of mediævalism, discloses a secret stairway to the attic. In reconditioning the house, the woodwork of the "red and black" room was glazed after the English fashion and the colours carefully blended. Throughtout the house the plaster is new and all deteriorated timbers have been replaced. During the seige of Yorktown in 1781 the house was occupied as headquarters by Lord Cornwallis, and during the American Civil War it was used as a hospital.

The Custom House, previously referred to, is a small, plain, rectangular brick building, with hip roof, in a good state of preservation.

Yorktown Church stands upon the site of an earlier church built in 1697 and destroyed by fire in 1814; on rebuilding, the bell from the old structure was preserved in the new. The house of Secretary Nelson, uncle of Thomas Nelson, was destroyed in the bombardment of 1781, as were most of the other residences, together with their furnishings.

At Yorktown, scarcely a dozen miles from the first colonial settlement at Jamestown, the closing drama of the Revolution was enacted. Cornwallis, beseiged on land by Washington, Lafayette, Rochambeau and others, and cut off from the Chesapeake by the French fleet under DeGrasse, made a vain attempt to cross over to Gloucester Point. When this failed, due to a furious gale, Cornwallis was obliged to ask for terms of surrender, and these were drawn up in the old Moore House. This historic relic stands on the river bank less than a mile from Yorktown. It was

built of frame in 1713 by Sir Alexander Spotswood, Governor of Virginia and aide-de-camp to the Duke of Marlborough, and occupies the site of the original house of Captain Martieu, who was an ancestor of both Governor Nelson and George Washington.

Off Yorktown deep water and a protected harbour afford a fine anchorage, and during the first World War the United States Navy used it as a base for the Atlantic Fleet, and it is still continued as a naval base.

What remains of the town and the surrounding fortifications will always be rich in memories, and well repays a visit.. Yorktown never recovered from the destruction inflicted in the closing days of the Revolution and the competition of ports nearer the ocean.

The skipper had originally planned to visit Williamsburg, by going by Queen Creek, a bit above Yorktown from the York, or up College Creek from the James, but found that even if three feet was indicated at headwaters, the walk would be a mile or so, and it was too darned hot. They left the *Fanny* parked safely at the pier, the cabin locked, took a chance on pilferage, and took the bus to Williamsburg, which they visited with their usual thoroughness and Doc's supplement to the story of the guide, about as follows:

WILLIAMSBURG

(Illustrations facing pages 41, 80)

About 1632 "Middle Plantation" was first settled, and protected from hostile Indians by a palisade, approximately six miles in length, across the peninsula. How necessary this defense was became evident from the calamities of the Indian massacre in 1644, after which a new palisade was built or the old one repaired. Settlement of the land between the James and York Rivers proceeded rapidly, and in 1676 "Middle Plantation" became temporary headquarters for the rebels in Bacon's uprising. It was at the house of one Captain Thorpe that the oath of allegiance to Bacon was taken by the insurgents, and after the destruction of Jamestown by them the Plantation became, for a short space, the seat of the colonial government and was the scene of the execution, at Governor Berkeley's orders, of some of the rebels. In 1693 a charter was granted for the College of William and Mary by the English monarchs, William III and Mary II, its patrons, from whom it took its name. Five years later, when Jamestown for the second time was almost completely destroyed by fire, it was decided to make "Middle Plantation" the capital of Virginia. This was done in 1699, and the new town, which was laid out with fine streets and buildings becoming its dignity, was named Williamsburg in honor of King William

III. As the capital of the largest of the English colonies, it soon became the centre of life and culture, and as such took its place with the northern cities of Philadelphia and Boston. The city was incorporated in 1722.

The site is a ridge on the peninsula between the James and York Rivers, surrounded on the north by pines and with meadows sloping to the water. Under the administration of Governor Alexander Spotswood (1710-1722) great advance was made in beautifying Williamsburg and in new construction, among the buildings being the first theater in the colonies. The capital about this time became a leading social place; wealth was accumulating, and there were horse races and a profusion of banquets and balls. The prosperous planters built town houses for use in the "season," which generally meant when the Assembly or General Court was in session. Amid the political and social activity of Williamsburg were to be seen nearly all the prominent characters of Colonial days and, added to this, the town was a rendezvous for numerous visitors from England.

The curtain descended on all of this colourful existence when, in 1780, shortly before the close of the Revolution, the capital of Virginia was moved to Richmond. First the British, then the French and the Continental Army, used Williamsburg as headquarters during the Yorktown campaign of 1781, and then began its long sleep, lasting one hundred and forty-six years, broken only by some unpleasant experiences at the hands of the Union Army during the Civil War. During that conflict the College of William and Mary was for a time closed, and its activities were again suspended due to financial difficulties from 1881 to 1888. Throughout the long period of decline, dust and decay were taking the usual toll of the illustrious old town and its historic buildings; then, in 1926, the Rev. W. A. R. Goodwin, rector of Bruton Parish Church, interested Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., in the restoration of Williamsburg. "Colonial Williamsburg Inc.," a non-profit corporation, took form to direct the stupendous undertaking, and the best men of research and experts in various professions from America and Europe were engaged to carry out the work, with great stress laid upon the authenticity of the restoration. Ever since the work has gone steadily on; some six hundred modern buildings have been torn down, and over three hundred Colonial buildings have been reconstructed or restored, in a majority of cases on the original foundations. All modern features have been done away with, many gardens have been brought back to their eighteenth century style, and the public buildings have been equipped with exact reproductions of their old furniture when, after exhaustive search, originals could not be found. The hand industries of Colonial times have been revived, and skilled workmen ply these trades in shops of eighteenth century type. Officials, artisans, as well as the

negro attendants, are now dressed in Colonial costumes and liveries. Indeed the dusty, decrepit, forsaken and forgotten town has taken on new life.

Duke of Gloucester Street, straight, long, wide and bordered with shade trees, traverses the centre of the city from the Capitol to the College of William and Mary; benches are spaced along the sidewalk curbs. Frame houses of moderate size, with great outside brick chimneys, gambrel roofs and dormer windows predominate. These have well-kept front gardens. The brick mansions are large, and generally have wings or rambling additions, with paneling and wainscoting in the style of the period.

New houses have been built on the outskirts of the Colonial area, and altogether there is much to see, while considerable time may be enjoyably spent strolling through old gardens. Leisure will have its reward.

The Capitol was erected in 1701, rebuilt after it burned in 1747, and again destroyed by fire in 1832. It has been faithfully reconstructed on the original foundations. Two large wings, with semi-circular bays in front, connected by a gallery over an arcaded court, form the building. The two and one-half story wings have hip roofs with five dormer windows to the side. There are bull's-eye windows on the first floor of the large bays, which extend a considerable distance in front of the connecting gallery. A tall but delicate cupola, with the coat-of-arms of Queen Anne and a clock, surmounts the gallery. In the House of Burgesses room, which is wainscoted, is the original chair used by the Speaker. This room also contains portraits of King William III and his wife, Queen Mary. The Council Chamber on the second floor is oval in shape and handsomely decorated; there is a portrait of Queen Anne and her coat of arms in this Chamber. In the Secretary's Office, on the first floor, is a portrait of Queen Elizabeth. The building was the meeting place of the General Assembly and the General Court. The last meeting of the Assembly took place on December 24th, 1779.

The Public Gaol, built about 1701, was the General Court prison of Virginia. Debtors as well as criminals of varying degree were confined here the most notorious being the pirates who comprised "Blackbeard's" crew. Like gaols of that era it was unheated, and every form of comfort was nonexistent within its most often overcrowded walls. Stocks and pillory are there.

Cabinet-Maker's Shop—Here, in eighteenth century surroundings and costumes, a skilled cabinet-maker repairs old furniture and makes reproductions, using the same type of tools as in Colonial times.

The Raleigh Tavern was built about 1742, and has been reconstructed on the original foundations. It is a large, one and one-half story, white weatherboarded building, with gable roof pierced by eighteen dormer windows and surmounted by brick chimneys. Above the main entrance

there is a bust of Sir Walter Raleigh. All furniture is in the proper style of the period. The tavern was one of the most famous in the American colonies, and was the scene of gay social life and brilliant banquets. Here also it was that the burgesses gathered and formed their plans, when their assemblies were dissolved.

The Pewterer's Shop at "The Golden Ball"—This restored building was once an old apothecary shop. Now a pewterer pursues that ancient trade here amid Colonial setting. Nearby is the Wig-Maker's Shop, where the trade of wig-making is shown along with the diversified services rendered by the eighteenth century barber.

Captain Orr's house, dating from about 1720, with its beautiful garden, is typical of early Williamsburg. Captain Orr was a well-to-do blacksmith.

The Ludwell-Paradise House, built in 1717, is a large brick early Georgian structure. It was the town residence of the Ludwell family, one of whom, Lucy Ludwell, married John Paradise of London, a friend of Dr. Samuel Johnson's. The house, which was in such excellent condition that only slight repairs were necessary, now contains the collection of American Folk Art presented by Mrs. John D. Rockefeller, Jr.

Dr. Blair's garden has been beautifully restored and is now an exhibition place. The rebuilt house is in use as a Colonial shop.

Chowning's Tavern has been reconstructed with great care, and is now functioning similarly to two centuries ago, as a Colonial inn.

Market Square Tavern, opened about 1771, and carefully rebuilt with its outbuildings, is also in operation. Its exhibition garden is magnificent.

The Court House, built in 1770, has been restored and now serves as the Archaeological Museum, housing articles found during the recent excavations.

The Powder Magazine, also restored, is a one-story sexagonal building with a high pyramidal roof. It was from here that Governor, Lord Dunmore, confiscated the powder when the Revolution seemed imminent.

The Boot-Maker's Shop is a small old-time shop where boots and shoes are made in Colonial style and under Colonial conditions.

The Travis House, completely restored, is now a Colonial restaurant specializing in old-time Virginia food. The building was moved to the present location, which had been the site of an older structure long since gone. The restored garden with its holly hedges is one of the finest in Williamsburg.

James Geddy House is a grand old Colonial residence, overlooking the Palace Green, and the garden is another exhibition place. The Geddys were goldsmiths.

Brush House is another beautiful Colonial home; the superb boxwood garden is as old as any in the town. John Brush was a gunsmith and armourer in the second decade of the eighteenth century.

The Governor's Palace, begun in 1705, was considered by many the finest building in the English colonies, and the present brick structure is an authentic reconstruction, both inside and out. The wide Palace Green with a driveway on each side leads to the impressive entrance, with its scrolled heading laterally supported by the British lion and unicorn. Passing through this gateway one enters a forecourt surrounded by the Palace buildings. The mansion reaches two stories in height to a denticulated cornice, above which rises the steep hip roof, broken with five dormer windows to a side, surmounted by a balustraded platform. A tall cupola, built in two octagonal stages with domed roof, rises from this platform, which is flanked on its east and west sides by double chimneys. The architectural style is Georgian, with sash windows made up of multiple small panes, and with a prominent brick string course forming a dividing line between the first and second stories. The kitchen and other outbuildings have all been reconstructed. The original interior was rich and elaborate, as is the restoration; the great entrance hall and the passageways are full paneled with the best of woodwork; the library walls are finished with hand-tooled Spanish leather. The ballroom, which was an addition of 1751, contains portraits of King George III and Queen Charlotte; in the Palace there are also portraits of Charles II and Catherine of Braganza, and of Charles I and Henrietta Maria. The mansion was finished in 1720 and was first occupied by Governor Alexander Spotswood; after him it housed six royal governors, and the first two governors of the State of Virginia. The building was converted into a hospital for soldiers of the Continental Army, and while in such use in 1781 burned down. There are vast formal gardens laid out with mathematical precision, and within their scope are a bowling green, fish pond and canal. In the long and painstaking research connected with the restoration, a plan of the building drawn by Thomas Jefferson was extensively used.

The Wythe House, restored, was the home of George Wythe, signer of the Declaration of Independence, tutor of law to Thomas Jefferson, Marshall and other prominent men. The building is a large, hip roofed Colonial house with extensive gardens.

The Blacksmith Shop is a quaint building on the site of an old forge. Here blacksmithing is now carried on with tools of the Colonial era.

Bruton Parish Church is said to be the oldest Episcopal Church in continuous use in America. It is built of brick in early Colonial style, with large square tower on the west side, from which a steeple, formed

of two octagonal tiers, rises. A church stood on this site in 1683, and the present building was erected to meet the needs of the growing community in 1710; the tower was not added until 1769. It was the Court Church of the colony.

The Wren Building of the College of William and Mary, designed by Sir Christopher Wren, is the oldest extant college building in the United States. It is a huge building, with two rear wings and many dormered roof. The restoration work is a masterpiece. Some distance in front of the entrance stands the statue of the beloved royal governor, the Baron de Botetourt.

There are many other restored houses, full of interest and well worth a brief stop. To name a few: St. George Tucker House, Sir John and Peyton Randolph House, Bassett Hall, Coke-Garrett House, Semple House, Tazewell Hall, Bland-Wetherbun House.

Certainly there is no other place in the United States like restored Williamsburg, and to those of us who still yearn for a bit of the simpler but colourful past when the country was young, a visit should be like a magic spell from which we open our clouded eyes in a forgotten world. We may even have a pathetic feeling when we again look upon the bustle and modernism of other towns, believing that time has taken with it a way of life far more important than the material things which have crumbled into dust.

Their duty—and pleasure as well—well done at Yorktown and Williamsburg, the crew got the *Fanny* perking east out of the York, and in some two hours were tied up at the Hampton Yacht Club. The Commodore was told by telephone that four mendicants from the Severn craved his hospitality and he promptly came upon the scene and took them in hand. His story of the club follows:

"The Hampton Yacht Club is perhaps the most active and best known club on the lower Chesapeake Bay. The annual regatta of this club in the past ten years has been outstanding and for several years has been the largest regatta on the Atlantic Coast. We have a membership of approximately one hundred and fifty, most of whom (believe it or not) are interested. There are no mercenary activities at this club. We have excellent docking facilities. We have a power tender and a paid steward on duty at all times, all of which is at the disposal of visiting yachtsmen—gratis. There is only one provision upon which we insist and that is that the visiting yachtsman be a member in good standing of a recognized yacht club. All worth-while yachtsmen make it a point to join a recognized club and we are somewhat suspicious of a man who doesn't have club affiliations.

The Hampton Yacht Club is affiliated with The North American Yacht Racing Union, The American Power Boat Association, and The Chesapeake Bay Yacht Racing Association. The well-known Hampton One Design Class was originated here and is one of the outstanding classes on Chesapeake Bay. The Hampton flotilla includes all classes of vessels from ten-foot sailing dinghies to one-hundred-and-forty-foot diesel-powered yachts and I might mention in passing that the chap who owns a ten-foot sailing dinghy is heard and recognized just as quickly as the man who owns the one-hundred-and-forty-foot diesel-powered yacht. The type of boat you own in this organization or whether you are in the $2,000 or the $75,000 bracket makes no difference, if you are a yachtsman. That is the outstanding requisite.

The Hampton Yacht Club is located near the mouth of Hampton River, about three miles west of Old Point Comfort. The harbor is landlocked and vessels are well protected there in the most severe northeast storms. There are, of course, shopping facilities in the town of Hampton, about a ten-minute walk from the yacht club property. We have among our members outstanding yachtsmen of the New York Club, Cruising Club of America, New York Atlantic Club, Royal Swedish Yacht Club, etc.

There is much historic lore on the lower peninsula within short distances of the Hampton Yacht Club, among which are Fort Monroe, Langley Field, Hampton Institute and the Mariners' Museum. This museum is only a short ride from the yacht club property and is unquestionably the finest marine museum in the country.

There are excellent gas and oil facilities adjacent to the yacht club, all standard brands of gas and oil being available." (Illustration facing page 140.)

Dinner at the yacht club was fine, and after it a quarterdeck gab-fest was held, participated in by the genial Commodore and some of his club members. Some of the yarns are not for the log, but a few will pass the censor. As sent to Skip by letter for this log they are:

"New Jersey mosquitoes have gotten all the publicity, but do they merit their carefully built-up reputation for ferocity?

No, said the skipper, answering his own question. They are sissies compared with the breed produced down at Smith's Island; man, they're No. 1 insect pests. I've known those skeeters to drive a boatload of hemen out onto the ocean to face the peril of German U-boats rather than spend a night at the island.

It happened during World War I when enemy submarines were operating along the Atlantic Coast. Several telephone experts started out from

Cape Charles in a cutter to install the final gadget in a submarine telephone line between Cape Henry and Cape Charles.

One thing happened after another or threatened to happen. Off the lee shore of Fisherman's Island one cylinder blew a gasket and feverish repairs had to be made to escape being blown ashore.

While the crew worked over the engine the telephonists threw over the fishing lines. But the fish were not biting that day. The biting came later and it wasn't from fish.

With engine humming again, the boat was headed over the shallows to Smith's Island. She grounded. Over went the lines during the wait for the tide. But the fish were not biting. After the craft lifted a little progress was made, but again she grounded.

Those on board prepared to spend the night there. Hardly had they settled down to sleep when there came a shrill buzzing from the shore. Louder and louder it came. And then with a screech like a hundred scream bombs, big mosquitoes dove in from all directions.

'Buzz! Slap! Damn' from all over the boat.

'Say,' yelled the official in authority, 'this is hell. Let's head for the ocean and spend the night out there.'

'What about the U-boats,' yelled someone between damns and slaps.

'I'd rather risk it,' yelled the official, jumping up and down on one bare foot while he frantically scratched the other ankle.

'Hell, let's go,' yelled two or three more, 'and fast!'

The cutter was floating again and water churned as she roared off. The engine was not throttled down until the craft was several miles out on the ocean. There a comfortable night was spent and not a U-boat was sighted."

"The remarkable thing to me about that story," said Skip, "is not only its humor, but the fact that the writer is eighty-four years old." He then handed a letter to Mate and said: "Read that from an old gunning companion of yours." Mate read:

"When Eliza of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' crossed the ice she at least could jump from cake to cake to escape the bloodhounds.

Not so the hero, or rather the victim, of this narrative. He had to swim through the ice floes in mid-February and narrowly missed checking in at the Pearly Gates.

It happened on the Patuxent River. Planning some Winter gunning, he landed at Williams Wharf, equipped with a trunk, a gun and a dog, and waited there for water transportation to the home of a friend on Battle Creek.

Finally a negro rowing a frail skiff came along and said he was to take the hunter to his destination. The two men, the dog and the impedi-ments were loaded in the flimsy craft and a start was made, with the negro rowing slowly.

All went well until a light fog blanketed the river, on which new ice was forming. The negro asked the gunner if he could see Sycamore Point. The gunner stood. That proved to be a serious mistake.

The dog thinking a landing was to be made lunged against one side of the skiff, tilting it. The trunk moved from its position and smote the gunner under the knees, sending him overboard. Trunk, dog and gun followed.

Threshing his way to the surface in twenty feet of freezing water, the hunter was amazed to see that the skiff had righted itself and that the negro was rowing madly toward the shore.

Swimming as best he could mid the ice and shouting at the top of his voice, he prevailed upon the negro to turn around and rescue them. When the hunter and dog were back in the boat the negro explained that he had started off to get help. Further questions revealed that the 'help' was to have been gotten at a farm about a mile inland.

By that time the hunter was so angry he just didn't feel cold. Next day the trunk and gun were recovered with a pair of oyster tongs."

Mate handed the letter back, and Skip said: "Handy, here's one on you lawyers":

"An outing of the Baltimore Bar Association some years ago by bay steamer clear to the Capes and back, included a stop at Williamsburg, or rather the steamer stopped at Yorktown and busses took the large group to Williamsburg.

When one small group of a dozen or so were visiting the Colonial jail, in the basement of the Court House, they were surprised somewhat to find it the real thing, with one colored youth a prisoner. Asked how long he had been confined, the boy said about a week, and that his trial was to come up that very afternoon.

The spokesman for the visiting lawyers, a bit high and just oozing the milk of human kindness, said: 'Boy, you sure are in luck, for there are two hundred and fifty lawyers on this visit to Williamsburg today and you can have any or all of them appear in your defense, what do you say to that?' The boy looked down, looked up, squirmed a bit and then faltered: 'Deed, Boss, I doan want no lawyers, but effen eny o you gem-men has a cigarette, I'd thank 'e for one'."



EYRE HALL — Ralph T. Whitelaw
Eastern Shore of Virginia



EYRE HALL — Ralph T. Whitelaw
Eastern Shore of Virginia

Illustration for the story o

orchester County's Islands"



Courtesy of Maryland Historical Society



SAILING CRUISERS RACE P. C. Chambliss



Racing Yawl TORBATROSS J. Abner Sayler, Jr.

Skip then read one from a classmate of his re liars and fishermen:

"There is a physician on the Eastern Shore who is also an ardent fisherman. One night after a long afternoon on the Bay with his lines and tackle, he received an urgent call to go to a home some distance away to assist in a maternity case.

Jumping into his car he was soon at the place and with the help of a nurse delivered a bouncing baby boy. The admiring father and other relatives gathered around and began to speculate on its weight. There being nothing handy for the purpose, the doctor sent the nurse out to the car to fetch his fishing scale.

It was scrubbed clean and the infant laid therein. All eyes were fixed on the face of the scale. The needle swung back and forth violently and slowly stopped dead—at twenty-seven pounds. Whereupon the physician blushed deeply and went home."

"Before we adjourn for the night," Doc spoke up, "here is something worth while from Matthew Page Andrews. Quiet please while I read it":

JAMESTOWN AND "THE TEMPEST" STORY

Of the many things that may be said of old Jamestown as the site of the first permanent English settlement the least known is Shakespeare's connection therewith, in the sense that he derived therefrom the inspiration, and part of his theme, for "The Tempest."

This conclusion follows the findings of a score of Shakespearean specialists, beginning with Morton Luce of England, who, at the turn of the century, picked up definite clues, down to the more recent contributions of Gayley of California, Kittredge of Harvard, Campbell of Columbia, Cawley of Princeton, Spencer of Johns Hopkins, Hotson of Haverford, H. G. Gray and others. The evidence thus gathered points clearly to Shakespeare's immediate inspirational source in certain portions of a letter written at Jamestown by William Strachey and addressed to an "excellent Lady."

I have stated in conversation, but never in print, that this is "the longest letter ever written by a man to a woman on matters not associated with emotional devotion," thereby indicating that I fear someone may yet confute me by citing a longer one! Hence this assertion is strictly confidential with the voyagers on the Chesapeake Cruise. In short, the Strachey letter contains over twenty thousand words; and it is quite possible that some measure of exalted respect for the noble lady was behind a composition of so great length. Professor Gayley believed that the addressee was

Elizabeth Howard—incidentally a good Maryland name—and she was born a Hume—coincidentally an equally good Virginia name.

Besides the identity of the "excellent Lady," not yet definitely determined, several questions promptly present themselves, such as: Who was William Strachey? How did Shakespeare come upon the letter? When was it written, and how do we reach the conclusion that Shakespeare used it?

By way of a start, William Strachey was the first officially appointed secretary of the Virginia colony; and the romantic incident included in his letter concerned the wreck of the *Sea Venture*, flagship of a fleet bound for Jamestown loaded with settlers and supplies. He was a survivor of this mid-Summer hurricane, which sank one vessel and flung the flagship upon the coral reef of what Shakespeare called the "still vex't Bermoothes," previously known as the "Devil's Lands," a spot long avoided by sailors and settlers alike.

Again in the strictest confidence of the Cruise, I would venture another assertion; namely, that Strachey's account stands today as the most graphic ever written of a storm at sea. The very vividness of his narration would alone have stirred the imagination of the dramatist.

The wreck occurred in July, 1609; and, almost a year later, Strachey, with Admirals Somers and Newport, Sir Thomas Gates, and the crew and passengers of the *Sea Venture* arrived at Jamestown in two Bermuda-built ships. From Jamestown Strachey shortly sent his letter to the "excellent Lady"; and, according to Professor Kittredge, "The Tempest" made its debut on the English stage in 1611-12.

There are entirely too many known connections between Strachey and his friends, on the one hand, and Shakespeare and the members of the Virginia-London Company, on the other, to be mentioned here. It should be noted, however, that Strachey and Shakespeare had been neighbors, and that Lady Howard's husband was a member of the company, of which the Earl of Southampton, Shakespeare's first patron, was the most powerful supporter. Yet these associations point to, rather than establish, the now-indubitable conclusion that "The Tempest" was inspired by Strachey's description of the Bermudian "hurricane." For confirmation we look largely to the internal evidence of the letter and the similarities in letter and drama. Shakespeare's presentation of the storm brewed by Prospero's magic differs from Strachey's account of the actual hurricane chiefly in the matter of shortening and setting. In real life, as in the play, all on board the ship are saved. Thereafter the dramatist turns to the legends surrounding the "Devil's Lands," to which he adds certain actual incidents. In real life the strange sounds heard by passing sailors were, in part at

least, found to be the grunts and squeals of hundreds of swine, whose progenitors had been sixteenth century Jonahs cast adrift from a Spanish ship. As Thomas Coryate put it:

> Of the *Bermudos* . . .
> Kep't, as supposed, by Hell's infernal dogs
> Our Fleet found there most honest courteous hogs.

How Shakespeare must have delighted in that original rumor of devils! which he proceeded to convert into the witch Sycorax and her deformed progeny, Caliban, the mooncalf tortoise of real and imaginary crews. Then in the comedy we find the Bard's version of the social theories set forth by some of the shipwrecked company, represented in the play by the well-meaning Gonzalo and by Stephano, who could have been no other than the Stephen Hopkins whose socialistic-communistic beliefs may be said to have their echoes in the Chesapeake Bay region of today—specifically Washington!

Not only did Shakespeare adapt the personnel of the *Sea Venture,* but he also made use of scarcely altered phrases, and occasionally Strachey's very terms. The record of such borrowings and analogies would fill many pages; hence it seems more in the order of cruising entertainment to indulge in odd bits of speculation as to Shakespeare's knowledge of American happenings in connection with the colony which his noble patron was so actively projecting.

In old England there were small, itinerant Barnums; and Trinculo said of his fellow-countrymen: "When they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian." Trinculo referred to the showing of Indians alive, if feasible, otherwise dead. On discovering Caliban, he figured the monster would make a highly profitable sideshow, or a whole one, declaring: "Were I in England now, as I once was, and had but this fish painted, not a holiday fool there but would give a piece of silver."

Robert Ralston Cawley has made the intriguing suggestion that Caliban was intended to personify the American savages, whom Prospero, representing the Virginia Company, sought to civilize. Certainly both Caliban and the Indians wanted to be let alone, and they were alike in trying to exterminate their would-be uplifters.

From the English point of view, there may be added the conjecture of this deponent that Miranda personified the virgin continent, then known alternately as Virginia or America; and Ariel as the spirit of liberty set free in the New World. This double concept was graciously tolerated by that distinguished Shakespearean scholar, Professor Kittredge, who also consented to consider the more tangible possibility that the name Prospero

could have derived from the Earl of Southampton's good ship *Prosperous*, then plying between London and Jamestown.

Flying at last far afield on the wings of fancy, as all sailors have license to do, this Cruiser may now suggest, in connection with Prospero's attempted schooling of Caliban, the very tenuous thought that it was none other than the Bard of Avon who inspired that student body to give to Anglo-American literature our first college yell in:

'Ban, 'Ban, Ca— Caliban!
Has a new master. Get a new man.

CHAPTER XV

THE JAMES RIVER

THE crew had enjoyed a congenial evening at the club, and felt fairly fit for old fellows who had had much too much to drink. It is wonderful, but true, that hangovers are infrequent on cruises. In the first place, these old men had no excuse for not knowing their capacities without resulting "morning sickness," not the kind the gals have when they're that way, but the kind calling for the Bromo-Seltzer and aromatic spirits of ammonia. They all were able to snaffle some breakfast—eat it, not drink it—and then soon got under way.

Across Hampton Roads lay Norfolk in the bright sunlight, with its huge naval station—our largest, it is said—also its large fertilizer plants and other industries, belching smoke and contributing to the oil slick noticed on the water. Soon they left behind the city of Newport News, with its yards and docks, on the way up river for more historic home visits. The Portsmouth Naval Hospital, with its lovely yards and grounds, and the many pretty homes nearby, were noticed. The Nansemond River and the bridge to Fishing Point. Skip mentioned that George Washington himself did the original survey for the Dismal Swamp Canal, which was finally built in 1828, forty-five years after the survey. It was dug by slave labor. Skip said he would take that inland waterway to Florida some day, if his health held out, and he could ever persuade his wife and a congenial couple to go along—some late Fall, spend the Winter in Florida, and come back the same way in April.

The *Fanny* made the run (with the wind easterly, some twelve miles an hour) to Jamestown Island in about an hour and a half, and en route Mate read a delightful poem by a contemporary, an old-time Baltimorean, who for quite some years has been living on his large farm near the western boundary of the State of Virginia and at the headwaters of the James. The poem is as follows:

THE JAMES RIVER

From the blue-grass fields of Highland; from the pine-clad peaks of Bath,
Through the Alleghany meadows runs my ever-swelling path.
Fretted by my rock-strewn ripples; dimpled by the scented breeze,
Casting back the blue of Heaven and the good green of my trees,
Here the trout bask in my shallows, in my pools the great bass lie,

I'm a solace to the jaded and a joy to every eye.
Through my wide-flung fertile valleys, through my gorges see me swing,
I was christened by a Soldier, and he named me for a King,
Now I cleave the hills of Richmond, now I meet the racing tide,
Now I form a sheltered haven where a Nation's ships may ride.
On my banks for generations there was left a high bequest
By the men who wrought the cradle of Freedom of the West,
Of Virginia's jewel casket, mine to hold the magic key,
With my head crowned by my Mountains, and my feet lapped by the Sea.

—Cumberland H. H. Rumbold.

JAMESTOWN AND THE JAMES RIVER

The first permanent settlement by the English on the North American Continent began in April, 1607, when Captain Christopher Newport, in command of the ships *Sarah Constant*, *Godspeed* and *Discovery*, arrived in the James River, literally driven in by the violence of a storm. Captain John Smith was among these adventurous settlers.

At its entrance from the Chesapeake Bay, the James River varies in width between two and four miles and its banks are low. Proceeding up the river about forty miles, Captain Newport dropped anchor at Jamestown Island on the 13th of May, 1607. This island, approximately two and a half miles in length and from a quarter to one and a half miles in width, was in those days joined to the north shore of the river by a narrow strip of land. There were one hundred and five colonists, among whom Captain John Smith was kept a prisoner on shipboard for some insubordination. Death at the hands of the Indians or from malaria and their many hardships reduced this number to a bare thirty-eight by January of 1608, when another one hundred settlers arrived. A period of famine followed, when roots, wild berries and herbs afforded the only means of subsistence. Discouraged and worn out with the hardships of the inhospitable land, the survivors in June 1610, boarded ship for England. Just near the Capes they met the supply ships commanded by Governor Lord de la Ware, and were persuaded by him to try again. They returned and Jamestown was built.

While the town was never anything but small and possessed comparatively few buildings, it was the seat of government for the colony. The first church services were held under a canvas shelter tied to tree trunks. These services were conducted by the Rev. Robert Hunt, who came with the colonists. A church was soon built of logs, the first Church of England in America; this was burned down, but rebuilt in 1608, and then a third church, built of wood, was erected very near the old site in 1617. On the

ruins of the latter. another church was built in 1640, and its old tower stands today as a priceless memento of America's earliest settlement. This tower, some brick foundations and a few broken tombstones, one of which was erected to the wife of Sir William Berkeley, Royal Governor, are about all that remain of the original town. Some other foundations were found under water, which long ago encroached upon the town site, which lay but a few feet above river level. Such historic ruins as still exist are now carefully protected by a seawall.

The town was swept by fire on three occasions; the second time being in the rebellion led by Nathaniel Bacon in 1676. During this outbreak Governor Berkeley was forced to flee to the Eastern Shore, but after his return hung many of the traitors, or perhaps, conforming to the delicacy of democratic views, rebels would be a less offensive word. After this conflagration Jamestown was partially rebuilt and the stockade repaired.

In 1619 the first English legislative assembly met here and, in 1699, following another terrible conflagration, the House of Burgesses met at Jamestown for the last time. After nearly a century it was then admitted that the site had been ill-chosen, and it was decided that the capital should henceforth be the "Middle Plantation," which was midway of the peninsula formed by the James and York Rivers. Thus deserted, the ruin of Jamestown progressed apace, aided by time and the encroachment of the water. Its greatest enemy, though, had been malaria. On "The Middle Plantation" rose the new capital, classic Williamsburg, named in honour of William III of Orange, King of England.

Considerable work was done in the opening years of the present century, both in preserving the ruins and in adorning the site of ancient Jamestown, which is now in the custody of the Association for the Preservation of Virginia Antiquities. Within the grounds of the old church, a new church was built at the expense of the Colonial Dames of America; also, a museum constructed of brick was a gift from the Daughters of the American Revolution. The latter was wrecked by a veritable hurricane, and restored through the generosity of Mary Custis Lee. There is also a monument in commemoration of the first General Assembly in 1619, and overlooking the James River statues of Captain John Smith and Pocahontas have been erected. The site of the chapel where Pocahontas was baptized is now under water, but the foundations of three of the early wooden churches can still be seen. By 1622, or as early as fifteen years after the arrival of the first colonists, settlements had been made and homes were rising on both shores of the James River, from what is now Newport News to Falling Creek. These settlers were of pure English stock, as evidenced by the names they gave to rivers, plantations and homesteads;

there was no promiscuous immigration in those days. On the south side of the James, about ten miles northwest of Norfolk, is St. Luke's (or Smithfield) Church, with square tower and Gothic walls and windows; built in 1632, it is claimed to be the oldest Protestant church in all the Americas. It, too, has passed through the vicissitudes of fortune, but has been worthily restored. A bit north and further inland is Smithfield, named for Captain John Smith, and famous for generations for its hams. A little inland and more to the north there is an old fort of considerable interest, called Bacon's Castle, because it was held by him in the rebellion of 1676. Overlooking the river on the north shore is "Carter's Grove," built in 1751 by Carter Burwell, a grandson of "King" Carter of Corotoman. It is a large Colonial house, flanked by wings, which are not connected with the main building. There is a great hall with heavy cornices to which the wall paneling reaches. In the rear of a wide arch the impressive stairway ascends. Fine carving ornaments the hall and adjoining rooms. This house was occupied by British troops during the Revolution and was considerably damaged by them.

On the south shore of the James River, nearly opposite Jamestown, is Gray's Creek. A couple of miles up this creek from where it joins the river is the "Warren House," the oldest brick house still standing in Virginia. The land on which it was built in 1651 was a gift from the Indian king to Thomas Rolfe, the son of John Rolfe and Pocahontas. The building is about fifty feet front, and one and one-half stories in height, with gable roof.

At Swann's Point, which is the western tip of Gray's Creek, a court of inquiry was held in 1677 by the Commissioners, who came to Virginia on orders from King Charles II, to determine the reasons or justification for the disastrous rebellion led by Nathaniel Bacon.

For the lovers of the past, its charm of life and the precious relics which still remain to us, there can be no more enchanting ground in all the Chesapeake country than both shores of the James—the erstwhile "River of Powhatan."

It was time for lunch when the Jamestown visit was concluded, and by unanimous vote it was decided to make it a running one of sandwiches, to be eaten in the cockpit, excepting the one man at the wheel, who would be relieved long enough to do likewise. The thirty miles from Jamestown Island to "Shirley," the furthest up river they planned to go, took some three hours. They were glad to stretch their legs on the grounds of "Shirley," where the owner, a most charming gentlewoman, showed them about and helped Doc with the story of the place, which follows:

SHIRLEY

(Illustration facing page 101)

West of Eppes Island on the James River, and almost opposite the mouth of the Appomattox, is "Shirley." The original grant for the land was made in 1660 to Colonel Edward Hill, who was a member of the House of Burgesses. His son, also a man of very considerable importance in the colony, died in 1700 and was buried on the estate.

Upon the death of the third Edward Hill without heirs, the plantation passed to his sister, the wife of John Carter the second, eldest son of "King" Carter of Corotoman. Their granddaughter married General "Light Horse Harry" Lee, of Revolutionary fame, and became the mother of Robert E. Lee. "Shirley" has never been for sale and has remained in the hands of descendants of the Carter family.

The house was built by one of the early Carters, but the date is unknown. It stands on a vast lawn, with great oaks about it, and affords a magnificent view over the waters of the James. There is a carefully laid out old-fashioned flower garden, fenced with boxwood, which lies to the left side of the house.

The large, square, brick building is of three full stories, with double hip roof, resembling a mansard in appearance though tapering to a point capped by a cone. Above this roof immense chimneys rise. A total of eighteen dormer windows, each made up of twenty small panes, peer from the four sides. The great portico is two stories high, with a second-story porch, and supported by four plain white columns. The whole external appearance is one of massiveness. The house now has no wings, but it is believed that wings once existed, and were set out forward of the building line of the main building and joined to it by curving arcades or covered passage-ways. The brick work is one of the unusual features of this mansion; laid in the familiar Flemish bond, the headers are glazed black and contrast with the pale red stretchers. There are also lesser buildings of brick erected in the rear of the main house. The great rooms of the first floor are paneled to the heavy and elaborate cornices; richly carved door frames and mantels add to their elegance. The crowning glory of the old home is the spacious, paneled hall with its graceful, open-string, double-balustered stairway, which rises to a landing and then sweeps to the right; all of it exposed to view from this great hall. Those houses which possess such woodwork as "Shirley" are indeed rare. The collection of antique furniture, silver and portraits is in full keeping with the other appointments of the mansion.

After the death of Captain Robert Randolph Carter, of the Confederate Navy, his wife retained title to the estate until her death in 1906, when it passed to her daughters, one of whom, Mrs. M. C. Oliner, is the present owner.

East downstream to "Westover," but a half hour run, brought them to another fine home, where they were again welcomed by the owner, and took the drink, which the nearness to lunch, had made them decline at "Shirley." The story of "Westover" follows:

WESTOVER

(Illustration facing page 110)

One of the most outstanding homes of the tidewater country, and indeed of the colonies as a whole, is "Westover," the ancestral estate of the Byrd family. William Byrd the first and his wife came from England in 1674 and built a house, which was named "Belvedere," near the falls of the James River. He purchased the plantation, which for sometime had been known as "Westover," from Theodorick Bland in 1688. It is situated on the James, slightly above Herring Creek and behind Ducking Stool Point. The mansion was built in 1730 by William Byrd the second, who was born the year of his father's arrival in Virginia.

The great, dark red brick house rests upon a bluff and faces the river. About it are tulip poplars approaching the two-century mark in age, and from it a wide, glossy-smooth lawn stretches to the water. In the rear, the entrance to the grounds is through brick pillars, ten feet high, supporting great, hammered iron gates made in England. The pillars are capped with the Byrd family crest, cast in brass.

The central building, about sixty feet wide, rises three full stories. On the first floor three equally spaced windows look out from each side of the massive portal; seven similar windows span the front of the second floor, and on the third floor five dormers pierce each side of the extremely steep hip roof, from near the four corners of which rise towering chimneys. The beautiful white portal is made of Corinthian columns supporting a heavy but graceful cornice, above which is a carved pineapple within a broken pediment. Grey stone steps in the shape of a truncated cone lead to the front entrance. From both sides at the top of the portal a broad white course extends and acts as a line of demarcation between the first and second floors. The symmetry of the building is nowhere interfered with by porches.

A large wing is joined to each end of the house by a gallery. These wings are one and a half stories; the one on the right has a gambrel



EYRE HALL — Ralph T. Whitelaw
Eastern Shore of Virginia



HAMPTON YACHT CLUB SCENE — H. F. Jorgensen



KER PLACE — Ralph T. Whitelaw
Eastern Shore of Virginia



VAUCLUSE — Ralph T. Whitelaw
Eastern Shore of Virginia

roof pierced by four dormer windows on each side; that on the left has a gable roof showing three dormers a side. Both roof ends are surmounted by chimneys.

The front door opens on a central hall ten feet wide, which extends the full depth of the house and opens upon the gardens in the rear. From this hall, superbly paneled to its high ceiling, a great stairway with broad treads and exquisitely carved baluster, rises to a landing and with a right turn continues to the second floor. The large reception room or parlour opens on the right; here the paneling is capped with an elaborate cornice. There is a beautiful and interesting fireplace with white marble mantel and pediment of Italian workmanship. To the left of the hall are two spacious rooms—library and dining room. All of the first floor rooms are paneled and the ceilings are ornamented with wreaths and medallions in relief. The fireplaces and mantels are noteworthy as well as the great thick doors with heavy brass hardware. The ornamentation of the second-story rooms is in perfect keeping with that of the first floor.

William Byrd the second, the builder of "Westover," was twice married; his first wife was Lucy, daughter of Colonel Daniel Parke, an aide to the Duke of Marlborough; his second marriage was to Maria Taylor of Kensington, England. He had one son and five daughters; among whom, by the first wife, was the beautiful Evelyn, who created a sensation at the Court of King George I in England and became engaged to the Earl of Peterborough, which engagement was broken by her father. She died at an early age, unmarried, and her grave, with that of the first William Byrd, is in the burying ground of old Westover Church. Evelyn's room at "Westover" is still shown and many traditions about her survive.

In the days of William Byrd the second and his children the great house must have been a centre of entertainment and hospitality for the country around. A man both of character and wit, he died in 1744 and lies in a magnificent tomb in the garden at "Westover." The estate then passed to William Byrd the third, who followed in the tradition of his father. He died in 1777 and left the homestead to his widow, at whose death it was sold. The Selden family for many years owned it; from them it was purchased by Major Augustus Drewry, who in turn sold it to Mrs. C. S. Ramsay. At present "Westover" is the property of Mr. Richard Crane.

Downstream on the south shore of the river they found another welcome at "Lower Brandon," which had been assured by a courteous telephone request by their host at "Westover." The tour of the grounds and house was indeed delightful, and its story which follows was most interesting:

LOWER BRANDON

(Illustration facing page 110)

On the south bank of the James River, near Claremont Wharf, Ward and Chipoaks Creeks form a peninsula. This land was granted to John Martin, who came to Virginia with Captain Newport and Captain John Smith. The tract of about seven thousand acres was then known as "Martin's Brandon," and the original grant, a priceless curio, is still in existence.

During the seventeenth century the plantation passed to several different owners, among whom two are memorable for their illustrious connections: Richard Quiney, whose brother, Thomas, was the husband of William Shakespeare's daughter, Judith; and John Harvard's wife was the niece by marriage of a subsequent proprietor.

Nathaniel Harrison, son of Benjamin Harrison the second, came into possession of the estate in 1720. His son, Nathaniel the second, built the house now known as "Lower Brandon." Benjamin Harrison the third, son of Nathaniel the second, married Evelyn Taylor Byrd, daughter of Colonel William Byrd the third and niece of the famous Evelyn of "Westover." At the death of Benjamin Harrison the third, his oldest son, George Evelyn Harrison, inherited the house and part of the land; the younger son, William Byrd Harrison, fell heir to the western part of the land and built the other famous house called "Upper Brandon." The Harrison family has been prominent throughout Virginia history, and has produced two Presidents of the United States—William Henry Harrison and his grandson, Benjamin Harrison. Their connections by marriage include the Carters, Byrds, Fitzhughs, Randolphs and others. For well over two centuries the grand old estate remained in the possession of the Harrison family. The present owner is the Estate of Robert W. Daniel.

"Lower Brandon" mansion is of red brick and in the style of an English manor house. There is a rectangular central building, two stories high, joined on each side by a long, one-story passageway to a two-story wing. The main house and also the wings have hip roofs. Chimneys rise from the ends of the central structure, but from the front and rear of the wings. The rooms are spacious and the ceilings high. The handsome dining room is paneled from floor to ceiling. A great central hall runs through the house, and this is wainscoted and spanned by a triple arch supported by Corinthian columns. Through the arch on the left the great stairway rises to a landing and turns to the right. A large white portico protects the front entrance. The house possesses a fine lot of family heirlooms, among which the most important are the treasured Byrd portraits from "Westover."

The house is high above the river and about one-fifth of a mile from it. Enormous trees surround the buildings on all four sides and almost hide them. The garden by the riverside is divided into eight equal parts, four on each side of a path leading to the great oblong terrace, which spreads out in front of the house. Landscape gardening, boxwood borders and a vertitable forest in the rear, make the grounds among the most memorable to be found in the tidewater country.

The run from "Lower Brandon" down stream to Norfolk, fifty miles, was with the *Fanny* stepping out at twelve knots. Arrived, they tied up at a boat club, in the Elizabeth, and went to town. The story of Norfolk follows:

NORFOLK

Norfolk today is a busy modern city, acting as a hub for the surrounding towns of Portsmouth, across the Elizabeth River to the west, Old Point Comfort, Hampton and Newport News on the northern side of Hampton Roads. A finer anchorage than that afforded by Hampton Roads would be hard to find, and it is frequently said that the combined navies of the world could be accommodated there. Old Fortress Monroe and mine fields protect the approach from the Capes, and Norfolk is the location of a great base for the United States Navy. The country about Portsmouth and the Elizabeth River in the early days was among the lands of that vanished Indian tribe known as the "Chesapeacks." Across the Roads the little town of Hampton is said to be the oldest English-speaking community now existing in America. Newport News is now engaged in shipbuilding on an extensive scale, and is a great tidewater shipping point for coal.

Norfolk, lying on a peninsula formed by the Elizabeth and LaFayette Rivers, by virtue of its railroads and vast water-borne commerce, ranks among the chief ports of the country. When British troops in 1775 were about to take the city, the inhabitants destroyed it by fire to prevent the enemy from deriving any advantage by its capture. From its ashes in due time a new city arose, not the historic old Norfolk of Colonial days, but a commercial city. A few grand old landmarks have survived to absorb a visitor's interest. There is on Church Street "Old St. Paul's Church," one of the most quaint and inspiring relics in America. Built in 1739 in Norman style, its walls are ivy-clad and it stands amid a shrubbery-bordered churchyard, in which are to be found graves dating back to nearly three hundred years ago. The charm of the old brick building, with its gable roof, is its simplicity. Above the porch supported by columns,

there is a finely designed circular rose window. The interior was severely damaged by cannon balls from ships under the command of Lord Dunmore during the Revolution, and one cannon ball still may be seen in the church wall. The damage was repaired and again, in 1892, the interior was restored. The site is that on which the "Chapel of Ease" had stood for many years, before the present church replaced it.

The building contains a marble font which is a reproduction of one given by "King" Carter of Corotoman to Christ Church, and the chair used by John Hancock at the signing of the Declaration of Independence.

On the outskirts of the city by the shore of Broad Creek is "Poplar Hall." The ground on which the building stands came into the possession of the first of the Hoggard family about 1650, and their descendants have retained the property throughout the three intervening centuries. The house is a large, dignified, brick structure with gable roof and spacious rooms.

They were all tired when the *Fanny* tied up again at the Hampton Yacht Club, but managed to wobble up to the club for a sociable night-cap, or two, or three, before turning in.

CHAPTER XVI

ACROSS TO EASTERN SHORE OF VIRGINIA

HAMPTON ROADS is the south end of the Chesapeake Bay, its entrance between Cape Charles at the north and Cape Henry at the south, with Norfolk about sixteen miles west of the latter. It is a marvelous natural harbor, which can accommodate the entire United States fleet without crowding or hampering traffic. Its outstanding landmarks for the yachtsman include the dome of the Soldiers' Home at Hampton, the Old Point Comfort, Fort Wools and Newport News Middle Ground lights, the massive Chamberlain-Vanderbilt Hotel at Old Point Comfort, and the grounds, buildings and ancient battlements of Fortress Monroe; of the latter its chief activity for years has been the Coast Artillery School.

The Hampton River separates Hampton on its west from Phoebus on its east, and from the yacht club location on it, the run to Old Point Comfort was but a matter of twenty minutes. The crew of the *Fanny* had made their final adieux to the genial Commodore the night before, but went up to thank and bid farewell to the steward and several of the members who were armchair captains for the nonce. They tied up at Old Point, made a tour of the old fort and the pretty town, and then returned for luncheon de luxe at the Chamberlain-Vanderbilt.

At half past two they were under way, with the *Fanny* pointed north for Cape Charles. Once well out in the grand old Bay, Skip reminded them of the time they had crossed it from Gloucester Point in the York River, some ten years ago, and while a stiff breeze was blowing when they cleared York Spit, it had developed into a half gale with torrential rain before they got across. He recalled that at least two of them insisted that he was lost, and the boat, a double cabin Richardson—one of *Fanny's* many predecessors—was out in the broad Atlantic. As a matter of fact, you could not see much over a hundred yards in the downpour, with the northeaster throwing spray and some green water over the bow, but she hit Cape Charles harbor right on the nose! Was that navigation, or luck?

They all remembered that when they got back of that breakwater, they found a tie-up spot and laid there doggo for thirty-six hours before it was safe to continue their way homeward via the Eastern Shore. In fact, the morning after their arrival they saw the entire trawler fleet come in to hide and heard the Cape Henry Weather Bureau report on their radio: "The wind velocity is now sixty miles an hour." Doc left them, as he knew they would be two days late in getting home and he had

important work in his Lenin-decorated lab that had to be done before that. He caught the first ferry which ran to Norfolk—even the ferries stayed put for a while that day.

The *Fanny's* crossing of that wide open piece of fine Chesapeake Bay was entirely uneventful. The wind, from the northeast, about ten miles per hour, bucked her all the way, but they were in Cape Charles at half past five. They went direct to a small boat yard the Skipper knew. He left word with the watchman that he wanted her gassed, watered and iced up. Also in the early morning a check-up by the yard mechanic, including a change of motor oil and a minor adjustment of the reverse gear.

The crew explored Cape Charles, found it little changed in a decade, and in due course bought a bad dinner and saw a worse movie—their first since leaving home. Incidentally one of the practices of these Four Old Men was never to read a newspaper on a cruise, for if Doc had to satisfy his craving for news, God knows the radio filled his need, with newscasters at it *ad nauseam.*

That evening, after the ill effects of the miserable movie were drowned in beer, Skip produced a letter from a gentleman at Accomac, who was to be their host and guide the next day; its subject, "Ye Plantation of Acchawmacke" intrigued them, being a sort of highlighting of the early history of the Eastern Shore of Virginia. The letter follows:

THE EASTERN SHORE OF VIRGINIA

By Ralph T. Whitelaw

The Eastern Shore of Virginia consists of the counties of Northampton and Accomack. During the early days of Jamestown, this section was referred to either as the Eastern Shore, or as Accomack (the Indian name), which, liberally translated, means "on the other side of the water place."

In June 1608 Captain John Smith landed on the Shore during his voyage of exploration about the Bay. In 1614 the little outpost of Dale's Gift was established near the end of the peninsula to catch fish and boil sea water down to salt on Smith's Island, but it was not a permanent settlement.

Trading with the peaceful Shore Indians developed and one of the traders, Thomas Savage, became quite friendly with Debedeavon, "The Laughing King," who gave him a tract of nine thousand acres in 1620 and he became the first permanent white settler. He came to Virginia in 1608 and is the earliest of the Jamestown arrivals whose descendants are known, so that the name of Savage is the oldest in the thirteen original colonies. Also in 1620 official settlements were made on the Company's

and the Secretary's Lands on Kings Creek and this side of the Bay became "Ye Plantation of Acchawmacke."

In 1634 Accomack became one of the eight original shires or counties and eight years later the name was changed to Northampton. In 1663 the county was divided; the lower part retaining the name of Northampton, while the upper took the original name of Accomack. Settlement was rapid and before 1675 patents had been granted for all of the land available. In the Court House at Eastville, Northampton, are the oldest continuous county records in the United States, dating back to 1632 without a break.

The friendly soil, productive waters and generally mild climate early attracted desirable settlers of character and during the first century outstanding leaders came from the Custis, Robins, Whittington, Stone, Kendall, Scarburgh, West and other well-known English families. Perhaps because of the isolation the residents on the Shore developed a spirit of independence and as early as 1652 the Northampton Protest was the first expression of opposition to taxation without representation. Again in 1766 the Justices of Northampton County unanimously and officially declared that the Stamp Act of Parliament was unconstitutional.

It has been only within comparatively recent years that this section has been "discovered" by more modern settlers and consequently the original Anglo-Saxon stock still comprises the bulk of the population. They are a friendly people and have proven most hospitable to the "settlers" of later years.

As will be observed on the charts, the Bay side of the Shore is a succession of creeks, reaching inland and separated by necks of land; all combining to offer a delightful kind of real living. Nearly all of the creeks have navigable water for several miles, but since the passing of the steamboat era some of them have developed shoals at the mouths, which are a hindrance to entrance except at full tide. With dredged channels and ample water in them an exploration of Onancock and Occahannock Creeks offers a most enjoyable return for the time involved.

None of the Four Old Men had ever explored the lower part of the Virginia peninsula, which they were to visit the next day, by boat, so their anticipation was keen after this introduction from a man who knows and who was to be their mentor and guide.

Skip spoke up: "That letter reminds me of another I've been holding out on you lads, also found at the Hampton Yacht Club on our arrival. It's from Pete Fish to say that he cannot join us at Fairbank on Tilghman's Island, as we had planned and expected, four days from

now. While it is his day off from arduous editorial activities, he writes that he has just got to use it in making that old Palmer one-lunger perk, otherwise he will have to cease his usually fishless trolling in Round Bay and actually fix a lot of things that need doing in his apartment." They all understood his alibi, expressed regrets that they would not see Pete at Fairbank, and insisted that Skip stop holding out and read the letter, which was of formidable proportions, but they knew would be good stuff. The letter, an article in fact, was read as follows:

CHESAPEAKE BAY FISHING

(Illustrations facing pages 161, 240)

Hope you boys took your fishing tackle along, wrote Peter Fish, in his letter which was read to those on the *Fanny* as she swung at anchor in the perfect harbor of Cape Charles, on the thirteenth stop of her all-Chesapeake cruise. Fishing is a dead-sure way of beating the high cost of cruising and, you can just take it from me, fish from the Chesapeake right into the frying pan are like ambrosia to the tastebuds of the gods.

And you all, as I understand it, are going to amble here and there over the Chesapeake, which has been truly called "a fishing hole a hundred and twenty-five miles long." You ought to be able to catch fish enough for all hands and maybe give some to the natives.

"Yeah, we brought some hooks, lines and sinkers and a few spoons and what-not along," interjected Skip, "but frankly we've found this fishing business to be mostly all hooey."

"No hooey about it, Skip," said Mate. "These scientists—'fishology' fellers—tell me there're over a hundred different species of fish to be found in this old Bay of ours during the fishing season, which is now, and everyone of them is edible.

I don't know whether they're right or wrong about that, but I do know there're plenty of fish in the Bay, and, if you boys have your buttons about you, you'll fill the frying pan at least once a day and have a good time doing it, too. Fish in the pan is a darn sight cheaper than pork chops or beefsteak and just about as tasty." Skip resumed reading:

Haven't got time to tell you all about this fishing game, but here's a few pointers that ought to help keep the goiter down. All fish, crabs and oysters, you know, contain iodine and people who eat their share of seafood seldom are troubled with that disease.

Though it's true there are more than a hundred varieties of fishes in the Bay, the main ones which are most sought for sport and food are comparatively few in number, but they range in size from that derisive

descriptive term "watch charm" to real whoppers which are likely to grow with the telling and retelling of the tale of landing the big 'uns.

The most generally pursued species of the Chesapeake perhaps are striped bass, which is also known as "rock," "rock-fish" or "striper"; the squeateague or sea trout, more commonly known simply as "trout," an all-inclusive term describing the several branches of the "trout" family which come into the Bay; the croaker or "hardhead"; the crocus, a small grayish silvery looking little fish so ofter referred to as "nibblers" and "damned little bait stealers"; the white perch, as fine a pan-fish as anybody would want; the Norfolk spot, usually called "spots" or "spotters," another fine pan-fish which is easily identified by a black spot, slightly smaller than the eye, found on each side of its head; the bluefish (small ones are called snappers), perhaps the most voracious and gamest of all; black drum, which grow to a weight of seventy-five pounds or more, but are not so good as food; the red drum or channel bass, which attains a weight of sixty pounds or more, easily distinguished from its cousin, the black drum, by the decided black spot on its tail; sheepshead, porgies, black sea bass or "black wills," and many others.

In many of the rivers of the Bay, particularly in the coves and toward the headwaters, you'll find pike or pickerel, black bass, white and yellow perch and even catfish.

You often hear it said "the rock are running," or the trout, hardheads or blues "are running." It's a misnomer in a way, for of course fish don't run. What is meant is that schools of the various fishes are in the Bay and are moving about, either seeking the headwaters for the purpose of spawning or are searching for food.

Some of the species, particularly the bluefish, trout, hardhead, shad, herring and the black and red drums, are migratory, just as are the wild ducks and geese and other species of birds which follow the season. These species of fishes, it has been established, come north in Summer and go south in Winter. During the Spring, Summer and early Fall, when the great schools of fishes, which have migrated north either for spawning or following their food, come into the Bay, the fishing may be counted good or bad in relation to the quantities that reach our waters.

Contrary to the general belief in years past, and to the thoughts of many now, the striped bass or rock do not migrate nearly as generally from or into the Bay as do the other species. Stripers, or at least many of them, it has been learned definitely remain throughout the Winter in the Chesapeake, congregating in the deep holes—off Bloody Point in Eastern Bay, Point Patience in the Patuxent, off the Choptank in the Bay and in the lower Potomac—where they hibernate in the cold months and

are caught as long as the fishermen are able to use their nets. No doubt they could be caught on hook and line, too, all the year if anglers were eager and hardy enough to stand the rigors of Winter fishing.

In the early Spring, they leave the deep holes in the Bay and make their way to the headwaters of various rivers to carry out a function of their life-cycle—spawning. It is this Spring and early trek to the spawning ground and the late Fall migration toward the deep holes which undoubtedly has given rise to the former belief that they leave the Bay in the late Fall and return in the Spring, just as do the sea trout, hardheads, blues and other species.

Spawning accomplished, whole schools of the stripers, or rock, range the Bay and rivers seeking food—their main object of search being the alewife, those ghost-like little fishes you see so often just beneath the surface of the water, swimming and turning with military precision, but fluttering at the least disturbance that frightens them. Blues and trout, too, are very fond of alewives, whose flashing sides gave inspiration to the late Larry B. Huntington, one of the most deeply versed fishing guides in the lore of the striped bass.

Huntington evolved a metal spoon bait which when trolled darts through the water in an erratic fashion, simulating an alewife trying to escape. For months, while he was experimenting with the lure in the Chesapeake, catching striped bass when others trying different methods returned empty handed, Huntington became known as a "mystery fisherman."

Once his bait was patented, however, he journeyed far and wide over the Bay and, in fact, to the waters of other States, instructing fishing guides in the use of it. He met his death off Florida when his fishing craft was run down by a steamer. His bait is known as the Huntington Drone, a name which he bestowed on his fishing boats.

Bay fishing might be divided into trolling and still-fishing, with another variation of still-fishing known as "chumming." Generally speaking, rock, blues and trout are caught principally by trolling, for the reason that they are predatory fishes and strike more readily at a moving bait than do the hardheads, black drum, Norfolk spots and such like bottom feeders.

Whether still-fishing or trolling, unless there is someone on board who knows the likely bars and holes where fish may be found, it is a pretty good idea to look up a local fishing guide in most of the tidewater places where you boys will be touching and pay him to direct you. You'll usually save time and money and land more fish by following that rule.



Pratt Library
Collection

BEVERLEY
On the Pocomoke River

Courtesy of
The Sun



Pratt Library
Collection

INGLESIDE
On the Pocomoke River

Photograph by
Don Swann



POPLAR HILL MANSION
On the Wicomico River (Maryland)

From "The Chesapeake Bay Country," by Swepson Earle



PEMBERTON HALL
On the Wicomico River of Maryland

Courtesy of The Sun

Failing in this, ask some local fisherman to tell you where the spots are and follow directions.

But to get back to the methods. In trolling one can use a hand line or rod and reel just as he sees fit. The boat is throttled down to, say, three or four miles an hour and the lines are allowed to pay out one hundred to one hundred and fifty feet astern, each "baited" with the lure which the individual fisherman hopes will be successful.

But whether you elect a metal spoon, white or other colored feathered lures, or bucktail streamers, blood worms and spinners, or a small eel threaded up the snell of a hook behind a spinner, it is a good policy for the fishermen to troll with different weights of sinkers in order that all depths of the waters at which fish may be feeding may be covered.

When one gets a strike then all may change to that weight sinker, the indication being that the fish are feeding at that level. This is a good procedure to follow when trolling "blindly" over grounds known to be good fishing bottoms.

The wise angler, while trolling, keeps his eyes peeled for breaking fish. Frequently, stripers, trout or bluefish when they are feeding on alewives on the surface of the water "break water" in their eagerness to gorge themselves on the succulent little fishes. I have seen the water over an area of many acres simply "boiling" with the splashes of the feeding fish.

When breaking fish are seen, it is the cue to put on speed and get there pronto. Arriving, it is best to troll through the breaking fish, which may or may not go down at the sound of the motor boat. If the fish go down it is good practice to keep trolling in circles through the area in order that you may again locate the feeding fish.

Watch also for sea gulls. A school of feeding fish, whether they are rock, trout or blues charging at the alewives, snapping right and left, and maimed alewives or bits of them float to the surface—tasty tidbits for the scavenger sea gulls. The sight of scores of darting, wheeling, circling sea gulls, sounding their shrill cries in their eagerness to get at the bits of alewives is one to gladden the heart of any follower of Izaak Walton. The circling sea gulls are a dead give-away to feeding fish.

Some fishing guides claim they can "smell" feeding fish—that there is an odor like that of watermelon given off from the oil released by the alewives as they are bitten by the larger fish. I, myself, have caught the odor and on a calm day the "slick" of oil from these feeding fish may be seen on the surface of the water. One has only to "follow one's nose" and "run down" the "slick," when he observes such conditions, to come up with the schools of feeding fish.

In still-fishing, whether simply bating one's hook and letting it sink to the bottom or "chumming," the boat is anchored while the fishermen generally cuss the "nibblers" and hope for the big 'uns.

Bait fishing is perhaps the most generally indulged in for it has been of comparatively recent years that trolling in these parts has come into popularity. There is a "chuminess" about bait fishing which you don't always find in the more active business of trolling. There seems to be more leeway for the wags of the party to get in their wisecracks when someone strains mightily and hauls in a clump of oyster shells or a lusty "toad," or tries his darnest to make the little ones let go to keep from being the target of usually pertinent remarks about being "cradle snatchers," "baby-fish killers" or similar remarks.

Whether you fish with a hand line or rod and reel, bait fishing is essentially bottom fishing. The idea is to get the hooks, baited with luscious morsels of peeler crab, bloodworms, Louisiana shrimp, pieces of clam or small bits cut from less desirable fish. For that reason a sinker of sufficient weight to take the baited hooks to the bottom is tied to the very end of the line.

The first hook is affixed about six inches above the sinker and the second sufficient distance above the first, so that they will not become entangled. It's a good idea to try different baits—peeler crab on one, we'll say, and bloodworms on the other.

When all is set, the sinker is allowed to sink to the bottom, while the angler keeps a sufficiently tight line so that the slightest nibble is telegraphed to the expectant fingers. A quick yank and you may have him or not. It's wise occasionally to lift the sinker a few inches from the bottom, as a moving bait is always more attractive than a stationary one. Even though you haven't felt a bite, look at your bait every now and then just to make sure some "nibblers" or crabs haven't stripped the hooks clean.

When you feel a bite give your line a yank. My, what a thrill it is to haul in a hefty hardhead or perhaps a trout!

"Chumming" is simply attracting fishes to your area by food which is cast overboard and allowed to drift off with the tide. This method is pretty expensive sport, though it's lots of fun and one of the surest ways of catching fish. Small grass shrimp are used in "chumming" for stripers and white perch, while ground-up alewives have proved very successful as "chum" for bluefish and trout. It is not unusual to use four or five gallons of live grass shrimp and even of ground-up alewives or menhaden in "chumming" for blues and trout.

In "chumming" the boat is anchored on fishing grounds known to be productive and the "chum" is scattered in the water at the stern of the boat at intervals and allowed to drift off with the tide. If there are any fish in the vicinity, they soon pick up some of the "chum" and, like chickens following a trail of corn, work their way up toward the source of supply.

As the "chum" is being released over the stern, the anglers' lines with a single hook baited with a piece of the "chum" (menhaden if that is being used or a single shrimp if shrimp is being tried) are allowed to drift out with the "chum." No sinker is attached, so that the line and "chum"-baited hook may be carried out in the same plane with the tide-borne "chum." When "chumming" works successfully, it is not uncommon to attract fish within a short distance of the boat and then the fun is fast and furious. And what a battle a three- or four-pound striper or a blue puts up when he strikes your unweighted line. There are plenty of didoes when you hook into one.

So far as I know, "chumming" with live shrimp was first done in the Chesapeake about a score of years ago by Jimmy Jordan, veteran fishing guide, whom the late Alfred C. Thompson, of Round Bay on the Severn River, persuaded to establish himself in Chesapeake Bay waters. Mr. Thompson met the inimitable Jimmy in Florida, where he fished with him and subsequently Jimmy settled at Severnside, where he soon built up a clientele of enthusiasts for the kind of fishing which he liked best.

It was Jimmy, an ardent advocate of light tackle as a means of getting the greatest thrill out of fishing, who also introduced to the Chesapeake Bay section the art of cotton-thread fishing. This mode of fishing goes hand-in-glove with "chumming" for stripers with live grass shrimp, and Jimmy was an adept at both. Cotton-thread fishing enthusiasts used No. 24 cotton thread, the kind with which Friend Wife attaches the buttons on your shirt, and some of the most ardent disciples used even finer linen thread as lines.

Of course, the secret lay in the rod which was so willowy that it absorbed the strain on the line. A seven- or eight-foot fly rod answers very nicely, though the precise Jimmy and, consequently, most of his adherents, had special cotton-thread rods built to order.

Cotton-thread fishing was more or less of a fad, the ordinary fisherman preferring to use a line of sufficient strength to land his fish without much ado. Consequently, though there are still some who take their cotton-thread outfits with them occasionally to demonstrate the delights of ultra light tackle fishing, the majority of the disciples of Jimmy Jordan have backslid from the high standards he set for them and the

Cotton-Thread Fishing Club which mushroomed from his teachings has long ceased to function.

It was more or less of a pleasant interlude which served to emphasize the thrills to be obtained from the use of light tackle. In the hands of a careful fisherman it is possible to land fish of several pounds in weight with the standard No. 24 O. N. T. cotton thread.

I, myself, have taken bluefish up to three pounds while trolling with cotton thread, and hardheads and stripers of three pounds or better. With cotton thread, or other light tackle for that matter, the fisherman may not catch as many fish, because it takes him longer to land them, but he will feel every movement of his catch and thus get the maximum enjoyment to be had from the landing of each specimen.

And while on the subject of tackle, it is a good rule to follow to use as light rods and lines as is consistent with the type of fishing which you are doing. When one is trolling deep, or still fishing either for that matter, where it is necessary to use five or more ounces of lead, it is farcical to use a light whippy rod that bends almost double with even the weight of the sinker. It is far more comfortable to use a stiffer rod with an adequate multiplying reel that retrieves the line quickly and easily.

By the same token, when trolling near the surface or when still fishing in shallow water, it is cumbersome to use a heavy, stiff rod which kills the action of the fish.

There are some enthusiasts who have gone in for a type of striped bass fishing that is particularly enjoyable for those who like to wield a fly rod. One evening last Summer when the stripers were breaking on Eagle Nest Point Bar in Round Bay, on the Severn, I saw a chap casting from a boat with a fly rod and artificial lure—a white bucktail streamer fly, perhaps—and catching two-pound stripers with a great deal of enjoyment. There's another fellow down at Annapolis who wades the likely bars and casts with a fly rod for stripers. No doubt this could be practiced on any bar or any shore where the water is wadeable or in relatively shallow water from a canoe or rowboat. White and yellow perch, as well as stripers, can be caught by this method of fishing.

Few realize the extent to which sport fishing has grown in Chesapeake Bay waters. Dr. R. V. Truitt, director of the Chesapeake Marine Biological Laboratory, at Solomons, Maryland, a place, by the way, you don't want to miss visiting while you are in this neck of the woods, estimated that upwards of three hundred thousand persons go to Maryland's marine fishing grounds annually to try their luck.

Between six hundred and eight hundred boats are engaged either full time or part time in taking out fishing parties and there are hundreds of other private boats, such as the *Fanny*, which convey pleasure-seeking fishermen to fishing grounds, for which no records are obtainable.

The late Swepson Earle, when he was Conservation Commissioner of Maryland, made a survey of a number of fishing centers for the period of one week, in 1932, announcing afterwards that anglers in search of finny members in the Chesapeake and its tributaries spent more than $100,000 in sport fishing that one week.

By a check of these centers he found that 16,648 persons comprised the fishing parties and that the boat trips totaled 2,621. The average cost of the boat trip was approximately $8.00. The greatest number of boat trips was made by fishing craft from the Solomons Island-Patuxent River district, where, it was tabulated, there were 606 boat trips made during the week, conveying nearly five thousand persons to fishing spots in the area.

It has been estimated that sport fishermen in the Chesapeake catch annually 1,664,700 pounds of fish.

So far for statistics. They only prove that thousands have come to know that from the viewpoint of sport, recreation and food, fishing is worth while. Above all, it has the lure of the unknown, it affords the opportunity to commune with one's self and to sluff off the cares and harassments of this workaday world. Better than anything I have yet read is the summing up of Edgar A. Guest in his immortal poem—

OUT FISHIN'

A fellow isn't thinkin' mean,
Out fishin';
His thoughts are mostly good and clean,
Out fishin';
He doesn't knock his fellow men,
Or harbor any grudges then;
A feller's at his finest when
Out fishin'.

The rich are comrades to the poor,
Out fishin';
All brothers of a common lure,
Out fishin';
The urchin with the pin an' string,
Can chum with millionaire an' king,
Vain pride is a forgotten thing,
Out fishin'.

A feller's glad to be a friend,
Out fishin';
A helpin' hand he'll always lend,
Out fishin';
The brotherhood of rod and line,
An' sky an' stream is always fine;
Men come real close to God's design,
Out fishin'.

A feller isn't plotting schemes,
Out fishin';
He's only busy with his dreams,
Out fishin';
His livery's a coat of tan,
His creed: to do the best he can;
A fellow is always mostly man,
Out fishin'.

CHAPTER XVII

EYRE HALL, VAUCLUSE AND KER PLACE

NEXT morning, with all attended to at the yard as ordered, the crew had an early breakfast and as they passed out the long jetty-protected harbor of Cape Charles, they were glad to find the wind had shifted to the west and was about thirteen miles an hour. Every indication was of continuing fair weather. They sure were shot with weather luck on the cruise so far, with about half of it accomplished.

Their first stop was in Cherrystone Creek, famed for its clams and oysters, only a short run from Cape Charles City, although about twelve miles above the Cape itself. As arranged by telephone that morning, Mr. Whitelaw met them at the pier and introduced them to "Eyre Hall" and a representative of its owner. Its story follows:

EYRE HALL

(Illustrations facing pages 130, 140)

On the Eastern Shore of Virginia about twelve miles north of Cape Charles is Cherrystone Creek. Some two miles from the mouth of this creek lies the estate of "Eyre Hall." The site was a patent in 1636, comprising three hundred acres, to Edward Drew. This, with additional land, was acquired by Colonel William Kendall, who in 1685 bequeathed it to his daughter, Mary, and her husband, Kendall Lee. By them it was entailed through their daughter, Anna. The Lees moved to the Western Shore, and Anna married William Armistead. In 1754 the Armistead family had the entail docked, and then sold the tract to Colonel Littleton Eyre. The estate, which once extended across the peninsula, has remained in the Eyre family ever since. It was the home of Severn Eyre, a Virginia burgess from 1766 to 1773. The present owner is Mrs. Henry D. Baldwin of Baltimore, a direct descendant of the Eyre family. Having had almost continuous owner occupancy, the property has been well kept and is perhaps the outstanding Virginia Eastern Shore home today.

The large, quaint, rambling, white frame house sets behind a great wooded grove, and close to it are many of the outbuildings which made the old-time plantation home an almost self-sufficient community.

Colonel Littleton Eyre built the central part of the house, which was a story and a half structure until shortly after 1800. The end section, which

dates from just about 1800, has a gambrel roof above a single line of green-shuttered windows, and tall chimneys rising from the rear of the roof. At the outside end of the house there is a very handsome cross hall with dignified panel work at one end, while at the other the walls are covered with the French block print paper design "The Banks of the Bosphorus." Both the drawing room and the library, which open off from this hall, have completely paneled walls.

Behind the house is a superb, formal, brick-walled boxwood garden. The brick wall is topped by a picket fence. On one side of this garden, which is among the finest in Virginia, the walls of a large, old orangery are still standing.

The run from "Eyre Hall" to "Vaucluse," which is on another well-known creek, took an hour. The guide and mentor made its navigating easy. There, again, they met with the famous Virginia courtesy, and visited this fine place most enjoyably. Its story is:

VAUCLUSE

(Illustration facing page 141)

"Vaucluse is finely situated on the north bank of Hungar's Creek, perhaps two miles from its mouth. The site is a part of three hundred acres granted in 1638 to the Rev. William Cotton, but soon after acquired by Major William Andrews. It passed from the Andrews family in 1704 to Andrew Hamilton, later to William Waters, and in 1768 to Arthur Upshur, who left it to his son, Littleton Upshur, in 1784. The brick end portion of the present house was built soon after that date. Judge Abel P. Upshur, son of Littleton, inherited the property and by additions much enlarged the house.

Judge Upshur was prominent both in Virginia as a lawyer and judge and nationally as Secretary of the Navy, and later as Secretary of State, succeeding Daniel Webster, during the administration of President John Tyler. While still in office, Judge Upshur was killed with others on February 28, 1844, on the Potomac near Washington by the explosion of a new type of cannon on board the U. S. S. *Princeton.*

The family moved from "Vaucluse" in 1841 when Judge Upshur was appointed Secretary of the Navy, and some few years after his death and the subsequent marriage of his daughter, the property passed through a succession of owners, until a few years ago it was bought by Mr. and Mrs. Verne Minich of Scarsdale, who have with great care handsomely restored the historic place.

The large white frame house with one brick end sets in a beautiful park of grand old shade trees, several acres in extent. The main building is two

stories, with gable roof over a denticulated cornice. From each end and the centre of the roof ridge a chimney rises. On the left of the house, and at right angles to it, a wing projects front; this wing is also two stories, with gable roof, but is not as high as the main building. There are twin one-story porticos in front, each supported by four plain columns and crowned by a pediment. Originally the house had two cross halls, each of which had its separate porch entrance. The hall in the older part has been eliminated, and the right-hand half of the first floor has become one large formal room, with a fireplace at each end. Formerly the first floor was composed of a study, parlour, library, dining room and two cross halls. The old stairway is wide, with low risers. Eight broad windows span the front of the second floor. The wing houses the kitchen and a series of pantries.

From the garden there is a beautiful view over the water, extending to the Chesapeake. From this garden is the way to Little Neck Point with its old oaks, and also past a fine lot of cedar trees to the creek. The descent to water level is fifty feet or more.

They had a running lunch in the two-hour, twenty-odd-mile run from "Eyre Hall" to "Ker Place," which is in the town at the head of the creek of the same name, Onancock. This is the market for miles around, the only rival to Crisfield for the Tangier Islanders. The guest seemed to enjoy the fish chowder a la Maryland, which Doc fixed in his honor—made of some fine fresh sea bass purchased that morning at Cape Charles. He directed Skip to the best tie-up for their visit to the fine old house, "Ker Place." He again accompanied them, facilitating things most kindly. The story of the place follows:

KER PLACE

(Illustration facing page 141)

"Ker Place" is a large, stately and substantial brick dwelling in the attractive town of Onancock, at the head of Onancock Creek. The town is on a part of eight hundred acres granted in 1655 to Christopher Calvert, who sold two hundred acres to Charles Scarburgh. He resold fifty acres to the county in 1680 for the original "towne," and bequeathed the balance to his daughter, Tabitha, who married John Bagwell. They sold the inheritance, and through later inheritances, sales and purchases, a tract of several hundred acres became owned by George Corbin. In 1793 he left the property to his daughter, Agnes D. Corbin, the wife of J. S. Ker, who

is said to have built the house in the closing years of the eighteenth century. John Shepherd Ker left the estate to his son, who, having no children, bequeathed it to his cousin, Edward Smith Snead. In 1872 it was purchased by Mr. George Powell, and the house with two acres of ground is now owned by Mrs. Oscar L. Powell.

The red brick house, with a tree-shaded lawn in front, is two and one-half stories, with a two-story wing to the right of the entrance. This wing is somewhat recessed from the building line of the house. The central pavilion of the two-story facade projects and rises to a pediment ornamented by a bull's-eye window. Both main building and wing have gable roofs, with a chimney rising from each gable end of the main building and one from the end of the wing. The water table has a top course of brick molded in ogee shape. The front door frame is hand carved, as is the cornice, both under the eaves and about the pediment. The treatment consists of paired modillions and between each set is a dogwood flower carved from a square frame. The interior woodwork is exceptionally fine, with its exquisite hand carving and the imposition of delicate plastic patterns, in both of which the dogwood flower is again the outstanding motif.

Covering about ninety feet in width, the all-brick house, with its thick walls, is one of the finest and most impressive mansions standing on the Eastern Shore of Virginia today.

The crew left their courteous guide and mentor, with best thanks, at the pier, where his car was waiting to take him home to Accomac, but a short drive inland. His assistance had been most gracious and informative and the visits in this lovely country were delightful.

The run from Onancock to Tangier Island was a little over an hour, and, having been there several times before, Skip went into the lower lagoon, hailed a fisherman, and said: "We're strangers here, Skipper, but the last time we dropped anchor here, to fish a bit and have our supper, on toward dark we hailed a skipper like you, asked him if we could get some fresh meat in town, and whether he would steer us in. He had a boy with him; was most friendly, and left the boy to take his boat home, came aboard us and saw us into your rather difficult town inner harbor, with its winding channel, as slick as you please." Skip paused, then continued: "Will you do as much for us, after we have had a bite, and whenever it suits you to quit fishing?" The amiable native said: "Yes, sir, I'd be glad to do that, and no charge either!"

Well on to sundown, after the crew had fed well and long, the Tangier man came slowly alongside in his fishing boat, held her off, jumped aboard the *Fanny* and waved his mate along. He accepted a cold bottle of beer,



CASTLE HAVEN
On the Choptank River

Courtesy of
Pratt Library



CAMBRIDGE YACHT CLUB

Henry L. Johnson



TROLLING FOR STRIPED BASS OR ROCK P. T. Blogg



SPOCOT Courtesy of Emmett R. Ewell

took Skip's seat at the wheel and, with the motor turning and the hook up, steered, in to old Tangier. Skip knew that uninvited visitors were not very welcome to Tangier, but, steered in by a native, it was an open sesame, providing you took no pictures and made no slurring remarks. They are good people, these folk of old Tangier; substantial, God fearing and in their own way cultured and well informed. But, it is a little world to itself—resentful of intrusion, but open to kindly interest.

Once in the inner harbor, anchor plunked at the spot selected by our friendly guide, he came out in the cockpit and joined the seated crew. A fresh beer was thrust upon him. He insisted on squatting on his haunches to tell this tale of

TANGIER TED'S TRIANGLE

(Illustrations facing pages 231, 281)

It seems strange, but it is generally believed to be true, that the original settler bought Tangier Island from the Indians for two greatcoats, but was soon forced off when they changed their minds.

Ted Evans was one of the descendants of the five brave men of Cornwall and their families who permanently settled on the Island some forty years later, in 1666. While Captain John Smith, of Pocahontas fame, had discovered it and named it Tangier Island, in recollection of brushes he had had with the pirates of old Tangier, it was Ted's own great-great-great grandfather who helped to keep it from the Indians.

Ted had been named Theodore Roosevelt Evans. A baby, he could not foresee that his middle name would be a liability or an asset, depending upon the politics of those with whom his life was cast.

It was not history, or politics, that bothered Ted, however, as he limped down the one and only Main Street of Tangier Island early on Labor Day morning the Summer before this. His game leg, badly broken and worse set ten years before, was the result of the same fishing boat wreck which had cost his father's life.

What did bother Ted was how to solve his own personal triangle. He wanted to marry the pretty school teacher, Ferrabee Hughes. But with the support of his widowed mother, the salary he received as clerk in Ed Parkins' General Store didn't allow him much to offer a wife. Ed had promised him an interest in the store, which was also the post office, so in time he would be as well off as most of the families on the Island. But Crombie Thomas, whose father owned one of the two seafood packing plants, was becoming a very persistent rival for her affections.

Women in the picket fenced yards around the white frame houses which lined the streets, looked up and gave sorrel-top Ted a word or a wave, as they picked vegetables in their tiny gardens or fussed with their flowers,

or just gossiped with a neighbor. Their gingham dresses and sun bonnets, bare legs and mostly bare feet, were all for comfort, as were the denim or cotton pants and work shirts of the men he saw loafing under the few trees which gave grateful shade on a typical lower Chesapeake Bay September morning.

None of the men were fishing, as Labor Day is the real late-Summer holiday for Tangier. Nearly every one was planning to go to the "Cunner" races that afternoon near Crisfield. Ted was to sail his uncle's *Mary Scott*, while Crombie, his rival for Ferrabee, and the only other entry from Tangier, was to skipper his father's *Tangier Rose*.

Ted finally reached the store, at the other end of the half-mile-long street on which he lived. He opened up and immediately perched his two hundred pounds of huskiness on the high stool back of the mail boxes and behind the counter. Folks would be coming for their mail early, as the store, like every other business place on the Island, would be closed a half day on account of the holiday and the big race that afternoon. Glancing out the back windows which opened onto the harbor, he saw some bugeyes, skipjacks and cunners moored, anchored or tied up at the many small piers, and lots of the typical flat bottom, deadrise power boats used for fishing, crabbing and oystering—Tangier's only industry.

The store had a private pier in the rear, so that boats in need of gasoline, oil, groceries or any of the many things the principal general store carried, could come right up and get them. It was Ted's job to help the boatmen load their supplies, and he was familiar with all the boats and their needs.

There were no telephones, cars, gas nor a lot of other modern conveniences on the Island, but their absence meant nothing to Ted. He was used to it—his mother cooked with kerosene, as had her mother and so on. If he wanted to take some heavy stuff home, he could use a wheelbarrow or borrow a boat and scull up one of the several artificial canals which crossed the two-by-three-mile Island like a spot in old Holland. The only horse on the Island was too old now for any heavy hauling, but he could and still did pull the one and only milk wagon for the dairy farm. These things were as they should be with Ted, and he liked it that way, for people on Tangier take life a bit slower, a bit easier and enjoy it a bit longer than those on the mainland.

Ted's thoughts continued on his problem as he took care of the necessary work around the store. "If I had a salary like the doctor—so much a head for every one on the Island—or the minister of the one and only church, I'd be fixed all right." But he knew that after all the doctor and the minister were both older men, long married and with big families.

His thoughts were broken by the appearance of Ferrabee and Crombie in the store. They had been out on the *Tangier Rose*, checking up on the sails, masts, sprits and lines, using the old tin pump to bail her out.

"Hello, Ted," Ferrabee said. "Ready for the race? I'm so thrilled to be in it this time, instead of just looking on."

Ted, of course, knew that she was to be one of Crombie's crew that afternoon. He smiled at her, but when he handed Crombie his mail, warned: "Don't pull any of your tricks today, Crombie. Ferrabee is just a first timer on a cunner springboard. Stella Crockett has been riding 'em for years and the four men you are taking are old hands. You know it's easy for a beginner to spill off and get hurt if hit by another boat, or by a club or sprit."

Crombie grinned and as he turned toward the door with Ferrabee, replied: "You take care of the girls in your own crew, grandpa. Your sister Bess and Sue Tyler. I'll take care of mine."

Ferrabee taught school on Tangier. She had come there a year ago from Onancock, Virginia, just twelve miles across the sound, after her husband lost his life on Coast Guard rescue duty off the Capes.

Both Crombie and Ted, whom she seemed to like equally well, were aware of her attractions. She had a curvaceous figure, blue-black hair with a natural wave and Irish blue eyes which could be demure or have a rougish sparkle when her face was lit with mischievous, bantering thoughts and words.

After they left the store, Crombie walked with Ferrabee to the gate of the Brices, where she boarded.

"See you at noon," she said. "And leave the 'snorts' alone, Crombie. I have a bet on with Ted, and want to win it."

As he waved goodbye, Crombie reached for his spectacles to wipe the perspiration off them. "Damn 'em, anyway," he muttered. "If it wasn't for them, I'd have that job in Navy Intelligence the old man lined up for me." He swung his long legs along the street, also swinging his good shoulders a bit cockily, resentful of the inability to be an arm chair hero in uniform. The brown eyes were a bit sleepy looking and too close together. In the main he was good looking, with brown hair, sun-tanned complexion and an impressive physique. He could be charming to the opposite sex when he wanted to take the trouble. This he was doing with Ferrabee and he was determined to have her by hook or crook.

Ted's sister Bess came in the store a few minutes later for her mail. She was much like Ted in coloring. Both redheads, both freckled; but she was peaches and cream and he was weatherbeaten, for though he was a store clerk his job took him out a lot.

For a small-town girl, Bess had style and unusually good taste. Most of her shopping had been done by mail order, but she was always up to date. She had finished high school and used the small library liberally. Just a year and a half younger than Crombie, she knew him well. After he was expelled from William and Mary College at the end of his second year for reasons best known to the Dean of Women, Crombie had begun to practice his wiles on Bess. Ted, suspecting his intentions toward her, frankly told Crombie that he would either lay off or have his manly beauty mauled no end. The saffron streak, or the old gag about discretion being the better part of valor, showed up in Crombie and he had staged a strategic retreat. Although Bess had later married, Ted was never forgiven by Crombie for his interference.

In addition to Bess and Sue Tyler, Ted's crew consisted of two men cousins and two other men distantly related.

As Ted and Bess discussed the race, Bess noticed his serious attitude. "Don't worry, Ted, we'll beat that show-off," she assured him.

By noon everyone who had gotten a ride was on one of the hundreds of boats of Tangier on the way to Crisfield, Maryland, an hour's run for most of them. There they anchored near the Stake Boat, in the outer harbor. The lunch baskets and drinks were brought out and lusty appetites satisfied while waiting for the warning gun at a quarter to two. There were hundreds of other boats from nearby places, some from as far as Norfolk. Quite a few came from the Potomac across the Bay, and as far south as the Rappahannock and even the York River.

Crombie, Ted and the eight other skippers for the ten racing canoes were picked up by the Press Boat and quizzed for numbers and instructions as they were ferried to the Stake Boat. The two from Tangier, three from Crisfield, three from Onancock, one from Smith's Island and one from the Little Wicomico made for widespread interest and some lively betting.

Crombie's father had ridden over on the *Tangier Rose*, but was staying on the Stake Boat for the race, as his rheumatism would not permit taking a chance on a spill. He told Ferrabee how in the War of 1812, when the British fleet had headquarters on Tangier, his grandfather and a number of other young men had escaped capture by disguising themselves as old men, like those who had been left behind to get the fish and oysters needed to feed the thousand or more people on the Island. She was interested to hear how, taking out their boats, they made their way to the Potomac to join Barney and his American flotilla. She was particularly intrigued by the story of the local parson who had obtained permission to preach to such of the British tars as would come to church

and how he "laid them out" for their sinful ways of rum swilling and pestering the women of the town.

The Tangier boats were full of the Crocketts, Evans, Parks, Thomas and Tyler families, descendants of the original families of these names. Nearly all related by intermarriage through three centuries, it was almost like their "Old Homecoming Week" every September, for many of them had visitor kin.

Everybody was happy—the Crisfield Band held forth—the flags waved —and the weather was perfect, with a clear sky and a twelve-knot breeze from the southeast.

Upon boarding his boat earlier in the day, Ted had found his fore-mast sheet cut halfway through. Accurately enough, he figured that only one man was likely to be guilty of that. Jeopardizing life and limb of others was all in Crombie's code, if it served his own ends and there was little chance of being caught.

Chesapeake log sailing canoes, or "cunners" as the Eastern shoremen call them, vary in length from twenty-five to forty-five feet on the water line, and are sharp at both ends. The larger ones are termed "bugeyes" and are not eligible for these sailing canoe races. As even the smaller canoes may vary by ten feet in length and correspondingly in sail area, many of these races are handicap, with the slowest boat starting first and the fastest boat last. Theoretically, if all sailed a perfect race they would finish abreast. The course at Crisfield was laid out as an equilateral triangle, with a mile and a half in each leg, and the course to be rounded twice. A nine-mile race meant in sail that most of the boats would actually cover ten or more miles.

There is no chance of mistaking a cunner. When racing, a free-flying jib from a very long bow sprit is used, this to stay the two large sails and make the canoe very easy to manoeuvre if you know how. "Springboards" are long planks, usually three to a boat. These are extended from the lee to windward gunwale and project about ten feet. The "springboards" are used in racing for members of the crew to lie on out over the side, and thus keep the boat from capsizing when she is keeling way over and the long centerboard alone is not enough.

The canoe can sail almost straight into the wind, so close hauled as to be almost unbelievable. It is extremely fast and a beautiful sight either "pointing up" or "wing and wing" in a follower; that is to say, sailing either against or with the wind.

Radio had invaded Tangier some years ago, so the few fans who were left at home could get the account of the race as broadcast from the Crisfield station, relayed from the Stake Boat.

The skippers had been returned to their boats, the warning gun fired, and they began manoeuvring for the series of starts at their handicap times.

Crombie, Ferrabee noticed, smelled of Stake Boat "oil," the racing name for liquor, but he seemed keen and alert. She said nothing about it, but began to wonder if he would be reckless as Ted had feared.

Ted started fifth, and Crombie as number 7 followed him a few minutes later. Oddly the first, sixth and last boats to start were the Crisfield entries. Onancock boats, numbers 2, 3 and 4, bunched, while the two single entries, York River (number 8) and Smith's Island (number 9), followed far apart. The last boat crossed the starting line at 3.35, Crisfield's *Terrapin's Mate*, last year's winner and reputed to be the fastest cunner south of the Severn.

The wind had brisked a bit since noon and the canoes carried the proverbial bone in mouth, while the "springboarders" got the spray going into the wind, and were all soaking wet. When running with the wind they could unkink in the cockpit and take it easy till heading into it again.

Ferrabee seemed to be having the time of her life. Crombie had a great time kidding everybody in general and the two girls in particular. He really could sail and was proving it.

Things did not look so well for Ted, when in the next to last leg, second time around the course, Crombie caught up enough to hail him, and yelled: "Hi yah, sailor. I'm going to pass you to windward and blanket you out. So long."

Ted made no reply. He knew that if blanketed at this stage of the race, he would be done for. He quickly payed off as if to jibe and forced Crombie to pass him to leeward.

In doing this, Crombie's boat was blanketed instead! It righted suddenly, and the only greenhorn on the springboards, Ferrabee, fell overboard.

Ted quickly tossed her a ring life preserver, with a hundred feet of quarter-inch manila attached. "Ferrabee," he yelled, and she saw it in time to grab it. He came into the wind and hauled her aboard his boat.

"Goodbye, race!" Ted exploded, as Crombie went sailing on.

Crombie finished in second place—Ted in fourth.

After the race, Ferrabee stayed on the *Mary Scott*, refusing to ride back to Tangier with Crombie on the *Tangier Rose*. Unwisely, Ted decided to take advantage of her friendly mood toward him. Bess and Sue were up forward stretched out in the sun, and the men were chatting with them or odd jobbing with the lines as the boat was running free

and large. Ted was leaning on the tiller, and saw that the coast was clear for his sales talk.

"Ferrabee, honey, I'm crazy about you. I want to marry you."

"Ted——" Ferrabee started to say something, but Ted kept on talking.

"I know you like Crombie and I want to be fair to him," Ted went on, "but I really love you and——"

Ferrabee interrupted, "Please, Ted, not now; I'm all upset. You didn't see it, but I got a nasty swipe of your aft sprit when I spilled. It caught me back of the ear and hurts."

Ted slipped his arm around her, gave her a little hug, and said: "Okay, darling, I just wanted you to know how I feel, though I think you already know. While Crombie wants you, too, he is not the marrying kind. I wouldn't want you to be hurt by him worse than a knock on the head, which should be all well by tomorrow."

Ferrabee reddened, drew away from Ted, and said: "Crombie may be a fool, but I have no reason to doubt his intentions."

Ted saw his mistake, as she continued: "After all, you have no right to talk to me that way. You're prejudiced against him. He's near my own age and is good company."

Ted could only look dumbly at her as she said: "If you keep on now and insist on an answer it will be no. Anyhow, I think the less we see of each other for a while, the better."

They had been so interested in what they were saying that neither of them noticed that Bess had come aft and could not help but hear the last part of the conversation. She broke the tenseness of the situation with some trivial remark and felt that she could best help her brother by staying near him and Ferrabee until they were all ashore at Tangier.

As Bess was going home to her husband the next day, she decided that she would take some action that evening which would break a spoke in Crombie's wheel. She enlisted the aid of Sue Tyler, who sold tickets at the movie. Sue had been on the boat and was familiar with the situation.

Both Sue and Bess had at times been subjected to Crombie's high-pressure salesmanship, and knew his ardour would not be dampened by Bess being married, and by Sue having a steady in solid old Ben Dobbs.

The plot was simple, their methods rustically direct, and they soon had the scene set for that evening. Bess knew that Ted had planned to take Ferrabee and her to the movie, but reasoned the latter would go with Crombie in pique instead. It happened that way!

When Crombie went to the window to get the tickets, Sue chirped: "Hello, hero, you got some money and Ted's goat all in the same day. Second prize and Ferrabee are some winnings! You won't want that kiss

you won from me by beating the *Mary Scott* now, will you? It'll keep, though, till we can do it right. I wouldn't want to shock our pretty school teacher widow. She might think we had gone modern on Tangier and scold me."

Crombie was flattered. He laughed nonchantly and said: "See you in church, kid. I can wait till Ben's around and make somebody else sizzle."

He tucked his arm under Ferrabee's and hustled her into the movie. She didn't mind a bit of handholding, but when he began the old knee game she froze, and doubts began to gather.

After the show, as was usual on Tangier, the young folks gathered at the ice cream parlor. Sue had joined Ted and Bess, and the latter greeted Crombie and Ferrabee with: "Hail the conquering hero comes," while Sue hummed the "Wedding March."

Ted reddened, and the girls began to giggle.

Ferrabee, in spite of all her poise, looked ruffled. She faced the music, however, and sat down at the table with Ted, Sue and Bess, pulling Crombie down at the same time. After they all had their favorite sundae, and with much general kidding about the race and other happenings that afternoon, Bess challenged:

"Sue tells me you're afraid to collect a bet in public, Crombie. You must have changed a lot since you gave me that big rush. Remember, when you came back from William and Mary on a permanent furlough. You certainly put the pressure on. I came near taking a dive in shoal water, too. Have you lost your urge, Cassanova Junior, or is old age getting you at twenty-five?"

Ted gave his sister a surprised look, wondering why she and Sue were leading Crombie on.

"I don't mind collecting a bet in public, or private either, if it's made interesting enough," Crombie said. He remembered that Bess often visited her family on the Island without her husband. "Maybe it's not too late to give her a whirl," he thought. Aloud he said: "Come on Bess, I'll take that winner's kiss from the leading lady of the loser's boat right now. Especially since you're so anxious to pay."

Ted was still puzzled. After all, Crombie was the winner as far as the Tangier boats were concerned. But why were the girls giving him so much attention? He rightly decided it was all a game to make Ferrabee see Crombie in his true light, and joined in the general laughter.

Crombie was falling in line just as Bess and Sue wanted. They let out a squeal that attracted the attention of all the people at the other

tables. "All right, Crombie, here we come," Bess announced. "Get ready for that winner's kiss."

Bess and Sue did a good job. By the time they were through, Crombie was strutting like a rooster. Everyone was laughing and teasing him, except Ferrabee, who was very quiet. Ted had looked over at her a few times during the evening, but she ignored him completely. When Ted and the girls left, she barely responded to his polite "Good night, hope you feel better tomorrow."

Later that same evening when the girls were in bed and asleep, Ted sat on the back porch smoking and worrying about the day's happenings. Life on Tangier Island with Ferrabee so cool to him would be dull, and it would be impossible to avoid meeting Crombie. The thought of him made his blood boil. As he sat looking at the moonlit water, in the crescent-shaped lower lagoon, he decided to go down to Ben's Barbecue for a bite to eat.

Ted was perched on a stool, leaning on the counter, when someone came in, smelling strongly of liquor. Turning around, he saw Crombie take the next stool.

As Ben, the Greek, started to prepare the food, Ted said: "You were both an ass and a fool today, Crombie. You nearly crashed those boats and might have killed someone."

Crombie looked away sullenly. "Never mind your Sunday school preaching, Theodore Roosevelt Evans," he sneered, hoping to stop the conversation. Ben was the most notorious gossip on Tangier, and he was listening avidly.

"You didn't know that Ferrabee got a bump on her head, as well as a ducking, today. You left me to get her out of the water, while you won the race. And that on top of cutting my foresail line. A cut sheet could easily have let that sail down on one of the girls with me and the sprit might have cracked her skull, not to mention assuring my losing the race. I think you must be crazy, besides being a chiseler and a cheat." Ted stopped for breath.

Crombie looked up belligerently. "Don't go too far, Ted," he warned.

"Further, I've never had any use for you. After what's happened today, I think you're lower than a snake's belly." Ted thought that about finished the matter.

Crombie knew he couldn't pass off this insult and remain on the Island. Ben would spread it far and wide. With a curse, Crombie jumped off the stool, swung a haymaker at Ted, which caught him a glancing blow behind the ear and knocked him off the stool. Quick as a

flash Crombie kicked him in the ribs and prepared to brain him with a ketchup bottle as he rose.

Ben reached across the counter, grabbed Crombie's arm and by brute strength pulled him back and held him until Ted could get up. Ted was a bit dizzy from the swot on the head and his side hurt.

"Thanks, Ben," he managed to say. "It's late. You can shut up shop and let us fight this out, undisturbed, in your back yard. I'm going to lick this skunk, and without kicking or the use of bottles."

Both men stripped to their shorts and bare feet. The sand was still warm to their feet, and firm enough to suit. The moon gave plenty of light. Ben insisted on staying, and stood by with a bit of armament—a quart of ginger ale. "The first foul blow, kicking, gouging or dirty stuff, and I'll crown you with this bottle, Crombie," he threatened.

Ted had the advantage of twenty pounds in weight and was much more heavily muscled. Crombie had the reach and was more agile, and could see quite well enough to fight without his "specs." They lost no time in sparring, though Crombie knew his game was to keep away and cut Ted to ribbons if he could, with his greater boxing skill and better footwork. He jabbed time and again, parried Ted's swings and overhand punches, and landed one uppercut that jerked Ted's head back and made him groggy.

Crombie came in for the kill, tried the old one, two—and missed. Ted caught him off balance and put a right in his midriff, which doubled him up.

"That's for trying to get Bess," Ted said with a grunt. He then brought up his left to Crombie's jaw; it connected and straightened him up. "That poke in the jaw was for trying to get Sue," he said between his teeth.

Crombie clinched and stalled till be got his brain clear again and began cutting Ted with jabs. Blood ran from a cut on the brow into Ted's right eye, spoiling his aim. Crombie, thinking he had Ted, closed in for the kill. He again tried the one, two—and connected—but his right cross was off an inch and missed the point of Ted's jaw, cutting his ear as it slid up. Crombie was again off balance and Ted caught him with all he had left, right in the solar plexus, and Crombie collapsed.

As Crombie dropped, Ted said: "Take that for trying to get Ferrabee, and as my notice to quit Tangier."

Before starting for home, Ted said to Ben: "When you bring that crook out of his fog, make plain to him that I am going to tell everyone who will listen about the cut sheet, the near crash in the race and the licking he took from a so-called cripple, unless he leaves the Island to-



TUNA AT NANTUCKET — Francis W. Davis



MAKEPEACE
On the Pocomoke Sound

Courtesy of
The Sun



THE WILDERNESS
On the Choptank River

Courtesy of
J. Ramsay Speer



THE WILDERNESS—GARDEN
On the Choptank River

Courtesy of
J. Ramsay Speer

morrow on the mail boat. If the Army or Navy, or Coast Guard won't have him, then let him try the Merchant Marine. Tangier is too small a place for him while I'm here."

Ben made a good job of the message and Crombie, afraid to do otherwise, promised to leave in return for hushing up the matter, including Ben's gossip column.

The next afternoon Ted heard that Crombie had gone on the mail boat to Crisfield, to continue by bus to Onancock, for another try at getting in the Navy. Bess left on the same boat, after giving Ferrabee a true picture of Crombie's character.

When Ferrabee came in the post office and general store for her mail in the late afternoon, Ted waited for her to speak first. He had learned his lesson. Ferrabee saw the cut over his eye; she knew that Crombie had left the Island. Putting two and two together was part of her teacher's training.

"I'm sorry, Ted," she said, frankly. "I didn't understand——"

Ted saw customers coming, and whispered: "Will you let me tell you something else, tonight after supper?" She agreed, and he knew from the radiant look she gave him that he won the last round.

CHAPTER XVIII

TANGIER, TO THE POCOMOKE

THE peaceful night at Tangier was followed by the usual not-too-early routine, and by nine they were on their way across Tangier Sound into Pocomoke Sound and the Pocomoke River; the wind northeast and ten miles an hour. By noon they were off to "Beverley," where a member of the Dennis family kindly showed them around and supplemented the story of the place which follows:

BEVERLEY

(Illustration facing page 150)

The old Colonial estate of the Dennis family—"Beverley"—lies on the eastern bank of the Pocomoke River, near Dividing Creek. Donnoch Dennis, an Irish immigrant, who lived in Somerset County, received the grant in 1669 for the tract, which was then known as "Thrum-Capped," and comprised about seventeen hundred acres. Upon his death the estate went to his son, John Dennis, who built a brick residence there. Littleton Dennis, a great-grandson of Donnoch Dennis, began the building of the present house shortly before his death in 1774. The main structure is of English type brick in Georgian Colonial style, two stories high, with very thick walls and gable roof. It has on the left two additions; the first of one, the second of two stories. In the front, a wide portico, supported by very large columns, reaches the roof and forms a porch for the second floor. On the river side there is an open porch with fine old wrought-iron hand rails and with an arch holding an iron lantern, which was used in by-gone years to guide boats on the river.

The interior of the first floor is paneled in exquisitely hand-carved pine, which in the large square living room extends to the ceiling. Deep window seats and wide fireplaces are a feature of the house. Of the wood used in the building the boards are hand-sawed and the rafters are adze-hewn.

Near the house is a burying ground in which Littleton Dennis and generations of the family lie.

For nearly two centuries many of the Dennis family have been prominent in public life. John Dennis, a Federalist member of Congress when twenty-five years of age, was one of those who changed his vote from Aaron Burr to Thomas Jefferson in the election for the Presidency of the United States. Another, John Upshur Dennis, who died in 1851, was a

prominent ship owner. He married three times and had twenty-one children, having wedded his third wife despite the rivalry of one of his own sons.

The Dennis family retained "Beverley" until 1926, when the estate was sold by Mr. Philip C. Dennis, brother of Judge Samuel K. Dennis, to Mr. Conklin Mann, who painstakingly restored the old house. The present owner is Mr. Arthur H. Shettle.

Their host at "Beverley" invited them to the mid-day meal, but the crew followed the rule which limited their acceptance of hospitality for the inner man to food for thought, and never said no when drinks were thrust upon them. So, having accepted an appetizer, they had a running lunch as the *Fanny* perked some fifteen miles further up river to "Ingleside." The owner showed them around and as usual kept up a running comment to supplement Doc's notes, which read:

INGLESIDE

(Illustration facing page 150)

On Federal Street in Snow Hill there is a large house of brick covered with white stucco, which has often been referred to as near architectural perfection. It is "Ingleside," or "Chaunceford," as it was once called. The earliest part of the house, which is the front section, was built in 1775 by James R. Morris, Register of Wills of Worcester County. The property passed on to Judge William Whittington, then to his son-in-law, Judge William Tingle, and at a much later date to Mr. John W. Staton.

The Colonial residence consists of three parts, of which the front one is considerably the largest, as well as the oldest. This has a steep gable roof, with two large chimneys rising from the rear gable end, while on the front gable end a portico with railed roof once formed the main entrance, but has been removed in recent years. This section of the house is two and one-half stories high, with five tall, uniform windows across the second floor front, and three small windows across the attic front. Joining the main building in the rear is a one and one-half story wing of newer construction, which in turn extends to a larger two and one-half story gable-roofed building of still later date. Both of these additions are lower than the main structure.

From the entrance a hall extends across the front of the house, and gives access to a large drawing room and dining room. A feature of the house is that from this hall two stairways rise to the second floor. The newest wing, which forms the back of the house, contains a ball-

room, twenty by twenty-two feet. The interior woodwork, including the finely carved cornices, is excellent.

Well kept shrubbery and some large trees flank the front and sides of the mansion. The present owner is Mr. E. J. Estess of Snow Hill.

The trip to Snow Hill was very brief, and they tied up at a wharf and visited the interesting old town, of which the story is:

SNOW HILL

On the eastern bank of the Pocomoke River, where it narrows to a stream, and a short distance above Nossawango Creek, is Snow Hill, an old and interesting town. The land was part of a grant in 1676 to Colonel William Stevens, who gave it the name by which it has since been known. The estate soon passed to Henry Bishop, and in 1686 was chosen, in accordance with an Act of Assembly, as the site of a town, in what was then Somerset County. When Worcester County came into being in 1742, Snow Hill became the county seat, and such it has remained ever since. The original settlers were largely of Scotch origin, who depended for their livelihood, and in time achieved prosperity, from the agricultural products grown nearby. The town is laid out with straight streets, bordered with fine, large trees. Most of the houses are of frame, painted white, with neat and attractive gardens in front. A number of Colonial houses are still to be found with wings connected by curtains or arcades, also there are many with great end chimneys rising from the ground. Some still have the fine original furniture. Unfortunately many old buildings were destroyed by fire in 1834 and again in 1893. A quiet, unobtrusive and, above all, a conservative place, Snow Hill has been very little disturbed by industrialism. There are a few factories and canneries, but these stand in a small area to themselves, and in no way interfere with the serenity of the old town. Good living has been the order of the day, and Snow Hill has long been known for the stress it put upon fine food, especially such delicacies as wild game, oysters and terrapin.

Doubtless the most interesting building is "All Hallows" Protestant Episcopal Church. Snow Hill Parish was established in 1692, and the first church on the present site dates from 1734 during the pastorate of the Rev. Thomas Fletcher. The church we see today was built in 1756, while the Rev. John Rosse was pastor. It is a beautiful brick building in classic style, with gently sloping slate gable roof. On each side of the church there are five extremely tall windows, which were renewed in 1899; the sections of the old brick wall between these windows is

now ivy-clad. Some seventy years ago much of the interior woodwork was replaced, but otherwise the perfectly preserved old building remains much as it originally was. Inside the church there is a most valuable possession, a Bible dating from 1701, a gift from Queen Anne. The grounds with old trees interspersed, and the graveyard are beautifully kept.

The Whaley House is a large frame building, two stories in height, with a second-floor gallery and an attached wing with outside chimney. The main building has double outside chimneys at each end. Large pillars form the entrance.

The Paine House is a large white structure, rectangular in shape. It is two and one-half stories high, with gable roof and fine dormer windows.

The Teagle Townsend House, now known as "Cherrystone," has a kitchen wing joined to one side of the main building by an arcade; at the other end, one huge chimney rises well above the gable roof. Built nearly a century and a half ago, the house is surrounded by ample grounds and a superb, well-kept garden.

Makemie Memorial Presbyterian Church is a brick building some fifty-odd years old. It is only interesting from the fact that on its site once stood the small original church built in the closing years of the seventeenth century, and had for its pastor one of the first Presbyterian ministers in the colonies, the Rev. Samuel Davis.

The Hargis House, although of quite different style, and the Burris House with its remarkable chimneys, are well worth a look.

Snow Hill is connected by a good highway with Public Landing on Chincoteague Bay, thus reaching the Atlantic Coast. The distance is but seven miles.

The run from Snow Hill down river to Pocomoke Sound, for some three hours, got them to "Makepeace" on the Sound and the east side of the peninsula, on the west side of which lies Crisfield, their haven for the night. The visit to "Makepeace" was delightful, and being on well into the afternoon the cocktails offered were very welcome. Its story is as follows:

MAKEPEACE

(Illustration facing page 170)

On the west side of Johnson's Creek, which flows into Pocomoke Sound, is "Makepeace." This tract of one hundred and fifty acres was patented to John Roach in 1663, who named it from a peace treaty made with the native Indians at the Annemessex settlement.

The interesting and excellently preserved old house was built by John Roach, presumably shortly prior to the year 1700. It is one and

a half stories, built of glazed brick, with gable roof pierced by three dormer windows front and back. A small frame colonnade and kitchen wing join the right end of the main building. The glazed bricks in the gable ends are laid in a diamond design in one end, and in a baseless triangle design in the other. Above each of these side walls rises a chimney.

A curious feature is that there are two front doors adjacent to each other, which enter the two spacious rooms which constitute the first floor. There is a fine staircase of old woodwork and excellent paneling.

After passing through several generations of the Roachs, and then several other prominent families, "Makepeace" was sold to Mr. Jacob James Cullen, an immigrant from Ireland, in 1827.

Mr. Edmund Sterling now owns the estate.

The distance from "Makepeace" to Crisfield by road is perhaps three miles; by water, nearly ten. The *Fanny* got into a good berth shortly before sundown, and the Old Men lost no time in hiking to the principal hotel for a late dinner—or supper, as they called it. Being in a big town, according to the folks there, the Old Men saw a movie before calling it a day. During supper they learned the following things about the town and its turtle industry's predecessors:

CRISFIELD

A short distance up the Little Annemessex River from Tangier Sound is Crisfield, the hub of the crab, oyster, fish and terrapin business, with much emphasis on the crab. From all the waters of the Chesapeake boats of every description ply back and forth delivering sea food. Not so long ago Crisfield had nearly as many sail boats as any spot in America, but these have given way to motor-driven boats and only a few of the sailing type remain. The amount of oysters, crabs and fish shipped from here is enormous. In many buildings in the lower town near the water, oysters are shucked, crabs are picked and all varieties of sea food prepared for shipment in the refrigerated railway cars and trucks which await them. Shrimp, shad roe and the now rare diamond-back terrapin are among the delicacies. There is a compound where the scarce terrapin are most carefully bred, tended and cared for. This lower town, where the industry thrives, seems largely made up of piers, wharves and oyster shells.

The upper part of Crisfield is built on a grant of 1663 to John Roach and Benjamin Somers. The name of the town is taken from that of the man responsible for introducing the railroad here, shortly after the

Civil War. Before that it was but a fishing village, known as Somers Cove. Over a period of forty-five years, beginning in 1883, no less than seven great fires severely damaged the wooden buildings in the industrial section, which were gradually replaced by structures of more substantial type.

The residential area, with its trees and modest but comfortable houses, is prosperous looking and quaint.

The following is an article from Chestertown, dated March 18, 1900, printed in the Baltimore *Sun*:

SNAPPING TURTLES

Chestertown market has been stocked with turtles of the loggerhead variety during the present Winter. Push-cart loads of the inhabitants of the vast mud flats along the shores of Chester River are trundled about the streets for sale, and are sources of considerable revenue to the old trappers, who know where to find the "snappers" in their Winter quarters, about four feet below the surface of the flag-covered marches. The loggerheads, or "snappers" as they are usually called, range in size from about three to twenty pounds, and sell for from 25 cents to $1. The "snapper" pie is a dish, when properly made, fit for the banquet of a king, but care should be used to select the smaller or younger turtles, as the very old ones are liable to be tough and somewhat strong. Then, too, the female adds to the richness of the dish by her not infrequent contribution of from thirty to forty daintily flavored eggs. Unlike the "slider," a large terrapin, or the muskrat, often known by Eastern Shore epicures as "mock terrapin," the loggerhead, because of the coarseness of its meat, is not to be mistaken for the unimpeachable delicacy and richness of flavor of the Chesapeake Bay diamond-back.

The method of capture of the turtle is simple in the extreme. The trapper soon learns that both turtle and terrapins bury in the marches where the morning sun will strike during the Winter. Armed with a long staff or stick, he blunders through the mud and tussocks, sounding wherever favorable conditions are found. He can tell the instant the shell of his game is touched and by a dexterous move a hook is forced under the shell and the Winter-numbed game is taken from his cold-water quarters to be served in the local market.

The crow is the evil genius of the turtle, just as of the diamond-back and other terrapins. When the warm days of Spring come and the female terrapins and turtles leave their beds in the march, the crow goes on

guard, knowing that the season of fasting is at hand. Both terrapins and turtles seek the warm, sandy uplands near the shore to deposit their eggs. A hole is dug several inches deep and from twenty to thirty inches oblong, white eggs are deposited and then the nest is filled or covered with sand. This is an interesting performance. Having neatly piled the sand over the eggs, the turtle raises herself just as high as possible, then comes down with a heavy thud on the sand. This is continued until the sand is quite hard, when the eggs are left for the sun to hatch. In the meantime the crow has been on guard, and by means of his sharp bill and strong claws, the work of breaking into the treasure house of the unsuspecting turtle is quickly accomplished and the feast is soon over.

The crow is considered by many to be the greatest enemy which the diamond-back has. Be this as it may, it is an easily established fact that the crow destroys thousands of eggs of all kinds of terrapins, not making an exception of the diamond-backs.

With the passing of the eighty-dollar diamond back from local waters, the Kent County epicure is being forced to seek a substitute for the toothsome morsel, which the Colonial Marylander felt called upon to legislate from the bill of fare of the negro slave oftener than once a week.

CHAPTER XIX

THE WICOMICO AND HOOPER'S ISLAND

HAVING learned by painful experience of the power of the green-back flies of Crisfield, the *Fanny* left early; the wind west and fourteen-mile velocity. The flies had gone to bed before they had, and anyway the *Fanny* was super-screened, so the mosquitoes also were baffled. The run up Tangier Sound to the Wicomico River—one of three or more of the same name in Chesapeake country—was made in a couple of hours. Then up the river for as long again to visit "Pemberton Hall," which is not far from Salisbury. They were welcomed by the owner and escorted around the grounds and all through the fine old house, of which the story follows:

PEMBERTON HALL

(Illustration facing page 151)

On the north bank of the Wicomico, a few miles below Salisbury, is the "Pemberton Hall" estate. The grant was originally made to Thomas Pemberton in 1707. Passing to the noted Handy family soon afterwards, the present house was built by Colonel Isaac Handy in 1741, and this date is inset with black bricks in the gable wall. The Handys had then been residents of Somerset County since 1665.

The main house is two stories high, built of red brick, with gambrel roof of shingles, pierced by three dormer windows on each side. On the left a one-story wing, also of brick, with steep gable roof of shingles and one very small triangular dormer window on each side, joins the house. Until comparatively recent years there was an adjoining frame colonnade and separate kitchen.

A wide hall extends the full depth of the house, on the right of which is one large room, likely a ball room in the old days. On the left of the hall is a dining room and library. The paneling in the large room is exceptionally fine and extends from ceiling to floor; here also is a large fireplace and mantel with reeded columns at the sides, and until recently there was a large, built-in cupboard at one side. The stairway, built of heart pine, is exceedingly well executed.

The Pemberton and Handy families dominated the neighbourhood for generations, and the Handys eventually owned "Pemberton Hall," "Pemberton's Good Will," "Pemberton," and "Handy Hall." During the Revolutionary War, "Pemberton Hall" was headquarters for the loyalists in the section. In 1835 the properties were sold to John Parsons, whose

son, Captain Alison C. Parsons, used the house as a secret meeting place for the supporters of the Confederacy. He ignored the orders of Union officers and "Pemberton Hall" was raided, but a cache of arms and ammunition had been secreted somewhere in the grounds and never has been found.

At Captain Parsons' death in 1868, "Pemberton Hall" was purchased and later divided by Mr. James Cannon and Mr. E. E. Jackson. The former sold his portion, which included the house, to Mr. Cadmus J. Taylor, whose son, Mr. James Ichabad Taylor, is the present owner.

They kept on up river to Salisbury, the metropolis of the whole Eastern Shore, a modern and progressive city, unlike anything else you will find on the "Sho." The crew walked about the city a bit, and then attained their objective by calling at "Poplar Hill Mansion," of which the story follows:

POPLAR HILL MANSION

(Illustration facing page 151)

"Poplar Hill Mansion" occupies a site at the head of Poplar Hill Avenue in Salisbury. This ground was part of the tract once known as "Pemberton's Good Will," which was purchased from the heirs, three daughters of Captain John Winder, by Major Levin Handy in 1795. Major Handy married the second daughter and built the present house.

This large, white, weatherboarded residence is two and a half stories, with steep gable roof surmounted by a chimney near each end. It is finely constructed throughout and built of heart pine. A square portico, supported by four plain columns, covers the front entrance; above this is a decorative triple window, the centre panel of which is circle-headed.

The Winder House, a very much older building, stands in the rear of "Poplar Hill Mansion" and is connected with it by a colonnade erected by Major Handy.

The wide, twelve-foot hall is spanned in front of the stairway by a graceful arch, supported by square fluted columns. The staircase is a masterpiece and the old heart-pine paneling is superb. The rooms are all large and finished in true Colonial style. In the old days a grove of very large Lombardy poplars encircled the house, but these have entirely died out.

Succeeding Major Handy as owner was Peter Dashiell, who, in 1805, deeded the estate to his brother-in-law, Dr. Huston. Upon Dr. Huston's death, about fifty years later, one of his daughters, who married Mr. Thomas Robertson, occupied the house. It was then sold to Mr. George Waller, whose son, Mr. George W. D. Waller, is the present proprietor.



Bibbins Collection

RATCLIFFE MANOR
On the Tred Avon River

Courtesy of
Pratt Library



TRED AVON YACHT CLUB

H. Robins Hollyday



THE ANCHORAGE
On the Miles River

From "The Chesapeake Bay Country," by Swepson Earle



MILES RIVER YACHT CLUB

Courtesy of John P. Cosden

They lost no time, after this visit, in getting the *Fanny* on her way down stream for the long run to Hooper's Island, their haven for the night. It was nearly dark when they got there, and Handy took charge of just where to plunk anchor, as this was part of his stamping ground. They had their rather late dinner, having lunched sketchily at Salisbury, and then gathered round to hear Handy's tale of the Dorchester Islands (see map):

DORCHESTER'S ISLANDS

(Illustration, see map inside page 130)

"Well, Skip, as we are now in Dorchester waters, perhaps we might talk a bit about that county's bordering islands. The yachtsman cruising down the Chesapeake to the mouth of Choptank River will pass Sharps Island Light and about a mile further down will see a small, treeless patch of sand and sedge. This is all that remains of Sharps Island, a once proud little body of land set well out in the Bay, which, without defense, stood bravely defying the elements, but ever fighting a losing fight.

As time is reckoned in Maryland, its history is old. Of its various owners, William Claiborne was among the earliest. Later, prior to 1675, it was owned by a Quaker physician, Peter Sharpe, 'Chirurgeon,' whose name it still bears. Some two centuries ago it had an area of seven hundred acres or more. In 1848 it contained four hundred and thirty-eight; and by 1900 it had diminished to ninety-one, and in 1910 only fifty-three acres remained. The erosion was chiefly on the north and west sides, where the elevation was about seven feet. Now it has practically disappeared.

People still living remember when the island was well wooded and was a favorite spot for ducking and small game. Shortly before the turn of the century there was a large hotel in the middle of the island and a long pier leading to the steamboat wharf. The arable land was tilled. Threshing machines were ferried across from the mainland. However, the stories still told by old residents of Tilghman's Island of statements of their forebears that that island was very close to or even connected with Sharps Island are hardly to be believed. The earliest maps, including Herman's, the oldest, show a considerable stretch of water between the two islands.

Southeast of Sharps Island Light, about six miles, lies Hills Point in Dorchester County at the mouth of Little Choptank River. The Bay shore of Dorchester from the Little Choptank to Holland Straits is fringed with a succession of islands of varied size and shape. All are low and flat. In elevation they range from two or three feet to ten or more above mean sea level. They are not familiar to the average yachtsman. The neighboring waters are generally shoal and good harborage is infrequent. The ship channel is well out in the Bay or toward the Western Shore. Skippers usually give them a wide berth.

All have been cruelly punished during the years since Captain John Smith, in his exploration of the Bay in 1608, saw them. The doughty captain in nasty weather grounded his open barge and fifteen men in the shoals of Hooper's Strait. Disgusted with storms, shallows and absence of fresh water, he hastily left these waters, which he called the Strait of Limbo, and, crossing the Bay off the Cliffs of Calvert County, he continued his voyage up the Western Shore.

These islands have been lashed by stormy seas and gouged by floating ice. Where their banks were of clay they have been constantly eaten away by strong currents and tides. Marshy shores have been more resistant. All have been greatly reduced in area.

Recently my attention was directed to an old document included in the famous Calvert Papers at the Maryland Historical Society; these papers being a collection of original records owned by the Lords Baltimore, relating to the Province of Maryland since its beginning. The old document proved to be a manuscript map, about forty-one inches by twenty-one inches in size and dated July 1, 1751. It was a plan of two islands, Taylors Island and James Island, and on its face stated it was a general survey of these islands, 'the Waters surrounding them and the Bearings and Distances of the several Points and Head Lands adjacent.' It was made for important personages, no less than Lord Baltimore and the Proprietaries of the Province of Pennsylvania. It was to be used in the long-drawn-out controversy concerning their boundary lines. The surveyors were John Emory on the part of Baltimore and William Killen on the part of Pennsylvania.

The map is 'laid down from a scale of Perches 200 in an Inch.' It gives the outlines of the islands and depths of water at various points and courses and distances to certain places, thus, from James Island to Sharps Island, 1554 perches, to south end of Lows Island (probably now at or near Black Walnut Point, Talbot County), 2725 perches. And from Taylors Island 1064 perches to 'Western Shore,' to Cove Point 2474 perches; to Barren Island, 2600 perches.

It shows further the places of residence of three persons on Taylors Island, namely: of Captain Henry Travers on the Bay shore; of Jacob Pattison, whose house, now known as 'Mulberry Grove,' is still standing; and of James Hooper on the north end of the island facing Little Choptank River, who was living when the survey was made and doubtless saw the surveyors at work. The site of this house is now well out in the river; the house has been moved to a safer spot.

I have perhaps dwelt too long on this subject, but the map, though catalogued, seems practically unknown. It would seem to be of value to those interested in the vanishing islands and diminishing coast lines of the

Chesapeake. In any case, its discovery led me to these remarks on Dorchester Islands.

JAMES ISLAND

Beginning at the mouth of Little Choptank River, which stretches some two and a half miles from James Point to Hills Point on the mainland, is James Island; in early Colonial records, called St. James Island. On the map of 1751 mentioned before it is shown as a single, crudely wedge-shaped body of land nearly cut in two by an inlet crossing it diagonally. It is bounded by the Bay, Little Choptank River and Oyster Creek. On the south it is, or was, separated from the larger Taylors Island by a narrow stream less than three feet deep emptying into the Bay. This stream long since has silted up due to the sinking of a boat in the channel, it is said. It is approximately two miles long by three-quarters of a mile wide. The elevation is about ten feet. It has been completely washed through in two places and now consists of three smaller islands.

As far back as 1663 tracts of land were surveyed here for patents. In much later years it supported a sizeable population, with a school, church and stores. A census of 1901 showed a population of eighty-two persons. The church and school closed about 1905. By reason of its exposed situation it suffered greatly from erosion. Its area decreased from 975 acres in 1848 to 555 acres in 1901, a loss of 420 acres in fifty-three years. It is now said to comprise about 350 acres and is uninhabited except for wild life. Ducks, geese and swan abound and certainly until lately deer were to be found. Undergrowth is thick and there is a fine stand of pine trees. There are no dwelling houses. It is a lonely spot. An occasional unmarked shallow grave may be found, probably of some shanghaied oysterman drowned in attempting escape from virtual captivity on an oyster pungy, whose body had washed ashore.

The shore along the Bay is for long stretches a tangled jungle of fallen trees which have been undermined and hang toppling over into the water. Paths through the dense woods are marked with signs which direct the gunner. Altogether it has a strong appeal to the lover of wild life.

A decade or more ago it was purchased as a game preserve by the Loft family, candy manufacturers, in connection with their purchase of home property on adjoining Taylors Island. Later it was owned by Roy Grumman, of the Grumman Airplane Corporation, and recently it was acquired by local interests, who are said to be negotiating with the State Game and Inland Fish Commission for its use as a site for a bob-white raising project in order to compare pen-raised quail with those reared under more natural surroundings. It is contemplated that Barren Island will also be used for this purpose.

TAYLORS ISLAND

Taylors Island, next in the fringe, lies to the south and in part to the east of James Island and is a considerable body of land, about seven and a half miles long and altitude of three feet, with a population of 750, a central school and three churches. It is a prosperous farming community, with canning and fish industries.

It is bounded by Little Choptank River and Slaughter Creek, which circles around on the east and south in a hook through Punch Island Creek to the Bay. This last creek in prohibition days was used extensively by bootleggers as a landing place for their liquor, which was brought up the Bay in smaller high-powered boats from the mother ship somewhere in the Atlantic off the Capes. The landing place was a desolate outlying farm. Here the liquor was transferred to motor trucks. Two of these boats were captured here and brought to Baltimore, while the bottled cargo was confiscated and carried to Cambridge for more or less safe keeping. The bootleggers were tried and convicted in the Federal Court in Baltimore.

Yachts occasionally cruise through the Little Choptank and its tributary, Slaughter Creek, to anchorage at the disused steamboat wharf of the old *Emma Giles* on the Ferry Bridge, which connects the island with the mainland.

Taylors Island was settled early, about 1659. Lord Baltimore's Rent Rolls show a 200-acre tract, named Taylors Inheritance, surveyed on April 16, 1667, near Slaughter Creek, for Thomas Taylor, for whom the Island was doubtless named. Here are still to be found some old homes, such as 'Mulberry Grove,' already referred to, the old Pattison estate. This property, originally named 'Dover,' was later styled 'Mulberry Grove,' when, in the early eighteenth century, mulberry trees were planted here to feed silk worms for a proposed silk industry project. The oldest part of the house is said to have been built in 1684.

The old LeCompte Mansion, home of Moses LeCompte IV, was built about 1710. With the permission of its owner, the newly organized congregation of Methodists held their services here until their chapel was built nearby in 1787.

'Hooper's Conclusions,' the estate of James Hooper (born 1703, died 1789), included a large section of the north part of the island. His gravestone, with others, is still standing in the family graveyard, now being rapidly approached by the invading river. One ancient stone is now completely hidden in the trunk of a large tree which has grown around it.

A part of Hooper's Conclusions is now owned by a ducking club, largely composed of Bostonians, known as The Hooper's Point Gun Club.

This island offers good shores for duck and geese hunting and fine sites for homes along its borders of Bay, rivers and creeks. The captain of the *Gripsholm*, Swedish relief ship, is said to have recently purchased a home on the Bay shore. Until comparatively recent years it has been measurably protected from erosion by James Island, but the gradual washing away of the latter has brought increasing areas of Taylors Island to face directly on the Bay and erosion has been greatly accelerated in late years.

Along the roadside at the entrance to the village is a small mutilated cannon set upon a concrete base, with an appropriate tablet furnished by the county D. A. R. The cannon, locally known as Beckie Phipps, is a relic of the War of 1812 and has quite a history.

During this war the British blockaded the Chesapeake and made frequent forays against farm houses and settlements along the Bay and its tributaries. One such marauder, a tender mounting a cannon attached to the ship of war *Dauntless*, in 1814, sailed up the Little Choptank, stealing supplies from the farm houses and doing other damage. After setting a schooner afire near present Madison, the tender on its way back ran aground in the neighborhood of Taylors Island. The farmers quickly assembled and captured the boat and its crew, commanded by Lieutenant Phipps, and a colored woman on board named Beckie.

Later, in 1816 and 1817, Acts of Congress were passed awarding the sum of $1,800 to the gallant captors and releasing to them the government's claim against the property, including the cannon. This was taken ashore on Taylors Island and came to be called Beckie Phipps. It lay for generations behind a shed in the village and was seldom moved, since it had no carriage. On Fourth of July, Christmas and New Year's Day, and to celebrate political victories, it would be loaded and fired.

When news of the election of Woodrow Wilson, in November 1912, was received at the village, enthusiastic Democrats swabbed out the century-old gun and repeatedly touched it off with increasing charges of powder. Finally it is said to have been loaded with two pounds of powder and filled up with marsh turf and oyster shells rammed in clear to the muzzle. A tremendous roar followed, the cannon rose in the air, turning somersaults, and burst into fragments. One large piece descended in the creek and was located years later at low tide. Recently the larger portions were pieced together and the assembled remains of Beckie Phipps were planted in and upon her present concrete base for the admiration of wayfarers."

Handy had to get his breath, so Skip brought him another beer, patted him on the back and said: "That's an interesting tale, Old Timer; it ought to be printed, and maybe it will."

HOOPER'S ISLAND

"About six miles southerly lies Hooper's Island, joined to the mainland by a drawbridge over Fishing Creek, which connects Honga River, to the east, with Tar Bay and the Chesapeake on the west. From this point the island stretches about ten miles southerly to Hooper's Strait. It is very narrow, in places not much wider than the roadway which separates Honga River from the Bay. It is divided by two thoroughfares navigable to small boats into three islands, respectively, Upper, Middle and Lower Hooper's Island.

It, too, was settled early and by colonists from the Western Shore. Henry Hooper, one of these settlers, came here from Calvert County about 1667 and acquired much of the island. From him it doubtless received its name. Much of the land has washed into the Bay. Early deeds purport to convey tracts running into hundreds of acres, many no doubt arable. Now farmland and woodland are practically non-existent. The inhabitants are chiefly watermen, who fish, crab and oyster or engage in boat building. Wild fowl abound and it is one of the greatest areas for wild duck and geese in the United States. The Hooper's Island Gun Club has quarters here.

The Lower Island now has no connecting bridge nor inhabitants, though it is visited by gunners.

The yachtsman's approach to Hooper's Island would be around the south end past the light, through Hooper's Strait and by Honga River to Hoopersville, a small settlement on the Middle Island, where there used to be a steamboat wharf.

BARREN ISLAND

Westerly off the north end of Hooper's Island, across Tar Bay and facing the Chesapeake, lies Barren Island. It is about five miles long and is owned by the Consolidated Engineering Company, of Baltimore.

On an atlas of 1878 a dozen or more dwellings and a school are shown. It is now uninhabited, except for the club house maintained there and quarters for the caretaker.

The island seems to have been settled early. A tract of 700 acres, named Barren Island, is mentioned in the Rent Rolls as surveyed in 1664 for Richard Preston, beginning at a cedar upon an island called Possum Island, which lies adjacent.

BLOODSWORTH ISLAND AND BILLYS ISLAND

Next, about four miles southeasterly from Lower Hooper's Island, we come to Bloodsworth Island and the much smaller Billys Island, sepa-

rated by a narrow gat and virtually one body of land. Mr. B. H. Griswold, of Baltimore, owns about one-third of Bloodsworth and all of Billys Island, together with some adjacent islets, such as Northeast Island. The Phillips Packing Company, of Cambridge, owns the balance of Bloodsworth Island and maintains a club house. Mr. Griswold keeps a houseboat for living quarters. Otherwise the islands are uninhabited and are for the most part marsh land. The 1878 atlas discloses a number of houses on each. They are bounded by the Bay, Hooper's Strait, Tangier Sound and Holland Strait.

ADAM ISLAND AND SPRING ISLAND

A short distance south of Bloodsworth are some small, uninhabited islands in Holland Strait, all used for ducking. Adam Island is owned by Mr. Whitney, of New York, and has a club house, and Spring Island is owned by Colonel Albanus Phillips, of Cambridge.

HOLLAND ISLAND

Most southerly of Dorchester's islands and in Holland Strait, which separates that county from Somerset, is Holland Island. Some twenty years ago it had a population of about 250, with school and church, and was a thrifty community. Today it is without inhabitants. With an area of about 300 acres, much of it fast land, it is now owned by David B. Baker, of Baltimore, except a narrow strip and house owned by Ernest Gore, of Cambridge. A club house and appurtenant buildings are maintained."

Doc said: "We haven't had a funny story for quite a while and Mate looks as if he has one coming on; let's have some fun, right out of the bottom of the barrel, before our nightcap."

Mate obliged with the following:

TUNA AT NANTUCKET

(Illustration facing page 170)

"Fishing by amateurs in the Bay and its tributaries is usually done with a line of some kind, nor is it likely that an opportunity will be afforded to catch a large fish in the novel way set forth in the following episode.

The angler in this case was surf-casting at Nantucket when he saw a 'big one' streaking back and forth in a shallow pool formed by the ebbing tide. Going closer, he noted that his 'find' was a huge tuna, about five feet long, blue and silver in color, and a package of ocean-going dynamite.

Stripping down to his shorts and throwing aside rod and line, the fisherman waded and swam toward the big fish, clapping his hands and waving his arms to force the fish back into the shallowest part of the pool. Then angler and tuna staked a catch-as-catch-can wrestling bout, the man reaching for a good hold and the fish eluding him.

Finally the angler, with pokes and blows—now permitted, but once barred in wrestling—maneuvered the tuna into water only inches deep and there fell upon the fish, pinning it to the sand as a wrestler holds its opponent's shoulders to the mat.

From then on it was only a period of minutes before the big fish gave its last gasp and the angler arose victor in the strange bout between man and fish."

Skip spoke up: "Mate, I know where you got that Nantucket tale, and it's a good trick for a fellow engineer to tell it well, even if it is the truth." He turned to Doc: "Here's one for the book, sent me by a powdermaker, not the kind for ladies' cheeks or babies' butts, but the kind you shoot with; its scene is even further off than Nantucket, for it's in the Rockies. Again, a true story and so good that I got my older son's wife to make a pen-and-ink sketch to illustrate it. Here's the sketch and here is the Big Game Hunting tale:

THE GRIZZLY HUNTERS HUNTED

There are those who say that bears have been shot in remote parts of the Eastern Shore. Perhaps it will not be amiss then to relate the following experience of two big game hunters in far Alaska. Their principal quarry were mountain sheep. After many setbacks and long and arduous stalking over rocky ridges, they had finally shot five rams with thick curling horns and were preparing to return to civilization.

At this point two grizzlies enter the story, unobtrusively, shall we say. They had been sighted by the hunters on a river flat about two miles away. One of the party rode up on a ridge to get nearer for a shot, while the others watched the scene through glasses. About an hour later it was apparent that something had happened to disturb the peace of the bears. One suddenly plunged down a steep bank and disappeared off stage, so to speak.

We drop into the lingo of the drama because this bear turned up sometime later as the villian of the piece. The second bear was next seen limping slowly along under a bank. It appeared that the solitary hunter had wounded him at 400 yards and then had ridden up to make an easy kill.



THE GRIZZLY HUNTER HUNTED

From "Game Trails II"
by R. R. M. Carpenter

It was growing late when the party reassembled and returned to camp. All were tired and looked forward to a quick supper and a long sleep in the cozy warmth of the tent. The first to ride up sensed something amiss and, dismounting, looked quickly into the tent.

What a shambles; the place looked like a cyclone had raged in the once cozy interior. The cookstove was knocked over, the stove pipe lay bent and twisted, a huge rent had been torn in the canvas and equipment was strewn everywhere.

A quick look around revealed large fresh tracks in the soft ground. As a chorus the hunters cried: 'That damn bear.'

But that was only the beginning. Hardly had the men dispatched supper and gotten asleep in their bags when a gale came sweeping down the canyon, tore in through the rent in the canvas, knocked down the stove pipe again and sent two pails of water over the sleepers. They made no move to set things to rights again, but crawled deeper into their sleeping bags.

And so, reversing the usual order, we'll put the title of this tale last and call it: 'The Revenge of the Grizzly,' or if you like the 'Hunters Hunted'."

Doc spoke up: "That's a good one, Skip, and in much less sporting vein I'll give you one, told me by a contemporary of Mate's, who is a real estater when the weather is cold and he can't enjoy a boat or fishing. Here it is:

A certain quartet of young boatmen who spent their week-ends during the Summer cruising the Bay, attending regattas and looking for fun and frolic, had developed resourcefulness, that necessary quality of all those who follow the water, into what they would now in later years blushingly term a racket.

But in those early years it was all a lot of fun. Whenever their own larder was depleted and beer had all been consumed or time hung heavily, they would move over alongside some handsome yacht and, anchoring, would engage those on board in casual conversation, asking the power of the engine, commenting on the trim hull and estimating the speed far beyond the yacht's capacity.

Yachtsmen, like all humans, being susceptible to subtle flattery, would invite them aboard to inspect the engines or look over the wheelhouse. This led to a drink and often enough to an invitation to dinner. Once they spent the entire afternoon and evening on a yacht loaded with girls. And the moon was out that night as well.

But there were setbacks.



TERN SLOOP CHEDRA II J. W. Barnard



CRUISER RACING P. C. Chambliss



Pratt Library
Collection

WYE HOUSE
On the Wye River

Historic American
Buildings Survey



WYE OAK

P. T. Blogg

Once at Havre de Grace they moved over to a stately yacht and began to talk to a young man and girl leaning idly on the rail. The four hungry and thirsty occupants of the little launch learned that the big yacht had come up from Florida and after the regatta was to go on to New York. But all their admiring comments about her lines and guesses as to her power brought no invitation to come aboard.

After an hour of trying, a stylish launch swept up to the companion-way and a man in expensive and correct yachting clothes, accompanied by a woman and a girl climbed aboard. The young man and young girl disappeared from the rail, but were seen a few minutes later in apron and mess jacket setting out a table on deck and loading it with savory and costly food.

The four young boatmen realized they had been trying to cadge an invitation from the steward and stewardess. Disallusioned they upped anchor and went ashore to eat hamburgers."

After that the crew went bye-bye.

CHAPTER XX

THE LITTLE CHOPTANK AND FAIRBANK

THE Eastern Shore rivers lack the variety of those on the Western Shore; the former run through lowlands, rather flat country and not as heavily wooded. The banks are usually low, and you see an expanse of pleasant fields and farm houses, with rather few towns of any considerable size. The Choptank, into which the *Fanny* turned at about ten o'clock on Wednesday morning, July 30th, 1941, is a fine, broad stream—probably the most popular spot for fishermen on the whole Eastern Shore.

They had gotten up fairly early, as the fishermen taking out the boats from sunrise on had made Hoopersville no place to sleep late. The stay there reminded them of an experience in the same place some twelve years before, when in there to get out of a terrific rain storm. The wind howling through the few trees on the low island, made them sit up playing poker much of the night, to make sure that the anchor did not drag and get them in trouble. Fishermen were out all night after boats adrift and banging about in the harbor.

The *Fanny* ran into the Little Choptank for a visit to "Spocot," the Radcliffe estate. The Four Old Salts were shown around by the Senator's brother, who helped with the following story of "Spocot":

SPOCOT

(Illustration facing page 161)

The site of "Spocot" on the Little Choptank, upon a small peninsula bounded by Lee and Gary Creeks, is among the oldest settlements of white man in Dorchester. Near the present house is a great oak tree called "The Indian Council Oak," considered to be over four hundred years old, and under its leafy boughs Indian councils are purported to have been held.

In 1662 the land was patented by Stephen Gary, who called it by its Indian name, and who was chosen by Lord Baltimore as one of the seven commissioners for the government of the county. Part of the house seems to have been built soon after the grant, but most of it consists of additions of a later date. The long, rambling structure gives the appearance of consisting of three sections; the main house in front and a long two-story rear wing. The gable roofs are broken by thirteen dormer windows, and their ridges are surmounted by five wide, brick chim-

neys. A large porch supported by columns covers the front and one side of the main building; the sides of the first wing section are arcaded. The entire construction is weatherboarding, painted white. The rooms are of moderate size, but noteworthy is a huge fireplace with original iron crane attached to the chimney wall.

Like many places on the Chesapeake shores, "Spocot" in its early days was a community within itself. The estate had its own shipyard, storehouses, saw mill, grist mill, carpentry and blacksmith shops, as well as extensive slave quarters. These numerous outbuildings are no longer standing, except a couple of the slave dwellings, now used for other purposes.

At the death of Stephen Gary the estate passed to his son-in-law, Charles Powell, a very prominent lawyer of the time, and under the roof of "Spocot" transpired many important events in the history of those days. The old homestead has never passed out of the family of its original owner, and is now the property of Senator George L. Radcliffe, a descendant of Stephen Gary in the eighth generation.

Their host gave them some peelers from his live box, and the crew headed the *Fanny* for the favored red spar below Sharps Island. Soon all had hand lines over, with double hooks and six-ounce sinkers. A sandwich lunch sufficed, as they were getting fish and nobody was willing to quit long enough to get a proper meal. In the late afternoon, with three dozen hardheads and a half dozen trout, they ran into Fairbank, at the lower end of Tilghmans Island, plunked anchor and got set for dinner there, and overnight.

Mate and Handy went ashore before dinner to get rid of the excess fish and had a hard time giving them away. Finally a kid said he'd take them, as if it were a favor. After dinner a round of stories broke out.

Mate led off with this one:

"Examine the chart before dropping anchor is wise counsel, as the following will attest.

Two cruisers made rendezvous in the Choptank and headed toward Cambridge. Those on board became hungry before the town was reached and when the lead boat signaled for lunch those on the craft behind yelled assent.

Moored together, the skipper of the larger craft carefully lowered away his thirty-five-pound anchor, but paid out all seventy-five feet of line without touching bottom. Then he dropped the sixty-five-pound emergency over and let out more than one hundred feet of line before there was any slack to indicate bottom.

A plentiful lunch was enjoyed, but the three men in the group did not tarry when the last cup of coffee was consumed. They turned to the job of hauling up the anchors, one from seventy-five feet of water and the other from more than one hundred feet.

Long before the hooks were on deck they knew they had some back muscles they had never known about before, and that for some days there would be aches whenever they stooped over.

Then with the anchors secured they looked—but too late—at the chart and learned that seventy-five yards farther away they would have found bottom at fifteen feet."

Skip followed with a true one by his younger son:

"This is the tale of a perfectly equipped fishing trip that took into account every minute detail—except the gremlins that haunt both air and water.

The four young men had stocked a thirty-foot cruiser to the 'gunnels.' There were steaks in the ice box and eggs and bacon and other comestibles. Tackle was on the de luxe side and plentiful. Bait ranged from bloodworms to pork rind, to shrimp, to peelers.

In high spirits the Severn was navigated and the craft entered the Bay. At the same time the gremlins made their appearance without so much as a by your leave.

The Bay was tossing and heaving and dishes crashed to the floor; on the calm Severn there seemed no need to secure them. Orders were given to head for the bar off Bloody Point. A limey would have said the "plyce was bloody well named," for there the seas began pitching the boat about until at times the prop was whirling clear of the water.

With the bow quartering the seas and the engine throttled down to 'trolling speed,' the party made ready to break out some of the fancy fishing tackle. But it was trouble that broke out, not fishing gear.

The pitching and rolling had become so violent the skipper suddenly realized that the craft was swinging in the trough. He grabbed the helm from the steersman; the wheel spun easily, too easily. The steering cable was checked, but nothing appeared amiss. Over the side went one of the crew and a suspicion was verified when the swimmer felt around the stern under water: the rudder was gone.

And the explanation seemed obvious when a heavy plank was seen tossing on the waves not far astern. It was apparent that the boat in riding over the plank had pried off the rudder. The skipper dove over, towed in the plank and, after it was aboard and notched, all hands rigged it over the stern transom to serve as a rudder.

Crippled, but kept out of the trough with great difficulty, the boat was slowly headed across the Bay toward the lee shore and a West River shipyard for repairs. En route another cruiser came into view and up went a distress signal. The crippled craft was towed to the shipyard and the four fishermen went ashore without having wetted a line."

Handy dished up this by a lawyer pal of his:

"In that era when horse and buggy was the accepted means for land travel and sailing craft for water transport, surgery sometimes was practiced on the Eastern Shore with severe hardship for the physician and his aides—and also for the patient.

One cold and windy November day near the turn of the century, a Cambridge (Dorchester County) doctor was summoned to Lower Hooper's Island to perform a trepanning operation on a man's skull. The physician asked a friend to go with him. They proceeded by horse and buggy to the Middle Island, where another doctor joined them.

The trio shifted then to an oyster-scraper boat, a flat bottom, centerboard craft with a small cabin, two masts, leg-o-mutton sails and jib. Reaching their destination about nine o'clock at night, they found the patient unconscious. In a rumpus some days before, he had been hit on the head with a blunt hatchet, such as rural storekeepers use to cut 'sowbelly.'

A kitchen table was cleared and the patient placed thereon for the very delicate operation. The doctor from Middle Island administered the chloroform, the Cambridge doctor did the trepanning and the third man held a kerosene lamp and one retractor.

One mishap occurred. Too much chloroform was administered, but death was averted by standing the patient on his head. Heroic treatment, no doubt, but the operation was successful and the patient lived."

Doc followed through with a true yacht racing tale by a sail enthusiast of Oxford:

"There was more than one noteworthy thing about the famous bugeye race off Gibson Island between the *Brown, Smith and Jones* and the *Bee.* There were the odd names and, moreover, it was the first time in recorded bugeye history that these sturdy work craft carried such fancy sails as the genoa jib and mizzen stays'l. There was another feature hidden from all except those on the *Bee,* and this tale may reveal it for the first time.

The race was from Gibson to and around the Popular Island buoy and return. With the added sails taking every hatful of wind, those on the two boats had plenty to do. Moreover, the wind was flukey and the sheets had to be shifted from fore to aft frequently. For that the *Brown, Smith and Jones* was well equipped, having an open rail with pipe stanchions every two feet that made convenient places for trimming the genoa.

Those on the *Bee* were not so fortunate, for the craft had only a bulwark rail with no cleats or chocks to tie to. However, one of the amateur sailors on the *Bee* solved the problem. He rooted out a brace and bit from the tool chest and every time the *Bee* came about he quickly bored a hole in the rail at the new position of the genoa sheet. A snatch block did the rest and everything was snug until a new hole had to be bored.

To most, a brace and bit might appear the proper tool for scuttling a ship, but in this instance it helped to win a race."

Skip closed the yarn session by reading a letter from his older son on "Aquaplaning" and one by a friend of his son's on "Water Skiing":

AQUAPLANING

(Illustration facing page 230)

Aquaplaning, sometimes erroneously called surfboarding, is an inland substitute for the romantically Hawaiian sport of surf riding. In aquaplaning, the motive force of the running surf is replaced by the less romantic but more reliable and more flexible motive force of a tow boat. The thrill of flashing spray-filled motion in aquaplaning is one of the finest of sports.

The aquaplane is a flat board of sturdy construction, having a length of from four to six feet and a width of about thirty inches; the faster the board is to be towed the smaller it may be; for starting purposes it should not be made smaller than four feet by thirty inches. The aquaplane may be towed by any sort of boat capable of dragging it at a velocity of sixteen miles per hour or better, any rate slower than this will allow the board to sink too far into the water and make it very difficult to maintain balance.

There are two general techniques for aquaplaning. In the first, the board is towed by a direct rope between the board and the tow boat. This tow rope is attached to the underside of the board near the front end and a second rope is attached to the topside of the board near the front end to act as a sort of rein for the upright rider to hold on to. In the second technique there is no direct connection between the board and the tow

boat. The board is without ropes and the rider stands on the board and holds the short cross bar in his hands to which is tied the tow rope. This second technique is considerably more difficult than the first and should not be tried until practice has been had in the first technique.

Aquaplaning is a sport that is safe for any strong swimmer and one that is easy to learn. The more advanced tricks of jumping and double riding are more frequently seen in the movies than on the rivers; however, it doesn't take long to master the fun of traversing the wake of the tow boat by throwing the weight onto one side of the board and then the other.

SKIING ON THE CHESAPEAKE

(Illustration facing page 231)

Among the dreams of man have been two outstanding desires—to fly through the air on one's own power, and to walk unassisted on the water. Though neither of these have been accomplished, the art of water skiing very closely approaches the latter.

Few bodies of water offer more attractive sites than the Chesapeake Bay for planing on the seven-foot-long skis. The irregular Bay shoreline affords many sheltered coves, rivers and inlets in which to ski in wave free comfort in the shadow and beauty of the tree-lined shores. For those who crave the open waters and distance, a jaunt across the Bay makes a nice afternoon trip.

With a seven-inch width for normal skis, there is adequate planing surface for comfortable skiing when towed over fifteen knots—although twenty or twenty-five knots makes much more pleasant skiing—and for those who are looking for top thrills and a chance to match physical endurance with the wind and waves, speeds of forty or forty-five knots offer the opportunity.

However, to more nearly approximate "walking" on water, one can successfully ski on two slats of wood thirty inches long and six inches wide. There are indications that with proper technique it may be possible to reduce these dimensions further so that one may be "walking" on slightly over-grown shoe soles.

Although there are many independent water skiers enjoying the sport, the northern end of the Bay has two organized units, both members of the national organization of water skiers, the "American Water Ski Association." The most northern unit can be found, when not restricted by government regulations on the use of pleasure boats or gas rationing, cavorting in the inlets around Havre de Grace.

Further south the "Chesapeake Sea Skiers" center their activities around the mouth of Back River, just north of Miller and Hart Islands.

where they can be found most any Summer Sunday afternoon keeping several speed boats busy providing the motive power for the members of the club and their guests.

Another group is on Lankford's Creek and the Chester and Sassafras Rivers.

Taking its lead from ski-jorring on snow, followers of water skiing have developed jumps—inclined ramps extending from the water to a height of four or five feet, from which jumps are made some forty feet. Other standard activities include a slolom course in which the skier attempts to circumvent floats spaced alternately about twenty feet on either side of a straight path to be followed by the towing boat.

Water skiing gives ample opportunity for the development of stunts by multiple skiiers not possible on snow. The controllable flexibility of free-board water skis make them a favorite of those who enjoy the more active water sports.

For sheer romantic delight, night skiing is much favored. A full moon on a warm Summer evening with a glassy Bay makes an ideal setting for sliding almost noiselessly over the water, seventy-five or one hundred feet behind the purr of a towing speed boat. Below, the skis stir the phosphorescent jellyfish into a sparkling activity, which stream behind in seeming never ending streams of light.

Night skiing also has its moments of suspense, as seen in the following story told by the president of the Chesapeake Sea Skiers Club:

"Joe and I started out one evening behind boats of about equal speed. It was a dark, moonless night. Far out in the mouth of Back River the boats met and drove alongside of each other. While so doing, Joe and I decided to exchange places behind boats for variety. Being dark, the boat drivers did not see this change. A short time later, while attempting to adjust a ski, I lost balance and spilled. Because of the motor noise and the darkness my driver was not aware of this either. Soon heading for home he swung past the pier to let his skier glide off to the sandy beach. As he swung around and pulled to the pier he saw Joe, whom he was pulling when he left, standing on the beach, so thought nothing more than that his skier was safely back.

In the meantime I had heard the purr of the motor become fainter and fainter as he sped off into the distance toward home and I grasped one ski under each arm to give me added buoyancy for the long wait I must endure until my absence was discovered.

Fortunately it was not too long until I heard a faint purr of a motor in the distance, and as it became louder and louder I was sure that a searching party was on the way. Previous experience had taught us that

the best way to find a person lost overboard at night was for the boat operator to go for a ways, then stop boat and motor, at which time the downed skier can call to give the operator his general direction. Repeating this several times, brought the boat and crew near enough so that they could visually pick up the white ski which I had extended as high out of the water as possible. They were quickly alongside and I was hoisted aboard none the worse for the experience, but with the conviction that perhaps night skiing would be safer if the skier were equipped with a waterproof flashlight."

Skip brought out a letter from the Commodore of the Gibson Island Club and read it aloud as follows: (Illustration facing page 311.)

Dear Skip:

You asked me for something about the Bountys and I think it well to avoid emphasizing the name of this class, particularly because the company is now out of business and may, of course, never start up again; however, the Bounty is an illustration of a type of cruising auxiliary which has been growing in development and popularity over the past five or ten years. Back in the old days sailing yachts were owned by the wealthy few, largely because there were no really sound designs for smaller boats which would be within the reach of the average man's pocketbook, but in recent years a number of very splendid designs have been developed by outstanding naval architects. These boats seem to follow a rather general pattern. They run between thirty-six and forty feet overall. Hull designs have been elaborately refined to give splendid seaworthiness as well as a good turn of speed. These boats usually have sleeping accommodations for four, two in the main cabin and two in a forward cabin. They are, of course, equipped with toilet, galley, ice box, storage compartment, clothes lockers, and so on.

One of the things which has had a big influence on popularizing this type of boat is the development of compact, powerful and reliable engines. A twenty-five-horsepower modern engine in a boat of this sort will give a fairly good turn of speed under power and with a feathering propeller the effect on the boat's sailing qualities is practically nil. In recent developments the rig on these boats has been engineered to a fine degree of development. The rigs are simple, strong and efficient.

We expect to see a growing popularity for these boats because while they are large enough to give ample comfort and room for either cruising or day sailing and give the feel of being real boats, they are within the financial capacity of a great many people because of first cost and maintenance. They do not require paid hands or large, experienced crews for

racing, yet they do provide excellent racing and while they fall into the Class C Racing Division they compete successfully with the larger boats on their time allowances. For instance, my boat *Gibson Girl* won the Hampton Race from Gibson Island to Hampton, Virginia, two years in a row against very good competition. *Gibson Girl* is a so-called Bounty, thirty-eight feet nine inches overall, twenty-seven feet on the water, nine feet six inches beam and five feet six inches draft. She is sloop rig with a single headstay and can carry either working jib, Genoa jib, or spinnaker. Mrs. Sherwood and I have frequently raced *Gidson Girl* with another couple for crew and have gotten along very well. *Gibson Girl* was also high point winner in the cruising division on the Bay one year a few years ago.

So it seems to me the development of boats of this type should continue on a very healthy basis after the war. There are a great many advantages in an auxiliary as against boats without power at all and if the desirable features of the cruising auxiliary can be retained along with a good turn of speed it seems to me we have almost the ideal combinations for cruising, day sailing and racing. I haven't the remotest idea that this will be of any value to you, but for whatever it is worth, here it is.



BLAKEFORD
On the Chester River

Geo. M. Moffett



Pratt Library
Collection

REED'S CREEK HOUSE
On the Chester River

Photograph by
Don Swann



READBOURNE
On the Chester River

From "The Chesapeake Bay Country," by Swepson Earle



CHESTER RIVER YACHT CLUB

R. Hynson Rogers

CHAPTER XXI

THE CHOPTANK RIVER

"NOW, a friendly message from our sponsor!" Mate had tuned in for the weather report, got it and a small portion of the announcer's spiel, before Doc reached up and turned off the radio. It was the last day of July; the wind southwest, fifteen miles, sky overcast, but no signs of rain or storm. The commercial fishermen leaving the harbor before sunup made sleep impossible after five, so the crew got up, had breakfast, and the *Fanny* was on her way by six-thirty.

Mate said: "Skip, here is a letter from an old pal of mine, which he sent me, with instructions not to produce and read it till we were at Fairbank. Here it is:

Historical note: In 1897 flying machines were a poet's dream; girls' skirts were long and full; men's pantaloons were narrow and short; young people waltzed and two-stepped; parties were merry, sentiment was truer, security seemed to prevail; water sports meant sailing craft, row boats or canoes. But—let a yellowed diary of a vacation cruise on a large sloop tell the story and remember it was nearly a half century ago:

Aug. 23 to 31, 1897.—"Moored the sloop and went ashore, through kindness of Miss B. received invitations to a progressive euchre party; fifteen tables and a pleasant evening was spent; asked a number of young ladies to go sailing; took out our sailing party next morning and had a splendid breeze; boat leaned quite a bit and had to sit on the girls' skirts to keep girls from slipping across the deck; took photos, of course; watched huge fleet tonging for oysters; passed canoe of young people; gave Hopkins yell and they responded with cheers; landed guests and sailed for Oxford.

Steady wind and made Oxford in an hour; went ashore in skiff and brought off the Misses G. and several of George's lady friends and took them for a short sail; entertained at dinner ashore and waited on by a bevy of maids most fair; hurried away to make for Cambridge as wind was falling.

Arrived there and all seven trooped up to Mrs. J.'s, where we were treated to a glass of most delicious wine and a lot of home-made caramels; M. S. had helped to make them and got some, very hot, on his face from the stirring spoon apparently; looked at photos and sat on floor playing 'jacks'; later on lawn played mumbley-peg, an absorbing

game; after supper went to Miss B.'s and gave informal concert and danced until bed-time.

Went back to boat tired and next morning tumbled overside for a swim; not much to eat on boat and J. got 'sour balled' because he got up too late to get any oatmeal; becalmed all day; had another swim; nothing to eat on boat except watermelons and cantaloupes; breeze freshens and we are homeward bound; Philip, negro deckhand, all morning in dirty overalls, but appears in afternoon in white ones. 'Dry wash, suh,' he explains. 'Turned 'em inside out.' Transfer to Easton and off to Baltimore . . .

The old Bay gleams on each wave crest, oh;
A jolly good blow from the sou'west, oh;
Up anchor and away;
They'll see our heels today."

Handy, in his quiet way, held forth as they ran southeasterly for their first visit of the day to "Castle Haven," giving them a sort of summary of salient points about the Eastern Shore of Maryland, which he knows and loves so well, by counties:

Wicomico County was created in 1867 from parts of Somerset and Worcester counties, but Salisbury, its one city, is as old as Baltimore and is the metropolis of the Eastern Shore. A brisk, business-like place, with fine stores, hotels, factories and markets for farm produce. It is the second port of the State. It is a prosperous city and its county shares its wealth.

Somerset County is almost water surrounded, by the Wicomico to the north and the Pocomoke to the south.

The farms are good and raise several crops a year from its rich soil. Its sea food industry is the greatest in the East, particularly the crab. Its history dates from 1665.

While many of the old families survive, the rich northerners have come in, as they have all over the Eastern Shore, buying old homes, restoring them and living the life of its easy charm.

Worcester County, to the east of Somerset, is the State's only county with an Atlantic Ocean shore line and resort, our famed Ocean City. Verrazano, the first white man to set foot on Maryland soil, did so on what is now this county's Atlantic Coast line in 1524.

Its land is flat, but it has its own type of beauty, as does all of the Eastern Shore. Its climate is good and its farms are fertile.

Queen Anne's County was settled first by William Claiborne in 1631, three years before the Cavaliers landed at St. Clements Isle. His colony

on Kent Island was the headquarters for a long and bitter struggle with the Calverts, in which he finally lost out.

Centreville, the county seat, is a pleasant town of comfortable somnolence.

The county, like Kent, is agricultural, with pleasant waterways and famed for fishing, ducking and game shooting. It has its share of rich outlanders as adopted citizens.

Caroline County is divided by the Choptank. That fine tidal river is a favored haunt of sport fishermen and sail boat lovers.

It was named for the sister of Frederick, the last of the Lords Baltimore.

Denton, its county seat, is in some ways like its Court House, early Victorian. It is quaint and pleasing, gives the impression of leisure and substantial comfort, free from too many new-fangled niceties. It has almost no rich immigrants and seems to miss them not at all.

Kent County has a long Bay shore line and that lovely old stream, the Chester River. It is the oldest county on Maryland's Eastern Shore, dating from 1642.

Chestertown, then New Town, has been the county seat since 1698.

Kent has its share of rich invaders, who came, conquered and were conquered by its charm. It has a greater wealth of historic homes than any other county on the Eastern Shore. Its other river boundary, the Sassafras, is second only to the Severn of all the Chesapeake rivers in natural beauty.

Its farms are old, many none too well tilled or tended, but no one starves or seems to want for comforts in Kent.

Cecil County is called Eastern "Sho," but is really Bay head, since it extends from east to west shores of the Bay.

Its larger towns, Elkton, North East and Perryville, are not remarkable nor is Port Deposit, except perhaps for the home of Jacob Tome.

Its rivers are fine for yachting of the lesser kind, the Bohemia, Elk and North East.

They plunked anchor in LeCompte Bay, rowed ashore and were shown about by the owner, who supplemented this story:

CASTLE HAVEN

(Illustration facing page 160)

On the tip of a small peninsula overlooking the Choptank River and LeCompte's Bay—a truly superb location—is "Castle Haven." The tract, originally covering 800 acres, was granted in 1659 to Anthony LeCompte, a French Huguenot refugee of considerable wealth, who fled from France

during Richelieu's regime. It is claimed that it required several ships to transport his retainers.

The present two-story brick house was built in 1730, but there have been additions and enlargements by several of the owners through whose hands the property has since passed. The main building has a two-story porch in front, a gable roof and a semi-octagonal addition on the left. Much has been spent on the upkeep and improvement of the old place, which possesses one of the finest outlooks to be found anywhere in the Chesapeake country.

In the early nineteenth century "Castle Haven" was the residence of the Rev. James Kemp, one-time Bishop of Maryland. From him Levin and Mary Jones purchased the property in 1818; later it passed through many hands, among its owners being Governor Thomas King Carroll, Mr. Wilbur F. Jackson, Mr. Oscar F. Turner and Mr. Henry A. Harrison. "Castle Haven" is at present the property of the estate of Walter P. Chrysler.

The run across river, to the northern shore was brief and the *Fanny* soon tied up near "The Wilderness." The owner, one of the many adopted sons of the "Sho," showed the crew about and helped Doc with this story:

THE WILDERNESS

(Illustration facing page 171)

From a superb site on the crest of a hill, "The Wilderness" overlooks the Choptank River. A more inspiring view would be difficult to feature in song or story.

The survey for the original grant dates back to 1683, and there was an older house on the estate, occupied by several generations of the Martin family, before the present building was erected by Daniel Martin in 1815.

The house stands in a beautiful setting of old trees and boxwood gardens. It was built with great care of home-burnt brick and the finest materials, and is in two sections of approximately equal frontage and each two and one-half stories high, although the left wing is considerably lower than the main building. The style is Colonial, with gable roofs pierced by two dormer windows, front and back, in each building. Large chimneys rise above the roof ends. A wide portico, crowned by a pediment and supported by two plain columns, leads to the front entrance, which is to the left of the rooms on the ground floor of the main building. The hall is wide and architecturally near perfection. A plain but gracefull well-stairway rises just beyond an arch, supported by paneled pilasters, which spans the hall.

Daniel Martin was twice Governor of Maryland between 1829 and 1831; his father, Captain Nicholas Martin, fought throughout the Revo-

lutionary War; and his grandfather, Daniel Martin, was a man of influence in Talbot County.

"The Wilderness" is at present the property of Mr. J. Ramsay Speer, of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

Fanny sat down in her slip at the Cambridge Yacht Club around noon, a brief visit for registering in the visitors' book and lunch was encompassed with gusto, after a long stretch since breakfast. It took the crew an hour to let it settle and get steam up to navigate the delightful town of Cambridge. Doc read from his notes and, with a bit of questioning as well, this story is the result:

CAMBRIDGE

Cambridge stands on the southern shore of the wide reaches of the Choptank River, and is divided into east and west sections by Cambridge Creek. The town dates from 1684 and occupies land which was then part of a plantation owned by Daniel Jones. It took its name from the English university town, and became the county seat of Dorchester County. Cambridge was incorporated in 1745, but grew slowly until some ten years after the Civil War; today, however, with a great sea food and canning industry, it is a flourishing town, and is second in size on the Maryland Eastern Shore. The creek is given over to shipping piers and packing houses; the centre of the town has fine old homes set in shaded lawns and flower gardens, intermixed with modern buildings; the river front is improved by elegant residences with beautiful grounds.

The present Dorchester Court House is a painted brick structure of three stories, built in 1853 after the previous building, dating from 1770, had burned down. A still earlier Court House had been built in 1687 and was in use until the needs of the community necessitated the erection of a larger building. The first Court House was of brick, one and one-half stories high, with steep gable roof pierced by dormer windows, and with a chimney rising near each end.

Christ Church stands upon ground which has been continuously occupied by an Episcopal Church since before the year 1700, when the first church was built there. The present structure is of green stone in Gothic style, with some stained-glass memorial windows. The adjoining burial ground contains the graves of many distinguished people.

Where Cambridge Creek joins the Choptank River there stands the ruin of the town's oldest dwelling. It is called "The Point" and was built by Colonel John Kirk, an agent of Lord Baltimore, about 1706. Three subsequent owners—Robert Goldsborough in 1770, James Steele in 1796

and Dr. William R. Hayward about 1880—made very considerable additions to the old building, but little or no harm was done to the original. The last of the Steele family to own the house was Henry Maynadier Steele, the husband of Marie Lloyd Key, the daughter of Francis Scott Key. He sold the estate to William W. Eccleston, from whom it passed to his daughter, Mrs. William R. Hayward, and it has since been in the possession of her heirs. "The Point" for ten years or more has been practically dismantled and is in a ruinous condition. The old home was built of clapboard, painted white, one and one-half stories in height, with steep gable roof, from which projected seven dormers on each side. To the left of the wide portico and midway between it and the end of the building, there was a gable addition about ten feet wide and rising one and a half stories. This was roofed in the manner of an enlarged dormer, but it had an oriel window. A chimney rose from the right end of the roof and another just above the addition referred to. It is a long, low house, with rooms for the most part large, and a spacious and handsome square hall.

"Glasgow" stands on land originally known as "Lockerman's Manor." Toward the end of the seventeenth century this tract came into the possession of William Murray, a cousin of the chief of the Scottish Clan Murray. The house was built by his grandson in 1760, and was the birthplace of the brilliant statesman, William Vans Murray, who died at the premature age of forty-one in 1803, after having served the United States as Minister to the Netherlands and as a representative in the conclusion of the French Treaty. Dr. Robert F. Tubman acquired the property in 1830 and, prior to his death, having given a part of the land to an older son, left "Glasgow" to his youngest son, the late Robert C. Tubman. It is still in the possession of the Tubman family. The large house is constructed of brick, painted white, is two and one-half stories high, with gable roof, and has an enclosed porch covering the left end. To the right of the entrance there is a one and one-half story wing, with steep gable roof and four dormer windows on each side. The rooms are large and the high ceilings are bordered by cornices; fireplaces with finely carved mantels and deep window seats add to the charm; the flooring is walnut. The hall, plain but impressive, has a wainscoted and mahogany railed stairway. The homestead overlooks the Choptank River and is surrounded by an extensive lawn and beautiful old trees. The estate comprises about 250 acres.

High above the Great Choptank River, with a view unsurpassed, is "Hambrook." The estate, known in early days as "Busby," formerly included much more acreage than now. John Hambrook, from whom the

place took its present name, acquired the property about 1700 from William Dorrington. After passing through several hands, at the end of the eighteenth century it was purchased by William Vans Murray. When Isaac Steele became the owner, about 1800, the present house was built; he sold it to John Campbell Henry, in whose family it remained for very many years. The estate was then sold and resold several times before it was purchased by its present owner, Commodore Carlton M. Slagle. Built of brick, the house is two and one-half stories high, with high gable roof, from which three dormer windows protrude on each side; a high chimney rises from each roof end. A large covered porch, arched between the supporting columns, extends across the front and left end of the house, and a one-story sun parlour covers the right end. The interior is handsome and the rooms spacious. During the ownership of Mrs. Frank Dick, of New York, both house and grounds were greatly improved.

The Jordan House has a beautiful setting amid gardens of flowers and boxwood; in these grounds there is a curious and quaint seat fashioned from an old mill wheel. The house was built about 1760 by one of the Murray family. It is in the Georgian style, with wings extending on each side at right angles to the central building. The construction is of frame, painted white, and is two and a half stories in height. The interior has a graceful stairway rising from a great hall; the woodwork and paneling is of the finest. A small out-building on the estate is thought to have been built in the opening years of the eighteenth century.

In the older part of Cambridge, standing in a boxwood bordered garden, there is a large brick house, known as the "Wallace House." It was the residence of Roger Woolford, Commissioner for Lord Baltimore. Colonel James Wallace bought the house about a hundred years ago, and now it is in use as an addition to an hotel. It is two and a half stories, with a long wing on the left of the main building. Some eighteenth century graves of members of the Woolford family are in the grounds.

The old "Dorchester House" disappeared in 1939 to make way for business. It was a grand old brick house amid large grounds, built about the middle of the eighteenth century. It was at one time the home of Gustavus Scott, a member of the Continental Congress. For many years before it was torn down it had been used as an hotel.

"Sycamore Cottage" was built by Daniel Maynadier, son of a French Huguenot who fled from France after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes by Louis XIV in 1685. The early eighteenth century frame house is two stories high, with hip roof. It is now in use as the Cambridge Women's Club.

"The Muse House," sometimes called "LaGrange," stands on land bought from the Indians in 1686. The house was built by a member of the Woolford family some years before the Revolution. It is a most substantially built brick house of three stories, with exceptionally large chimneys.

No visitor to Cambridge should miss the modern up-to-date yacht club with its ample anchorage space. The club house is built to represent, and in the form of, a boat's bridge.

The great Governor Harrington Bridge, spanning the Choptank, was opened to traffic in 1935, shortening distance and giving more direct access to Cambridge from the north.

In that the Commodore had been so cordial in his reception of the crew, when they called at his office in town, they invited him to join them for afternoon tea (mixed by Doc according to his famed recipe for Planters Punch) and ordered his description of his club engrossed in the record of the cruise; so here it is:

CAMBRIDGE YACHT CLUB

(Illustration facing page 160)

The Cambridge Yacht Club, of Cambridge, Maryland, was organized and incorporated in 1911. Activities were suspended during the first World War, but were gradually resumed thereafter and the club has maintained a steady growth through the years to its present roster of 500 members. Membership has always been maintained in the American Power Boat Association and the Chesapeake Bay Yacht Racing Association and a regatta held annually up to the present war period.

The present club building, a gift from Mr. Francis V. du Pont, was officially opened in 1938, following the completion of the yacht basin and surrounding city park. Situated on the Choptank River, about two hours easy running time from the Chesapeake Bay, this club stands approximately at the midway point of Maryland's Eastern Shore country and is visited annually by many yachtsmen attracted by its location, club and basin facilities and the cordiality of its members. The club house is designed to represent the superstructure of a ship; kept open every day and evening in the year, its services, galley, showers, etc., are always available. Guest slips are maintained in the basin for visiting yachts without charge, and gasoline and water are on hand. Members of any other yacht club are welcome at any time.

That afternoon they polished and shined up the *Fanny*, powdered her nose, with Ivory Flakes, and got ready for the Commodore's visit. When he

exclaimed on how hard it must be for four cranky old cusses to live in the rather small space afforded by the *Fanny*, for weeks and weeks, he kind of stepped on Skip's corns, so to speak, with the result that he took the Commodore around inch by inch of the small ship.

Skip told them in one piece what he had told Mate on various occasions in many pieces, namely, the facts of life for *Fanny*. How, though she was the first 1938 Model De Luxe Sedan, she had so many extras and new ideas installed that she was something decidedly different. For example, a floor had been put in under the main cabin floor almost from rib to rib and just clearing the bilge nicely, so that a storage space of some six by ten feet was available through two large floor hatches, which accommodated beer and soft drinks by the case, all the luggage, suit cases, duffle bags or what have you, as well as the spare propeller and spare parts box, tool box, extra rope, oil lantern, cooking alcohol, etc. Three extra drawer lockers were installed under the fore and aft Pullman berth in the main cabin, a very large drawer under the double bed, day time couch in main cabin.

Book shelves between instrument and steering gear housing and hull casing, and on top the three-quarter length clothes locker at head of Pullman a radio mounting and catch-all shelf.

The usual large step drawer was under cabin floor forward of the false floor for canned goods and dry groceries, etc.

Large medicine cabinet in the toilet and the usual galley shelves, racks and pan locker. In the deck cabin forward opposite an upper and lower berth was a full-length clothes locker and a five-drawer cabinet, a swing mirror above it, and on the hull and above it a long shelf. Below this two long rods for drying things in bad weather and in the bow angle a swing bracket for mops, etc. Dust pan brush and long-handle scrub brush and a small broom, all stored upright in this angle or along the hull in battens.

Under the lower berth a large two-door locker and two drawers for linens. The hatch cover was screened, of course; as was every opening to outside; and it was quadrant operated.

The battery compartment held the two batteries, tester and other oddments under its own hatch in cabin just inside door to cockpit.

The cockpit floor had two hatches for access to reverse gear and oil filler and to steering post and made fine space for two two-gallon cans of oil, funnels, buckets, hose, etc.

At each side of cockpit, to the right back of Navy bilge pump and to the left back of Foam extinguisher, were the six jacket life preservers on fitted shelves, with snap-button fastener canvas covers.

Against the stern transom was the gas stick gage and water tank gage and a ring life preserver.

The swim ladder, when not in use folded, for use with the dink, or extended for a swim, was fitted by the large extinguisher against cabin wall.

A metal stool, with rubber-covered top, was available to step up to stern deck or gunwale strip, and four folding yacht chairs also were usually in the cockpit, except at meals, when two were taken to the table; the other two men sat on the couch.

Sometimes the table, the folding drop type with bolt plate, fitting to its three positions, was used in the cockpit if flies were not in evidence.

The boat was well fitted with lights and in addition to a searchlight top side had a spot light at steersman's left, for pier approaching or moorings.

Rubber non-skid mats were at strategic spots or transom top at side rails and in the bow.

The *Fanny* carried a thirty-six-pound kedge and a twelve-and-a-half-pound patent light but efficient folding anchor forward, and a twenty-six-pound Navy aft.

The outboard clamped nicely on the cockpit combing close to ladder and the big extinguisher.

The dink's sprit and sail were lashed top side to the right-hand rail. The cockpit awning stored at back of the Pullman, as did the dip net and crab net. The cockpit was fitted with two sturdy pipe stanchions for the awning, which were grand to hold on to when using the ladder or just getting set for a dive off her tail.

Before the Commodore left to go home for dinner, having refused a bid to pot luck with the Old Men, he was very much at home with them and they with him. As a parting salute, Mate told him this one—a repeat of a story told him by a famed physician and surgeon of Baltimore, who fixes certain organs that were never mentioned in the Dottie Dimple Series, but which are featured in the esquirish newyorkese of today:

When ignorance is bliss—ofttimes a story is born.

Like this one of a pair of novice yachtsmen who entered a race and sailed right through a terrific storm without realizing that it was anything more than a heavy breeze. They didn't win, but they didn't come in last.

They had chartered a sloop—*Black Hawk* she was called—for a two weeks' cruise down the Chesapeake.

Black Hawk was about thirty feet long, narrow and deep. She carried a tremendous mainsail and sizeable jib. She looked—and was—fast in a light wind. But there was a defect. She had been at her mooring in Havre de Grace Yacht Club basin so long some of her caulking had dried out.



WIDEHALL
In Chestertown

Hughes Studio,
Baltimore



Pratt Library
Collection

COMEGY'S BIGHT HOUSE
On the Chester River

Photograph by
Don Swann



WICKLIFFE
On the Chester River

Hughes Studio,
Baltimore



HINCHINGHAM
On the Chesapeake Bay Shore, Near Tolchester

Courtesy of
Mrs. C. M. Miller

They sailed her to Gibson Island and while loading cruise stores it was suggested that the two novices enter the Gibson Island-Cedar Point sailing race scheduled for that afternoon. Two club members, also novices, were recruited to make up a crew of four and into the race went the *Black Hawk.*

Beginner's luck attended the novices and the other eighteen yachts showed such consideration that the sloop was over the starting line first. Down the Bay she tacked against a stiff southwest breeze and at dusk she was leaving the mouth of the Severn well up in front, if not actually leading the race.

With the onset of darkness the wind got up mightily, as did the sea, and an order to reef the mainsail was given. By now big waves were tossing the boat about and probably bouncing out some of the dried caulking. With some fright it was noticed that water poured in through some of the seams when she heeled over. An order was given to man the pumps—and prepare coffee.

The hot liquid revived all hands. Elated by pounding seas and high wind, to say nothing of a drop or two from the ship's stores that had sweetened the coffee, the inexperienced but courageous skipper was for shaking out the reef. After all, he argued, it was a race. Dubious and a little scared were the crewmen.

But the skipper shouted above the wind: "Hell, shake her out."

This was done and on through the night flew the *Black Hawk.*

At dawn Cedar Point buoy loomed ahead. None of the other yachts was in sight; all had rounded the buoy, or so it seemed. So, at length, did the *Black Hawk*; then up the Bay with a stiff following wind.

Homing toward Gibson Island at a merry clip the *Black Hawk* crew wondered if they were last. As the sloop swept toward the finish line someone from the committee boat called: "Have you seen the *Serena*?"

"Hurrah" shouted the *Black Hawk* crew. They knew the query meant they were not last after all. An hour later they were off on their cruise and not for some days did the two novices learn that many of the boats had not finished the race on account of the storm they had sailed the *Black Hawk* through so recklessly.

CHAPTER XXII

THE TRED AVON RIVER

THE visit at Cambridge had been delightful. In spite of much urging on the part of genial hosts, the crew declined to get tight at the yacht club, with the result that they could, and did, eat a good breakfast and got going about nine o'clock. The weather still held fine, wind from the southwest, about fifteen miles an hour, rolled *Fanny* a bit going out of the Choptank, till they turned her north for the Tred Avon and Oxford. They arrived at this interesting town mid morning, checked in at the yacht club, and walked up town.

Skip recalled to the other members of the crew the many good times they had had at Oxford, and its grand small sail races. Comets, Stars, and all down the line to Wee Scots, Prams and Kid Scows. It was decided to defer the "Otwell" and "Ratcliffe Manor" visits till after lunch, which was had at the club. The Commodore came in just as the feed bags were removed, and told his story as follows: (Illustration facing page 180.)

A brief outline of the Tred Avon Yacht Club is—

1. Club house is situated on Town Point, Oxford, Maryland.
2. Primarily a sailing club, catering especially to sailing cruisers.
3. Anchorage off club wharf or in nearby Town Creek.
4. Wharf in front of club house building with ten feet of water at landing and landing float for small boats.
5. Fresh water on dock during Summer season.
6. Steward service at club house, where arrangements may be made for simple meals during the Summer season.
7. Small sail boat racing week-ends.
8. Regatta for sail racing second week-end in August.
9. Club house within walking distance of Oxford stores for supplies, etc. Oil, Gasoline and ice may also be obtained in the town.

To reciprocate for a good yarn the Commodore told, but which the censors would not pass for this log, the Old Men gave him a few retold tales.

Mate led off with a "Believe It or Not," which went this way:

"Ripley should have heard about this one and for the information of skeptics let it be said that affidavits can be produced.

Two hunters were out after quail and were having very little luck, when suddenly a bird flew up. A scatter shot found its mark and the quail darted crazily toward a copse and dropped out of sight.

When the gunners broke through the undergrowth they found their dog at point near an old stump. The dog broke point at once and began scratching at a hole under the stump.

One of the hunters—we'll call him Bill—reached his hand into the hole and reported he could feel the bird fluttering. As he withdrew his hand the tail-feathers of the quail came into view and then its body and finally the ugly snout of a rattlesnake, with its jaws gripped about the head of the bird.

The second hunter let it emerge about ten inches and then blew its head off. As he fired he glanced at Bill, who was standing as if paralyzed with his sparse hair almost upright. The snake had eight rattles. Bill renounced all claim to them; he said he would remember the incident all his life without the aid of a souvenir."

Handy countered with this from the Baron himself—Munchausen, of course:

"Some duck hunters were yarning around a pot-bellied stove in a country store at a little place on the 'Sho.' A Philadelphian told a story about a retriever that was considered a little far-fetched.

An old farmer who had been chewing silently and shooting a stream of tobacco juice expertly over the heads of the duck hunters into the sawdust box, shifted his cud and drawled: 'That reminds me . . .'

It seemed he had a bitch that was regarded far and wide as a 'purty good hunting dog.' The previous season the bitch was carrying puppies and was thought too heavy to go out after ducks. But she apparently knew the season was on and whined so persuasively that the farmer and his companion took her out to the blind.

The ducks came over fairly thick and the two hunters knocked down six. The bitch plunged into the water and was gone a long time. After half an hour or so her owner began to worry, but finally he saw the bitch swimming toward him flanked by five puppies. Mother dog and pups each carried a duck in its mouth.

'That's a true story,' remarked the old farmer and stopped talking.

Silently the duck hunters got up and went off to bed."

Doc spoke up and said: "You know I'm not a duck hunter, but I have a fellow-feeling for the friend who told me this, since my svelte figure is now curving the wrong way at the waist line:

After forty years of duck hunting from Maine to Louisiana, two veteran sportsmen decided suddenly to hang up their guns forever, following an argument one day out on the Susquehanna Flats.

They had shot ducks down through the years, from the time there was no bag limit or other restrictions to the present era of rules and regulations, and both had come to the belief that 'one does not have to be a damn fool to be a duck hunter, but being a damn fool certainly helps.'

Their long experience had brought them also to the belief that the best shooting was from sink boxes and the best bags were to be had on the Flats. One chilly day they were lying in a pair of sink boxes close together on the Flats, but they weren't having any luck. The birds seemed to steer clear of that pair of blinds.

Suddenly one said to the other: 'Pull your stomach in; the birds see you sticking out that way.'

'Oh, yeah,' replied the other. 'That paunch of yours protrudes at least two inches more than mine.'

For twenty minutes the debate went on with some heat, and then there was a pause. Finally the first spoke.

'The truth is, we're both too damn fat and old for this sport. As far as I am concerned this is the last time I'm going to try to hide my fat stomach from the ducks.'

'Me too,' said the other. Both stood up, went ashore, shook hands and never returned to the blinds again. The only ducks they get now are those they order in restaurants and from them they do not have to hide their stomachs."

Skip joined in with: "You know I'm the world's worst duck hunter, only been twice and damn near froze both times. Once with Mate on a farm shore of ours on the Chester, and it snowed all day and the blind we were in looked like 'Little Antarctica,' but without the heat the Admiral had inside the hut and maybe some other liquid heat for the inner man. The other time with a friend in the coal business, who took me to the Hallowing Point Club, a bit below Mount Vernon on the Potomac, where the dinner the night before the morning after was grand; the eye-opener of hot coffee brought to my room was much needed and permitted taking in some fuel, eggs, bacon and such. But, boy, it was cold in that de luxe blind, with the narrow shelf for your thermos, lunch kit, shells and other items, a man to set the decoys and retrieve the ducks, service with a smile and all that. But, after I had killed three by accident, I left my host in the next blind, went back to the delightful club house, with

its huge open fire, took some oil aboard and waited happily till he returned, having killed his limit. Ducking is just too damned cold and uncomfortable a sport for this old softie. Now, when it comes to gunning a bit, where you can move about and not freeze to death, I can see some sport in that, which reminds me of this story about quail shooting:

Let no skeptic who has not owned and known the qualities of a well-trained English setter cast a doubt at this tale. Furthermore, the account is from the archives of the Wolleston Manor Club of Charles County.

A hunter was out shooting quail one day with his setter and a covey flushed wild and flew into a honeysuckle thicket on the far side of a wheat field. The dog followed close and plunged into the copse.

The hunter reached the edge of the thicket just as a single bird came bursting out. He raised his gun and fired. The bird plummeted to the ground. After a minute or two out whizzed another bird and at about the same interval a third. In each case the hunter put up his gun and made an easy kill.

Curious about the behavior of the quail that put them in front of his gun sights like so many clay pigeons, he pushed his way into the copse to see what had become of the dog, who had not made a sound after disappearing behind the heavy foliage.

As he reached the middle of the thicket he saw the setter standing over a rabbit hole. There was not a bird in sight. It was apparent that the whole covey had flown down the hole. The dog had his paw over the hole and was letting the birds out one at a time at regular intervals. While the hunter looked, the fourth quail was released—and got away, as the hunter could not get his gun up in the heavy undergrowth.

Backing out into the open with his gun at the ready, he got the remainder of the covey one at a time. He knew he had dropped the last one when the setter trotted out from the thicket with an expression which all but said: 'Am I not a clever dog?'

Brother, we'll say he was."

The round of stories completed, the Commodore departed, and the *Fanny* took off for "Otwell," landed safely on the flying strip, anchored (if we must be nautical), and the crew was shown about most courteously by the owner, as this story of the place unfolded:

OTWELL

(Illustration facing page 121)

On the neck between Trippe and Goldsborough Creeks on the Tred Avon, there is a fine, large, rambling old house, reminiscent of rural England—it is "Otwell."

The original grant, among the very earliest, was made in 1659 to William Taylor for five hundred acres. The house, really built in five sections, resembles in shape a long-handled mallet, and is secluded from the road by a tall hedge. All of the building is of brick, and the two sections representing the head of the mallet and the part immediately adjacent to it are two stories high, with gambrel roofs pierced by dormer windows, and chimneys rising from the gable ends. This part was built about 1670. Some time about 1700 the three sections completing the handle of the mallet were added. The first of these is small and set back from the building line, two stories high with gable roof lower than the roofs which adjoin it. The second section is brought back to the building line, also two stories, but with gable roof restored to the height of the older part of the house, and with chimney at its further gable end. The last section, built flush with that preceding it, is of one-story, with a much lower but steeper gable roof, from which rises a chimney at the rear. The whole appearance is picturesque, and attractiveness is increased by the ivy mantling.

The estate passed to John Goldsborough about 1712 and has remained in that family ever since. The present owner is Mr. Matthew Tilghman Goldsborough.

From "Otwell' to "Ratcliffe," a nice run up the Tred Avon of about a half hour, the crew enjoyed watching the many small craft on the river and other boats of the cruiser class, both sail and power. The small private pier was used, and the owner's representative showed the Old Men about, as Doc read from his notes the following:

RATCLIFFE MANOR

(Illustration facing page 180)

At the head of the Tred Avon River, above Peach Blossom Creek, is "Ratcliffe Manor," with a fine view over the river and farm lands. The house was built in 1749 by Henry Hollyday, son of the builder of "Readville," for his bride, Anna Maria Robins.

A long avenue of trees leads to the house. The gardens in the rear are terraced, sloping gently to the river, and there are some mammoth trees scattered through the grounds.

The finely proportioned house is of dark red brick, much of it ivy-covered, and consists of a two and one-half story main building with a one and one-half story wing adjoining it on the left. Two chimneys at each end of the main structure flank its hipped roof, from which three dormer windows open on each side. The wing has a gable roof with two dormer windows on each side and a chimney rising from the peak of the left

gable. A wide and tasteful portico, supported by four columns, leads to a large and beautiful doorway.

The entrance hall is not large, nor does it extend the full depth of the house. To the right is a Colonial stairway and to the left a small study or office, such as were not unusual in plantation houses. The living room opens on the terrace with a doorway, which is a duplicate of the front entrance. This room has a beautifully carved shell cupboard and alcove. The dining room also overlooks the terrace at the back of the house. The first floor rooms, paneled in hardwoods, are spacious and have high ceilings.

It is said that "Ratcliffe Manor" derives its name from a survey made in the early days, and part of the estate was later sold to Mr. Henry Hollyday, who died in 1789. His son and grandson, Henry and Richard C. Hollyday, long resided on the estate, and from the widow of the latter it was purchased in 1903 by Mr. A. A. Hathaway, of Milwaukee.

They ran half way back to Oxford, when Doc said: "Let's tie the old nag to that fence post and take a swim." The motion was carried with no dissenting vote and the dunking took place promptly. A powerful speed boat rushed by as they were paddling about, and they rode the brief wake like the combers at Atlantic City. A run over to the far side of the river, across westerly from Oxford, was then made for the dinner which they decided to have on board, with some grand soft crabs they had gotten from the nearby fish house. Doc did himself proud in fixing those crabs, and not a paper shell in the lot; they just melted in the mouth.

After supper, they ran *Fanny* back to the club, to tie up overnight and swap more lies with the Commodore and some of his clubmen. It was all of eleven o'clock before the crew went bye-bye. Not such a good idea, as they were bound for St. Mike's the next day, and its regatta doings, which meant plenty of oil flowing from friendly bottles on many boats owned by friends of the *Fanny's* voyagers.

CHAPTER XXIII

EASTERN BAY AND THE MILES RIVER

AT eight, the *Fanny* was on her way from Oxford to "St. Mike's," short for the Miles River Yacht Club at St. Michaels, and the big regatta to be held that day and the next. The run in the Choptank and through Knapps Narrows in the bright sunshine, with a following breeze, was soon made, and then up inside of Poplar Island to Eastern Bay. The piers at Claiborne and the shore line of Kent Island, respectively to the right and left, as soon as Tilghman's Point was cleared, gave way to the fine vista of the Miles River.

Skip ran her right up into town, gassed and watered and iced her and then joined the long lines of boats surrounding the power boat course. At a guess there were over two hundred boats in the river, all out for a good time and having it. The run of a little over two hours to get there had just put *Fanny* in trim for her part in the afternoon's sport—participation in the Chance Cruiser Race, for which Skip had mailed in an entry, as well as for the Handicap Cruiser Race on the morrow. Coming out from one of the town piers, the *Fanny* got her numbers at the stake boat and a set of thumb tacks, and promptly put them on, one set for each side of the cabin structure below the running lights.

WORK BOATS

(Illustrations facing pages 111, 120, 230, 231, 281)

Friday morning, August 1st, the sun was bright and hot. Only a slight breeze, which ruffled Doc's thinning hair and the surface of the Miles River without discrimination, served to offset the sun's rays. The *Fanny* lay quietly at anchor; operators of the outboard craft darting noisily hither and yon farther out in the stream saw her squat form silhouetted by the docks and buildings of the Miles River Yacht Club.

Doc lolled in the *Fanny's* cockpit, reading a slick-paper program. "First race at one o'clock," he called in the general direction of the cabin. The slapping sound which had been coming from the cabin stopped abruptly. "Yeah, you told us that last night," said Handy, peering out the cabin door. "Damn these flies!"

"Well, I'm telling you again. How about a beer?"

"That's your third already and the sun's not yet across the yardarm," said Handy. "Maybe if you hadn't had so many last night you'd remember going to sleep over that program, or don't you remember?"

"Certainly I do. I was just sleepy," explained Doc, indignantly. "Any way my yardarm's on a universal joint like the one in that book 'The Cruise of the *Kiwa*,' and the sun crossed it just before Skip and Mate went ashore. Now, how about the beer?"

"You'd better come and get it. I'm trying to get rid of some of these damned St. Michaels flies before they take over the ship."

Doc pulled himself to his feet and got his beer. The clink of bottle against bottle punctuated the slapping. As Doc reached for the opener a "*Fanny*, ahoy" drifted into the cabin and Handy stared out. "Might as well make it two more," he said. "No—wait a moment—three. Skip has a guest."

Even before Doc had the bottles open the *Fanny* vibrated to a gentle bump along her side. Feet landed on the deck. Doc and Handy went outside.

Skip was climbing into the cockpit. Behind him came Mate and a stranger, a weather-beaten individual with a shock of red hair, his long legs encased in duck trousers which once had been white, a pair of battered canvas shoes on his feet. He lugged a fresh case of beer.

"Swell way to treat your guest," said Doc, eyeing Skip.

"We tossed to see who would carry it and he lost," explained Skip. "Doc, this is Gummy Davis. Gummy, this is Doc; over there's Handy. Boy, that beer looks good. The sun's hot."

Gummy sat the case down, straightened up and shook hands all around. "It's awfully decent of you fellows to have me aboard," he said, in a voice and accent entirely out of keeping with his appearance. "Regatta week's one time I usually have to stay ashore. Too much to do to visit. Skip happened along just as I finished up some last-minute details, asked me to come out and I couldn't resist."

"Race committee member?" inquired Doc politely.

"Not exactly," said Gummy. "I'm a comparative stranger around these parts—only lived in Talbot County fifteen years. But I used to help out in regattas around Long Island, and it sort of gets in the blood. I guess I'm odds and ends man here."

"Gummy's a 'furriner'," explained Skip. "Used to play around New York. That's where I met him. Only he played so hard he won all the chips, cashed them in and quit. When '29 came his pockets were lined with what had been in the bag the rest of us were holding. Isn't that so, Gummy?"

"Well, not exactly; I was lucky."

"Lucky, hell, you knew what you were doing. What I always wondered was how you came to settle in this part of Maryland—leaving that set of live wires up on Long Island for this drowsy countryside."

Skip turned to his crew. "Gummy looks like hell now, but you ought to see him in a dinner jacket," he said.

"I can well imagine that," replied Handy, gazing at Gummy. "Just why did you pick Talbot County?" he inquired.

"Well, I'll make it short. Back in 1921 I was in Baltimore on business. I'd had a tough time for several weeks, on the go day and night, and my nerves were shot. When a friend suggested that I stay over the week-end and take in the work boat races in Eastern Bay off Claiborne I said, 'The hell with work' and went along. I remember there wasn't much wind and it was hotter than an igloo stove, but it was the first time in weeks I'd been able to relax. After the races we went to St. Michaels and I wired my office to expect me when they saw me. We spent the next week on the Bay."

Gummy paused. "I don't know whether it was the relaxation, the people I met or just the water and country itself, but I fell in love with Talbot. I was fascinated by the work boats—the bugeyes, skipjacks and log canoes—and I made up my mind that if I ever retired, I'd head for the Eastern Shore of Maryland. That came in 1926 and I've been here ever since."

"Of course," he added with a grin, "the old-timers still look at me suspiciously, but they let me hang around. I've had fun."

Skip started after more cold beer. "Gummy knows more about the Miles River Yacht Club and those boats he mentioned than anyone else around," he said. "People around here take 'em for granted—he's studied up on them. He can tell you their history."

The remark registered immediately on Doc's inquisitive mind. "There's something which has always puzzled me and maybe you know the answer," he said. "Why is a bugeye called a bugeye?"

"I don't know," replied Gummy, "and I doubt if anyone else knows, although there are several theories. It has also been called 'buckeye,' and there's a Scotch word for oyster shell, 'buckie,' which some say was corrupted into 'bugeye.' The most plausible story, to my mind, is that the hawse pipes reminded the negro hands of bugs' eyes and they named the type.

"The bugeye as a class is only about sixty years old and is a child of the oyster industry, which needed a fairly heavy craft to haul dredges—'drudges' as they're called hereabouts—over the oyster beds. Log canoes were too light; the pungy's draft made it unsuitable. The schooner was



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GREENFIELDS
On the Sassafras River

Historic American
Buildings Survey



KITTY KNIGHT HOUSE
At Georgetown, on the Sassafras River

Hughes Studio,
Baltimore



LITTLE BOHEMIA
On the Bohemia River

Hughes Studio,
Baltimore



BOHEMIA MANOR

From "The Chesapeake
Bay Country," by
Swepson Earle

really more boat than was needed, and its bulwarks were too high for easy dredge handling. Shipbuilders combined various points of all three to evolve the bugeye.

"Take a look at that one over there; she's the *Susie W. Williams*, built right here at St. Michaels back about 1900. She's a planked vessel, unlike the first of her type, which were of log construction. You'll notice her clean lines and her raking masts and particularly her 'patent stern.'

"The first bugeyes were double enders, sharp forward and aft. This made for a neat design, but it left damned little room aft. Efforts to correct this varied—builders tried square and round sterns, but they broke up the trim lines and tended to make the boats unwieldy. It wasn't until a fellow named Robbins, of Cambridge, devised what he called a 'Davit Supporting Means for Sharp Sterned Boats' that the problem was solved. The plan—he patented it—called for beams extending aft, across one fastened athwartships over the 'ducktail,' the fore and aft beams designed to hold a dinghy free of the stern. Bugeye owners and builders soon found that by planking over the device they could keep the sharp stern and have the extra room they needed at the wheel."

"Well, I'll be damned!" said Skip. "I've often wondered where the 'patent stern' came from. By the way, Handy was asking me about log canoes the other day. I couldn't tell him much. Maybe you can let him in on the secret."

"There's not much secret about them," replied Gummy. "When the first white settlers came to this country they found the southern Indians using them. Having no metals, the Indians used fire and shells to shape their boats, and pretty crude specimens they were, too. An Indian would select a tree and build a fire around the trunk, feeding it until the timber fell. Then he'd burn off the limbs, burn through the trunk at the length he wanted and scrape off the bark. After that it was just a matter of burning the bow, stern and interior until the wood was charred, scraping out and repeating the process.

"The white men adopted the idea, mostly for fishing and oystering. They had tools and before long, instead of using a single log which they hollowed out, they changed to several logs. The biggest would be the keel, then the others would be shaped to make the sides and fastened together. The first fastenings were wooden pins, since metal was scarce. Later builders used long, hand-wrought, iron bolts, of which both head and nut were concealed by recessing them in the outside of hull members and then inserting neat plugs planed slick.

"There never was any specialized method of manufacture, each builder using his own system. Nor has there ever been any satisfactory explana-

tion of the sprit sail used, with its vertical bat at the toe and the extra rake to the masts, although it was not until some years after the colonists arrived that canoes were equipped with two sails and a jib. They were fast, but tricky, and hard to handle and they never made much of a splash as cargo craft. Today there are a few around, used as racing craft and I reckon plenty of the old hulls are still doing duty as powered boats. You'll see canoes built before 1917 racing this afternoon, some from fifty to a hundred years old; tomorrow there'll be a race for those built after that date, which are square stern and built just for racing."

"That reminds me of something I want to ask," said Doc, opening fresh beer bottles. "I've heard of the Miles River Regatta for the past ten years, but I never knew anything of its history. Can you tell me?"

Gummy took a long pull at his bottle. "Gosh, that tastes good," he said. "Well, I can tell you something about it, even though it started before I came to this part of the country. The Miles River Yacht Club was organized back in '21 or '22, I forget which—some twenty years ago. John P. Cosden was the first commodore, Ed Buck the vice-commodore, Chester A. Lee, rear-commodore, and Bill Mills, secretary and treasurer. The charter members included those I've named, along with H. C. Leib, a chap named Wallach, George Knott, H. W. Dawson, M. H. Willis and H. Radcliffe. As you can imagine, there had always been some sort of racing activity around the Miles River in the Summer time and those boys thought they'd put it on an organized basis. I wasn't here then, but I've heard it said that the first thing they did was to impose a special levy to finance a pool table."

"Pool table?" inquired Skip. "Were they going to sail it or use it as a cornerstone?"

"Dunno," said Gummy. "Reckon they wanted it to keep the boys out of mischief after dark—those were prohibition days, you know, and there was plenty of corn and applejack to be had around these parts. Anyhow, the club got off to a small start, but the boys were enthusiastic and it has grown like nobody's business. The present site was purchased in 1930 and now it's hard to find anchorage space. Gibson Island may be fashionable and all that, but the Miles River gets the gang at regatta time."

Gummy finished his beer, put down his bottle and stood up. "Gentlemen, it's been a pleasure. Skip, would you row me in?"

"Glad to," assented Skip. "Sorry you have to go and it was nice seeing you aboard." He turned to the others: "See you in a few moments, boys," he said. "And, Doc, if there isn't a cold bottle left when I get back, I'll toss you into the drink."

When Skip got back from rowing Gummy ashore, it was time for them to get *Fanny* in line for the start of the race. Mate handled the stop watch, as usual; Doc was on the watch post in the cockpit, and Handy helping him watch—like the fellow who helped the railroad wheel-tester who whanged the wheels and had a handy-man to help him listen. Skip had been power boat racing for twenty years, and knew the tricks of under-running rather than over-running handicap time based on the Chance Race. He held her steady at the usual ten knots' cruising speed; Mate checked every half lap, noting the time, RPM and anything untoward, such as another boat cutting too close on the turns. Although an old story to most of the crew, it was still a thrill. *Fanny* finished third, and Skip said: "There are some others here today I recognize as old-timers at this game; they, too, have held down their boats to normal cruising speed."

Only a ten-mile, four-lap race, it was soon over, and the Old Men took *Fanny* back to their previous spot in the line, and anchored. It was late for lunch, but Gummy's visit and refusal to eat with them had put lunch off till after the race. When well fed they decided, after taking a vote, to give a miss to the rest of the races, since all were preliminary to the real stuff to follow the next day, and go see the one historic home on their schedule in the Miles River. They took it easy up the Miles to "The Anchorage," where the host was away, attending the regatta, but an amiable retainer took them around, and listened to Doc's notes as follows:

THE ANCHORAGE

(Illustration facing page 181)

Near the head of the Miles River, on its northern bank, lies "The Anchorage." The original house dates from about 1730, but its builder is not known with certainty. A newer structure is built around this old house, which thus becomes the core of the present main building. "The Anchorage," elevated but a few feet above the river, is improved by a broad and beautifully kept lawn, which reaches to the water's edge. The two and one-half story frame central building has a curtain and one-story wing on each side; the whole measuring about one hundred feet in width. The central gable roof, flanked by a broad chimney at each end, is pierced by two dormers on each side. The centre section of the main building projects, and in front of this projection the entrance is protected by a great two-story portico, supported by four white columns and surmounted by a pediment. The recess on each side of the projection provides a covered porch. The wings and portico were added by Governor Edward Lloyd.

Some years before the Revolution the estate came into the possession of a well-known minister, the Rev. John Gordon, of the Miles River Parish

of the Church of England. Just in the rear of his church, which was several miles from "The Anchorage," the Reverend Gordon kept a race course. A report has persisted through the generations, that he and his large congregation would adjourn thither immediately after the Sunday services to bet on their horses.

A number of years ago the estate was purchased by Governor Edward Lloyd, who gave it to his daughter, Mrs. Charles Lowndes. Later the lovely old home was the property of General Charles A. Chipley, from whose heirs the present owner, Mr. Milton Campbell, purchased it.

They went back to the creek on which the yacht club is located, but not too close to the club house, having learned from experience to give the drunks plenty of leeway. They picked a nice spot, plunked the mud hook and had a fine dinner on the aforementioned ten-dollar word "comestibles," which Doc had gathered in the town of St. Mike's.

An hour or two after dinner they did a bit of visiting, in the dink, to boat owners and craft and crews known of old to Skip and to most of the crew of the *Fanny*. Around ten o'clock, when the drunks began to get too noisy, they pulled hook and moved out to the end of the line, well out in the river. They soon bowed to the skeeters and went inside, got comfortable, and then Handy spoke up: "I have a letter here from a native of Rich Neck, right over there a bit, and I want your rapt attention. It is real humor, I think; see how you feel about it. It is called 'The Devil in the Graveyard at Rich Neck,' and here it is:

"Well, said the skipper somewhat pontifically, you've heard a lot of legends tonight. It's no secret that most of these folk tales have some trivial factual origin, but gain such awesome form in the telling that the credulous would reject the bare facts, if they became known, as not sufficient explanation. You've heard about the devil that haunts the graveyard on Rich Neck. I happen to know how that one got started.

And the skipper continued: One cold November night, when a light fog was drifting over the Neck, an old negro farm hand came runnng down the road yelling at the top of his voice. He pounded up the steps of the general store and flung himself into a seat near the stove; his eyes were popping and the sweat was running off his face. When he could control his labored breathing he blurted out:

'I seen the Debbil. Yes, suh, I seen him. He was looking over the wall of the cemetairy at me. I seen his horns an' his little eyes an' his big mouth. An' he was a cussin' an' sassin' at me. Yes, suh, I seen him an' I ain't goin' down dat road no moh.'

Other negroes in the store shifted about uneasily, remembering the times they had passed the burial ground, not knowing the menace that lurked behind the four-foot stone wall. The legend has persisted to this day, although no one else has seen the 'devil'—and for the very good reason that soon after the old negro's awesome experience the 'devil' was cut up into hams and bacon sides and sausage meat.

Yep, said the skipper, that's how it got started. The gentleman farmer who owned the tract on which the burial ground was located had turned loose in the inclosure just before killing time a huge hog that had become mean. And the porker hearing someone coming down the road, and ravenous for swill, had reared up and looked over the wall. In the fog its pointed ears and ugly head looked not unlike the face of old Beelzebub himself."

After this ghost story, Mate said he would retell one by a famed starboater of the Gibson Island fleet; his first name Sam, the last part of his last name, "sen," and about another star skipper, whose first name is Richard and his last that of a certain wine which many love to drink before dinner. Here it goes:

"In a very close race at Gibson Island a few years ago, a prominent socialite real estater named Dick was leading them home to the finish line just inside Mountain Bar, when he ran aground on this Mountain Bar; he jumped overboard, got the pressure off the center board by heave-hoing enough to free it, then gave his craft a push, before hopping back in again, and succeeded in crossing the line a length ahead of the runner-up.

The judges had seen the entire performance. At first they felt that Dick should be disqualified, but finally gave out the verdict: 'Dick won in a walk'."

Skip closed the meeting with this one, told him by the Sage of West River:

"Captain Eddie for a brief span just eddied and eddied in this plain tale from the waterfront. He whirled and swirled until port traffic was in a tangle. But don't get us wrong; it wasn't really the captain's fault. It wasn't a question of being a nautical 'tanglefoot,' but rather a matter of being a 'tenderfoot' as regards a new-fangled steering gear for his boat (if we may use a term more suited to the plains than to the Chesapeake).

For years the captain, a good old salt from the West River area, had used a tiller in piloting his bugeye—and used it with great ease and accuracy. But then Captain Eddie went modern. Seeing handsome launches flash by responsive to the slightest pressure on their ornate wheels, he

felt a great yearning for a steering wheel on his boat. That caused the trouble.

He brought his craft into a Baltimore shipyard, had the old tiller taken out and a brightly varnished wheel installed. Then taking a stance behind the contraption, like a golfer addressing a difficult putt, the captain yelled 'We're off,' and headed down harbor.

But down harbor is just where he didn't go. His vessel darted off to the side of the channel and then to the other side. Wild were the whirls and swirls he made, menacing everything in sight. The other craft began weaving this way and that to get out of his way. Soon all the vessels in sight were zig-zagging in all directions to give them a wide berth.

The captain appeared beserk as he whirled his wheel like a child in the enjoyment of a new toy. Thinking some explanation was due—although it would hardly have quieted the fears of the others on the river—he would shout as he nearly sideswiped another craft: 'Look out! Look out! I've got a new wheel and I don't know what to do with it.'

A wild ride that, but the captain finally swirled out into the Bay and the eddying river finally subsided, permitting tugs, steamers and small boats to resume the even tenor of their way. Just a case of nautical free-wheeling, you might say."

CHAPTER XXIV

THE MILES AND WYE RIVERS

IN the wee sma' hours of the morning a wandering minstrel, finding the ladder had been taken aboard, paused in his croaking—"Three o'Clock in the Morning"—nosed his tiny dink up to *Fanny's* stern, tried to step from the bow of his dink to her high transom top, and missed. He let out a yell as he flopped in the drink: "I can't swim, help!" Skip jumped off his bed, naked as he was, ran out on the back porch, and in the dim light before dawn, saw the drunk's head appear, hit it with the small ring life preserver, of which the fifty-foot line was tied to the boat, and seeing that the guy had hold of the ring, slowly pulled him toward the boat. It was evident that the flounderer had not tied his dink to *Fanny*, as it was floating away on the tide. Doc appeared just then, put the ladder over, and helped Skip haul the sodden mass of white-clad fat man up and over the transom.

Mate and Handy appeared on the scene, much more decent than Skip and Doc, for they had their drawers on, and they proceeded to take the drunk in hand, while Skip went after the stray dink, and Doc put the visitor's wrist watch in a safe place to dry. The elder brethren stripped the wringing night owl, who had collapsed in a deck chair, hung up his clothes, shoes, and the natty yachting cap, now also a wet mess, rubbed him dry and bundled him to bed in the lower berth of the deck cabin. This after he had downed a shot of rye to keep the home fires burning. One bell struck on the ship's clock, and they all soon joined the drunk with snores a plenty. Mate now roosted in the Pullman upper over Doc.

Noise of outboards and speed boats made sleep impossible after seven thirty, so breakfast was eaten at eight, after a pre-brekky dip, and at nine they got away for the visit to the Wye River, so that by noon they could keep their rendezvous with Gummy at the club house. The visitor slept through the entire trip to and up the historic Wye, and the visits to its famous oak and Wye House, of which the story follows:

WYE HOUSE AND WYE OAK

(Illustrations facing page 191)

The Wye River was named by seventeenth century settlers of Welsh origin. This river divides into three parts: Front Wye River, Back Wye River, and Wye Narrows. At the mouth of the river just back of Ben-

nett's Point, once stood the house of Richard Bennett, who married Henrietta Maria Neale, a goddaughter of Queen Henrietta Maria. After Richard Bennett's death his widow married the first of the Lloyd family to settle on the Wye, who had first come to Virginia from Wales in 1623.

The original grant to Colonel Edward Lloyd covered many thousand acres, and here in 1662, on the south shore of Front Wye River, he built the original "Wye House," the traditional home of the Lloyd family. In 1781 a party of British looted the house and as is generally believed burned it down, although there are many who claim the building was not fired. In any event some of the large silver plate later found its way into the British royal family, where it was identified by its markings and returned to the Lloyds. Only a low brick building, believed to be a fragment of the original house, remains. This was later occupied by the captain of the ship which the Lloyds used as a yacht as well as a means for carrying supplies.

The present "Wye House" was built by Colonel Edward Lloyd the fourth immediately after 1781. The approach is through fine iron entrance gates over an avenue nearly a mile long, bordered with oaks and beeches, which leads to another handsome gate near the house. Situated on high ground the mansion commands a beautiful view, especially over the vast formal gardens in the rear, which with their winding paths and two-century-old boxwood hedges, are about the finest in Maryland. A lawn, smooth as velvet and three hundred feet long, divides these formal gardens and leads to the orangery. This lawn was once a bowling green. The lovely Colonial house is built of frame in five parts, which total two hundred feet in width. The central section is of two high stories, with gabled roof, from the four corners of which rise large chimneys. A gabled portico, supported by white columns and approached by stone steps, leads to the front entrance. A symmetrical wing is joined to the house on each side by a one-story, flat-roofed, broad-windowed passageway, recessed from the building line. These wings are one and one-half stories, with gable roof surmounted by a chimney at each end and brought out to the building line of the central structure. These gable roofs, both on the main house as well as the wings are so placed that the gable ends of the house and wings face front.

The first floor contains hall, parlour, living room and dining room, all of large size with high ceilings to which the paneled over-mantels reach. The central house is connected by corridors with the wings, one of which contains a library, the other is the kitchen quarters. Throughout the house the rooms are spacious and the woodwork exquisitely fashioned.

At the extreme end of the lawn in the rear is the orangery, a three-part building of stucco-covered brick, considerably older than the house. The central part is two stories, with four windows the full height of the first floor and small, square windows in the second floor. Each wing, one story only, has two windows, a full story high and with circle heads. Both central section and wings have hip roofs. Until Civil War days orange and lemon trees were grown in this beautiful old building in a setting exactly copied from Versailles.

Behind the orangery, an arch in a time-worn wall leads to the family burying ground. Here lie buried about ten generations of the Lloyd family; the earliest date on a tombstone being 1684.

The estate, consisting of over five thousand acres, is now owned by the family of the late Mr. Charles Howard Lloyd.

While they were thanking their courteous host at Wye House pier, he commented on the extra dink and was told the story of the four o'clock rescue of a drunk from the drink. Skip had told a patrol boat before they left the yacht club line of parked boats to please tell Doc Snagley that one of his guests, since it was a "Niobe" dink, was safe on the *Fanny*, sleeping off his drunk and dunk, and that the man and dink would be returned safely to the Doc about noon. This was done on time and they kept their rendezvous with Gummy and a dozen or so of Commodores—past, present and future—all lined up in the club bar. It took half an hour to prize Gummy loose from Commodore Emeritus Cosden and some of his cronies, but they finally did it, and took him out to the *Fanny* for lunch. They had anchored in the spectator line around the power boat course and, with the resumption of the racing, all sat in *Fanny's* cockpit and listened to Gummy's story of Racing Sailing Craft, told in the following inimitable way:

RACING SAILING CRAFT

(Illustrations facing pages 120, 131, 190, 231, 290, 291, 311)

It all started when Handy, who had been scanning the sailing craft in the harbor, turned to Gummy. "I hate to appear so ignorant on the subject of sail," he said apologetically, "but can you tell me just what is the difference between a yawl and a ketch?"

"Certainly," replied Gummy. "It's simple. Do you see that blue craft over there with the small mast stepped aft of the wheel? That's a yawl; now, if she had her aftermast stepped forward of the wheel like the white job to the starboard of the schooner farther out, she'd be a ketch. People who want to sound technical describe the difference as below or

above the waterline. The ketch's jigger, placed in the center of the cockpit, is below; the yawl's is above. Other than that there isn't much difference, except in the cut of the canvas; the ketch's main and jigger being more nearly equal in size than those on the yawl.

"But don't apologize for your ignorance, Handy. There are plenty of men on the Chesapeake who scarcely know the difference between a sailing dinghy and a schooner. I'll never forget the girl who came aboard a sloop, gazed rapturously at the cloud of canvas above her—it was a six-meter sloop, by the way—and, turning to her host said: 'Henry, honey, whatya call that stick sticking up there'?"

Handy chuckled. "I guess I'm not that dumb," he said. "But that brings up another question. Those six-meters are pretty slick craft, aren't they? Raced a lot around here?"

"There are several around, mostly over at Gibson Island," replied Gummy. "They've become a part of the ever-brightening story of sail racing—the larger sailing craft, I mean—in these parts.

"I dunno what the sail situation was on the Chesapeake from the time motor cruising became popular up until about fifteen years ago. I've heard that only a few hardy souls did much of it. Around the West River, over on the western side there used to be some stirring races. When the Gibson Island club came into being, its members went for sail in a big way. At first the stars were numerous. Then the members—remember, most of those boys had dough in those days—took up the bigger craft. Yawls, ketches, schooners appeared. There were a few sloops. It wasn't long before there were races for the big craft every Sunday afternoon, the course usually being from Baltimore Light over to the Chester, up to Love Point and back. And for some time Dick McSherry's yawl *Vega* was the fastest thing around. She was designed by Herreshoff, originally rigged as a sloop, but converted into a yawl.

"The Gibson Island club went after bigger things. They organized the annual race to Cedar Point, southern end of the Patuxent, an overnight journey. That drew boats from the Naval Academy, the Maryland Yacht Club and various other points, and was frequently a well-contested affair. More recently they've branched out and grabbed a semi-annual race from New London, a jaunt down the coast. They've had competition for that, however. The Annapolis Yacht Club, which has been rejuvenated recently, got it one year."

"What size craft participated in those overnight or coastal races?" asked Doc.

"In the overnight affairs, almost anything with a cabin attached—they've had them as small as twenty-five feet overall length. These were



AQUAPLANING T.'GardnerHill



OYSTER TONGING IS HERE AGAIN J. S. Rowan



WATER SKIING

Courtesy of
Robert Drake



LOG CANOE RACE

P. C. Chambliss

handicap affairs, of course, with big craft, like Charlie Crane's lovely ketch *Liberty* or Judge Ab Sayler's schooner *Torbatross*, getting the greatest handicaps in their class, the others being handicapped according to size. One of the loveliest things I ever saw was a big blue yawl which participated in the New London to Annapolis race. She came into the Severn with everything set and drawing and going like hell. Belonged to some New York millionaire and looked the part. I'll never forget an incident in the club bar after she docked. The owner's son walked over to a two-bit one-arm bandit (they were legal then, you know) stuck a quarter in the slot and hit the jackpot.

" 'Well, I'll be damned,' said a newspaper man standing nearby. 'Just proves the old saying—the rich get richer'."

"But size didn't mean much to those sailing boys. They got their handicaps and were ready to take on anything on corrected time. The fellow in the thirty-foot yawl might spend an uncomfortable night out in the Chesapeake, particularly when he was forced to beat his way down to Cedar Point, but if his seamanship and navigation was good, he had a chance to lick the poorer sailor in a fifty-foot job. Sailing sort of gets in the blood, you know."

"I know," said Mate. "Friend of mine once insisted that I go out with him. That was in one of those little twenty-five-foot sloops, and we tried to beat down the Bay against a good southerly breeze. I spent my time ducking the boom until I thought my head would drop off my shoulders. The beer was warm and when lunch time came I crawled below and found the sandwiches floating around in bilge water. We'd sprung a leak and the water came up above the cabin deck as we tipped over. Then the lunch rolled off the bunk. Sailing's all right in the blood, but lunch in the stomach's better. Speaking of beer, I think I'll have one."

"That sounds more like you," retorted Doc. "You know you have nothing against sailing. I tried it myself once and it was wonderful. There wasn't a breath of air anywhere, we had a good auxiliary engine and down the Bay we went, just like we were in the *Fanny* here. I think sailing's wonderful!"

Gummy insisted on going back to the club house, as he said he had promised one of the "press gang," a sports writer, a bit of local dirt and a bottle of red eye. Mate took him in the dink with the labor saver (outboard) attached. As they left, Mate made the sign and all Four Old Men of the boat *Fanny* gave Gummy the "rummy salute" —thumb to nose and three fingers spread, meaning when you take a snort make it three fingers deep in the glass before polluting it with water, soda or what have you.

Fanny was in good position for them to watch both the power events and the finish of the sail events on the larger course. The crew were enjoying every minute of the fascinating spectacle, not forgetting that they would be an active part of the show when the last race of the day was announced. They had gotten their handicap time, and were all ready for the call for the Handicap Cruiser Race for the Governor's Prize at five o'clock.

Ten boats in the race, and *Fanny* in fifth place for starting, the warning gun, actual start of the first boat, and finally their turn, found the crew on the job—Skip at the wheel, Mate with the stop watch standing beside Skip, Doc on the rear guard, in the cockpit with Handy, one of them on each side, looking nonchalant and very yachty in shorts and shirts and their Woolworth canvas hats.

There is a thrill to these power boat races, with the fastest boat starting last and the slowest first, so that if they all performed as handicapped they would finish the race all abreast. But this never happens; it is usual for at least a third of the boats to run faster than their handicap time and be disqualified by the penalty provision, so that when some boat passed the *Fanny*, Mate would grin at Skip and mumble: "Another beginner; he's going to be disqualified." *Fanny* held her ten knots smoothly, in spite of all distractions and at the lap rounding of the last course markers, Mate nodded to indicate they were running only seconds under the allowed handicap time.

Doc and Handy on the "poop" saw a forty-foot Chris-Craft express cruiser—the scratch boat—come boiling along, aimed right at *Fanny's* stern. Doc waved at the express driver to go outside; he ignored it, cut inside the *Fanny* at the last buoy, hit it, and missed fouling the *Fanny* by inches. Doc raised his clenched fist, not in a Stalin salute, but to indicate a punch in the nose was in order, and yelled: "You damned landlubber, you nearly smashed us, you ought to be disqualified." Well, he was; the watcher at the turn saw the near accident and the fouling of the buoy marker. Doc still wanted to punch the —— —— in the nose when he saw him that night, but the rest of the crew restrained him. Perhaps just as well, for the offender was in his forties, and Doc's pot and himself at sixty not exactly in fighting trim.

No information is released as to results of the races on the power boat course, contestants have to wait for the prize-giving ceremony on the yacht club lawn, the last night of the regatta. Mate told Skip he figured that the *Fanny* had underrun her time by seven seconds, and Skip figured that was good enough to be in the money, but only time—and the club announcer would tell, at something after nine that night.

Fanny ran down river for the crew to have a swim—away from the hundreds of boats and their sewage—and then up Tilghman's Creek to "Maple Hall" to eat the chicken dinner arranged for in advance by Skip with Miss Cockey. Several other old-timers were there, and the usual crowd of Summer boarders. This place is an institution known to many as a wonderful place for children, with its ample grounds, safe beach and plenty of kids of all ages for company. Irv Cockey kidded Skip about his chances in the cruiser race, saying that *Fanny* fouled the big Chris-Craft by not getting out of the way. This started an argument and a bit of boasting by Skip over the dozen or more prizes he had annexed over the past twenty years at this very power boat racing game.

By eight-thirty the *Fanny* was back with the mob of boats huddled in the yacht club harbor. At nine her crew was milling around with a thousand people on the club lawn, waiting for the prize distribution. Toward the end of the ceremony, with the Governor handing out the prizes, with his wide smile working overtime and his hand probably tired with so much shaking of it, the Chance Cruiser Race was announced, and when it came to third prize, the *Fanny* had won it. Skip got the fine sterling dish from the "Guv." Next, the Handicap Cruiser Race, and hardly had the chuckles died down from the announcer's way of saying *Fanny*, when he said it again—as winner of the first prize, the Governor's donation of a fine sterling bowl. Skip got quite a hand as the "Guv" gave him the prize, and Mayor Jackson, sitting on the platform with three other big shots, grinned and said: "Atta boy!"

CHAPTER XXV

CHESTER RIVER

THE *Fanny* got away early; the other regatta boats were hardly astir. The wind was from the south, gentle, and every sign of continued good weather had made for good humor, which made the getting up, breakfast and odd jobbing easy. The run up Eastern Bay, in plenty of water, was quickly made, until past Parsons Island, when a course by the chart is necessary, to the draw in Kent Narrows, a rather tricky piece of water.

Kent Narrows deserves a few words because it has other attractions to offset navigation hazards. Here, a fast tidal current flows each way and the waters of Chester River and Eastern Bay buck each other in this literal bottle-neck, creating a sort of fish-way. Many times in the year, sportsmen crowd the vicinity, where ample quarters are available for overnight guests, who can enjoy the best of meals at reasonable cost and waste no time in getting to their fishing grounds.

North of the Narrows is a wide flat and the channel must be carefully followed, hugging the south shore to avoid grounding; it is usually marked with bush guides or staubs as well as by the permanent buoys.

Half an hour brought the *Fanny* to Queenstown, which affords a nice view of "Blakeford," which reminded Mate of a rather funny story:

"The Summer of 1899 was a very hot season and week-ends we used to take the Love Point boat and spend Saturday night and Sunday at the old mansion at Queenstown, operated at the time as a hotel. Sunday morning we hired a row boat and rowed up the creek and on the way back noticed the river field of 'Blakeford' was planted in field corn about breast high. Being Indian arrow fans, we decided that corn field looked just right for a hunt. Very promptly action followed and the owner came charging down upon us at a speed most injurious upon a late August day with the temperature above ninety in the shade.

Coming near enough to be heard, we were astounded to hear a literary masterpiece of monologue, we being the subjects and predicates and what have you—pausing for breath, probably, he began to examine the subjects of his ire, and found one of the trespassers was the son of the very charming lady who was very much in the thoughts of 'Blakeford's' owner at the time. We most courteously declined to come up to the house and have a glass of WATER."

The visit to "Blakeford," a description of which follows, was comfortably accomplished, thanks to the owner's guidance:

BLAKEFORD

(Illustration facing page 200)

"Blakeford" is situated on Queenstown Creek, an estuary of the Chester River, over which it possesses a magnificent and extended view. Charles, third Lord Baltimore, gave to Henry Coursey (DeCourcy) as much land on a map, which was before him, as he could cover with his thumb, in return for valuable services in connection with making a certain treaty with the Indians. The land comprised about sixteen hundred acres and was given the name of "My Lord's Gift." The part covered by the tip of Coursey's thumb is where "Blakeford" now stands and was called "Coursey's Neck." For this acreage he yielded the privilege of patenting to his brother, William, who after keeping it for a time sold it in 1663 to a Mr. Blake. Additional land was added and the tract was called "Blake's Fort," from an old nearby fortification built for protection against the Indians. The name later became "Blakeford," because at low tide there was a ford to "My Lord's Gift."

The house is approached by a fine drive through a wonderful grove of forest trees. Nearer the house, which is surrounded by a large lawn, is another grove. On two sides of this lawn extend beautiful gardens containing rare shrubs and flowers. A truly individual feature of the grounds is a Summer house, so constructed that regardless of the position of the sun one part is always shaded. This has been accomplished by building two intersecting brick walls at right angles to each other.

The homestead is a very large, most stoutly built structure of brick, covered by clapboard. It consists of a main building two and one-half stories, with two-story wings extending from the sides. The roof of the main section is a type of mansard, from which rise four large chimneys. There are three dormer windows on each of the four sides. Two-story covered porches span the width of the building on each end. A large portico, supported by four plain columns, covers the entrance.

A central hall divides the house, and this in turn joins another hall which terminates in a door at the end not covered by the wing. The hall is bolstered by arches and the dining room has massive paneling, but the balance of the interior has no elaborate adornment. The original house was built about 1710 and parts of it still remain, although it has been much altered.

The Coursey family were originally French, but came here from Ireland in the earliest years of the colony. Henry Coursey's name appears in 1654 and he was Secretary of the Province. Captain Edwin Coursey requested his sons to spell the name DeCourcy, as it originally had been. About 1750, Judge Solomon Wright, whose wife was Mary DeCourcy, a

granddaughter of Henry Coursey, the patentee, purchased "Blakeford." Judge Wright, who died in 1792, was very prominent both before and after the Revolution, and when the State of Maryland came into being, he became Judge of the first Court of Appeals in 1778. His son, Robert, who had fought in the Continental Army, was the thirteenth Governor of Maryland, and was four times elected to Congress. He had a race track on the place and took great interest in raising blooded race horses and indeed bred a number of famous ones. At Robert Wright's death in 1826, "Blakeford" passed to his son, William H. DeCourcy Wright, who was at one time United States Consul to Rio de Janeiro and is credited with introducing Brazilian coffee to the United States. His later years were spent at "Blakeford," where he died in 1864. The estate fell to his daughter, Clintonia Wright, and was later owned by his grandson, W. H. DeCourcy Wright Thom, and is now the property of Mr. George M. Moffett.

Leaving Queenstown behind us, a five-mile run brought us into Reed's Creek and within sight of two old Colonial houses, "Walnut Grove" (1685), which is one of the oldest homesteads in the country, plain in appearance but well built; the other house, built by the Wright family, was the next call. Its story is:

REED'S CREEK HOUSE

(Illustration facing page 200)

Overlooking the Chester River and Reed's Creek is "Reeds Creek House," built in 1776 by Colonel Thomas Wright, of the Revolutionary Army. It stands on part of the tract patented in 1685 by Solomon Wright, an ancestor of the builder.

The house is a large two and one-half story brick building, with a two-story brick wing on the right. Both parts have gable roof, and two very broad chimneys rise from the gable ends of the main building, and one from the exposed end of the wing. A wide porch, supported by four columns, forms an impressive entrance. Inside there is a huge fireplace and well proportioned rooms. The walls are paneled, the rafters are adze-hewn, and the flooring is of the old wide lap board.

Colonel Wright was famous in his day for the profusion of wild duck and terrapin which he served to his friends, who comprised the fox-hunting gentry of the countryside.

Thomas Wright, son of the builder, made the house his home until his death in 1835, when his fourth son, Richard Alexander Wright, became its owner.

Mrs. Nannie M. Wright, a representative of the family of Colonel Thomas Wright, is its present owner.

Half mile north, on the south bank of the Corsica and fronting the Chester River, is "Winton," an old homestead, which occupies a fine elevation, with a view for miles up and down river. The following description was read by Doc as they viewed it from the *Fanny*:

WINTON (Pioneer Point)

At the juncture of the Corsica and Chester Rivers is the estate of "Winton." The land was patented by Edward Lloyd the first, of "Wye House," shortly after 1650. He had previously been a prominent resident of Virginia since his emigration from Wales in 1623. He gave the tract to his son-in-law, Henry Hawkins, who sold it to Nathaniel Evitt, who in turn sold it in 1672 to Richard Tilghman, High Sheriff of Kent County, which then included Queen Anne's County. In the Tilghman family the estate remained for a century, and then passed to Judge Earle, son-in-law of Judge James Tilghman. At the death of Judge Richard Tilghman Earle in 1914, "Winton" was sold and finally was purchased in 1924 by Mrs. John J. Rascob.

The old house was almost entirely rebuilt by the first Judge Earle, but was destroyed by fire in the first decade of the present century. The new house is a large, three-story, brick mansion, with every modern convenience. Mr. Rascob has built a club house, as well as stables and scientifically equipped barns for blooded cattle. Beautiful gardens and boxwood walks now make the old estate, which the owner has renamed "Pioneer Point," an outstanding show place. The house stands upon a high cliff and offers a superb view over the water.

In addition to "Winton," Mrs. Rascob has acquired several other properties with extensive water frontage on Corsica Neck.

Continuing the course northeast up the Chester a couple of miles, "Readbourne" hove in sight, almost opposite "Comegy's Bight" and Quaker Neck Landing. "Readbourne" is on a slight rise of ground, some distance back from the river. The story of this manor house, as read by Doc and supplemented by the hospitable owner, is as follows:

READBOURNE

(Illustration facing page 201)

Situated upon a knoll on the east bank of the Chester River is the old home of the Hollyday family—"Readbourne." The present house stands

on part of a two-thousand-acre tract granted in 1659 to George Read, and after passing through several hands was purchased by Colonel James Hollyday, who married Sarah Covington Lloyd, widow of Edward Lloyd of "Wye House." It is said that Mrs. Hollyday remained on the plantation and prepared the building plans, with the aid of Lord Baltimore, while Colonel Hollyday crossed to England to procure materials. The year 1734 is accepted as the time when the large, strongly constructed Colonial house was built.

The lawn, which is terraced to the river, is enclosed by an old wall of bricks, supposed to have been brought from England. The brick foundations of several small buildings still remain; probably these belonged to kitchen, dairy, storehouse, etc.

The main house is of English brick, two and one-half stories high, with hip roof pierced by three dormer windows in front; the wings extend from the rear and large chimneys rise above the roof ends of both central building and wings. The house has been enlarged and altered quite often, but the original part has been little changed. An enormous fireplace is the feature of the living room; all the rooms are large and paneled, as is the hall, from which rises a graceful, winding stairway. Close by the house is the family burying ground.

In the days of its first mistress, the old homestead was renowned for her lavish entertaining, and was a meeting place for the celebrities of that era. It was known at that period as "Readbourne Iron Chest," because Colonel Hollyday was treasurer of the Eastern Shore and kept its money and records here.

At the death of Colonel James Hollyday, his oldest son, James, inherited the estate, but, dying without issue, "Readbourne" passed to his nephew, also James Hollyday, son of Henry Hollyday of "Ratcliffe." The last of the family to own the ancient homestead was the late Richard Hollyday. At present it is in the possession of Mr. William M. Fahnstock, Jr.

After taking leave of our host, with best thanks, the crew put *Fanny* right across river to visit "Comegys Bight House." It was found to be an interesting place, as evidenced by its story:

COMEGYS BIGHT HOUSE

(Illustration facing page 210)

In that section of Kent County known as Quaker Neck, because in pre-Revolution days it was inhabited by a large number of Quakers, there is an old Colonial house called "Comegys Bight House." It was built

in 1768 and was the home of the descendants of Cornelius Comegys, who came from Holland to Virginia, later moving to Maryland about 1666.

The house, amid a large lawn, commands a fine view of the Chester River. The main building is two stories and attic, with gable roof pierced by three dormer windows front and back and surmounted by a chimney at each gable end. Extending from the left of the main house and equal in length to it there is a one and one-half story wing, with gable roof broken by three dormer windows front and back. A one-story, gable-roofed portico covers the front entrance.

"Comegys Bight" to "Wickliffe," and another pleasant visit. Its story follows:

WICKLIFFE

(Illustration facing page 211)

At the end of a peninsula reaching into the mouth of the Chester River is Eastern Neck Island, and at the southern point of this island is "Wickliffe." Joseph Wickes, from whom the estate takes its name, came to Maryland from England in 1650, and applied for land under the usual conditions. He first acquired a tract on Kent Island, and in 1659 received jointly with Thomas Hynson a grant for eight hundred and fifty acres at the mouth of the Chester River. These men obtained additional land, and some years later the estate was divided between Joseph Wickes and Thomas Hynson or his heirs; Wickes keeping the southern part of the island, where about 1660 he had built his home.

More magnificent scenery than that from "Wickliffe" is not imaginable; the Chester River is nearby and across the Bay the Western Shore is visible. To the southeastward the view is across a heavy growth of pine trees to a tip of the island, known as Hail Point. The original house, built by Joseph Wickes, was typically Colonial, and is described as being of two stories, with large living room, dining room, two bed rooms and hall. Apart from the main building were storehouse and slave quarters. There is still in existence a very interesting inventory of the quite valuable furnishings of this house, even including a list of books.

Major Joseph Wickes was quite an important character in the community, having been a member of the first Assembly called after Cromwell assumed authority over Maryland. This was held at Preston-on-Patuxent in 1653. Later he served as Chief Justice of Kent County. At his death in 1692, he left the eastern half of "Wickliffe," including the homestead, to his oldest son, Joseph, and the western half to his youngest son, Samuel, by his second wife. Joseph died without male heirs and through his daughters the estate passed from the family. The present

"Wickliffe" is that part of the estate which fell to Samuel, who built the existing house. He entailed the property before his death about 1730, and it passed through five generations of the Wickes family until sold in 1902, the owner being unaware of the entail.

Lambert Wickes, grandson of Samuel Wickes, was that famous United States Naval Commander during the Revolution who took Benjamin Franklin to France, and later was lost with his ship off Newfoundland.

From "Wickliffe" up to Chestertown the river does some twisting, and only a few miles ahead can be seen at any time, but plenty of water all the way. As the mouth of Southeast Creek was passed, Handy spoke up to tell of an interesting old church up the creek a mile or so, near the town of Church Hill. It was suggested we anchor at the mouth of the creek, so that those interested might take the dinghy and row up to the church, built in 1731. Skip and Mate elected to keep the *Fanny* company for the hour or more required to go and return from Church Hill. Then on to the yacht club.

After a snack supper and dolling up a bit with clean pants and shirts, and particularly a yachting cap each, the crew spent the evening at the club house, where they were cordially greeted by the Commodore, who gave a short history of the club, as follows:

CHESTER RIVER YACHT CLUB

(Illustration facing page 201)

Chester River Yacht Club, organized in 1928, lies one mile down river from Chestertown, succeeding an earlier club which had few assets other than good fellowship and the means to enjoy the broad and deep waters of Chester River.

The sixty acres owned by the present club have been laid out with golf course, tennis courts and the necessary adjuncts of any modern country club, costing some $40,000.

The substantial pier and boat slips afford berthage for many small craft, and the good road and convenient access to Chestertown make this club a great social centre for the community.

Regattas have been held nearly every year and have been widely attended by yachts from many parts of the country. The unusual depth of Chester River, all the way from the Bay, removes the handicap that many clubs possess for boats drawing ten feet or more.

The past few days being at rather high pressure, by unanimous vote, it was decided to turn in early, as the morrow promised some worth-while sightseeing in old Chestertown.



BROOK TROUT CASTING P. T. Blogg



DUCK HUNTING FROM BLIND P. T. Blogg



SINK BOX DUCKING — Nelson Edwards



DUCKS ON SUSQUEHANNAH FLATS — P. T. Blogg

THE OLD BATEAU

By Folger McKinsey (The Bentztown Bard)

There's an old bateau
  On the flats of Chester River,
And it swings o'er the beds
  Where the fattest oysters lie;
In the night all the stars
  In their beauty shine and quiver,
And a tonger sings a ballad
  To the beauty of the sky.
    An old bateau,
      That they've oystered in forever:
    And the low winds in the sails
      Sing across the Chester River

When the ducks come around
  On the flats of Susquehanna,
They will take the old bateau
  And they'll fly away for fair;
Their heads wrapped up
  In a red bandanna,
And the frosty rime of winter
  In their yellow locks of hair.
    An old bateau,
      All the Susquehanna season
    It will scout along the blinds
      Without compass, rule or reason!

If you love the smell of salt
  And the sting of salty weather,
When the wind's in the west
  And the ice is making up,
You will love the old bateau,
  As we smoke a pipe together
And drink a toast together
  From the rusty toddy cup.
    An old bateau,
      Just as good as when we bought her,
    And the romance in her soul
      Of the Chesapeake water!

CHAPTER XXVI

CHESTERTOWN

AFTER a quiet night, the crew awoke to another cloudless day and a gentle breeze blowing down river. *Fanny* was run up to the city wharf before breakfast and tied alongside. Breakfast disposed of and chores completed, Handy and Mate walked up High Street to Stam's Drug Store to get the Baltimore *Sun* and the Chestertown *Transcript* for local news items. Then as the town clock was booming out ten strokes the tour of the historic homes was begun.

WIDEHALL

(Illustration facing page 210)

The Smyth House, at High and Front Streets, known fifty years ago as the Chambers House, and now called "Widehall," was built in 1762. At the death of Thomas Smyth, the builder, it was successively owned by Bedington Hands, Senator Robert Wrigth, and then by Judge Ezekiel F. Chambers, who occupied the house for many years. After the latter's death the property was bought by George Burgin Westcott.

The house is a two and one-half story, ivy-covered brick building, with hip roof. Additions of the last century have been removed and a large two-story portico has been added. This portico, covering the front of the house, is supported by tall Ionic columns and crowned by a heavy denticulated cornice. From the very wide hall, ornamented by square columns, there rises a broad, graceful, and impressive stairway. The woodwork is richly carved mahogany and the door handles are silver.

The recent skillful restoration was carried out under the supervision of Howard Sill, architect of Baltimore, for the Hubbard family, the present owners.

PEARCE HOUSE

One block up Front Street is the old Pearce residence, sometimes called the "Abbey." The fine Colonial house stands within high-walled grounds; the walls of the very substantial structure are two feet in thickness, and the bricks are laid in all-header bond. The massive building is two and one-half stories, with hip roof broken by dormers. A portico with four large columns and a heavy cornice protects the entrance. One of the many interesting features of the interior is the broad main hall,

with its beautiful twin stairways leading to the rooms above. A replica of these unique stairways is now in the American wing of the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York City.

The house was built in 1735 by Nathaniel Hynson, and at a later date was owned by Senator James Alfred Pearce. The property is now owned by Mr. and Mrs. Henry Catlin, of New York, who have painstakingly restored it to its former state. The old Pearce residence is today the most complete of local places as to original layout of house and grounds.

CHESTERTOWN

(Formerly New Town on Chester, 1706)

By M. W. Hill

This picturesque and interesting old county seat owes its origin to its great natural advantages in the ancient service of supply, possessing natural water qualifications and proximity to a network of well-traveled roads that run in all directions up and down the peninsula.

In Colonial days our waterways were our highways, and journeys when possible were planned to take advantage of them. An early settlement on Greys Inn Creek had for some time been an important landing point for small ships, but business interests soon realized that deeper water and more harbor space were needed, also a more suitable site for a well-laid-out town to grow in the future.

An early historian affirms that this problem was solved by the purchase of some sixty acres from the Wilmer family on the west side of Chester River, the land chosen being a part of an original grant taken up by Dr. Richard Tilghman, the patent bearing date of June 17th 1659 and for one thousand acres; it receiving the name of Tilghman and Foxley Grove. This tract was deeded by Mary Foxley Tilghman, widow, to her daughter, Rebecca, in 1688; she married Simon Wilmer, and it was from the Wilmers that the town fathers bought the land for New Town upon Chester.

By an act approved by the Colonial Governor, New Town had its beginning, and within a few years after 1706 became a regular port of entry, with a custom house (still standing) and with rapidly growing trade.

Furs and tobacco were the two principal exports in early days, and deep water ships came to New Town from many foreign lands, bringing merchandise in exchange for them.

In George Washington's diary, in connection with a trip to attend the Congress in Philadelphia, he writes: "Landed at Rock Hall, lodged for the night, spent half day awaiting my horses, then had lunch and drove thirteen miles to New Town on Chester, where lodged for the night."

Evidently he was behind schedule, for the very next day he drove sixteen miles to Galena before he had his breakfast.

Chestertown boasts of several beautiful and well-preserved examples of Colonial and Georgian architecture, indicative of the wealth and culture of some of the early planters, when business energy and acumen brought great prosperity to the entire region, and the early census contained names of many men of distinction.

The beautiful riverfront attracted many, and here four or five early homes survive and attract great admiration and interest. The Smyth House, at High and Front Streets, known fifty years ago as the Chambers House, and now called "Widehall," was built in 1762.

Across the street from the Hubbard House, fronting on High Street, is the Wickes House, dating from about the same period and preserved in its original form by the descendants of this old Kent family.

The old Beck Home, the Westcott House and the old Stone House on West High Street are also worthy of study; the latter is supposed to be the oldest building in the vicinity and unique because of its stone construction, a rarity in a county with little native field stone.

By Act of Congress in 1780 the name of Chester Town was formally adopted, which name has by usage changed to Chestertown.

The removal of the county seat from Greys Inn Creek was followed by an edict in 1707 which placed all citizens of Cecil, Queen Anne and Kent under the jurisdiction of the Court in New Town, whose Court House, built in 1698, must have been one of the first buildings erected upon the site.

When the French and Indian War began, Chestertown furnished her quota of troops, and in 1776 on the call to arms, a company left Chestertown, comprising four officers, four sergeants, four corporals, a surgeon, a drummer, a fifer and seventy-two enlisted men, all reporting to Northampton Court House in Virginia, being the very first "out of State" troops to arrive at the rendezvous.

In New Town, in 1707, was established the first free school, under the supervision of the Rector of St. Paul's Parish, and from this beginning developed the Kent County Free School of 1723 with leanings toward higher education, which developed in 1783 into Washington College, of which George Washington was a patron and financial supporter. The cornerstone of a larger building was laid in 1783 by Governor William Paca, and that year the college had its first graduation class. On the second commencement, in 1784, George Washington himself was present.

As Annapolis became the center of social life on the Western Shore, so Chestertown became her rival on the Eastern Shore and was known for delightful entertaining.

Here were fox hunts, racing, water sports, gunning, and these attractions added to all the social graces that wealth and hospitality can provide, aided by the bountiful supply of game, fish and fruits of many kinds, brought notables from many places, both for pleasure and profit.

For the visitor today, Chestertown, in its lovely setting on the deep, quiet river, provides an atmosphere only attained by long years of tradition and pleasant living.

Noon hour and a yearning for some sustenance made a trip up High Street for a soft-crab dinner at the Greek's sound perfectly reasonable, and was shortly translated from the realm of reason, to that of fact. Finishing the meal, Skip suggested a walk of two blocks further up the street and visit the oldest house in town, now occupied by Captain Cooper, who had just finished dinner and very kindly showed the crew around the building and upstairs, reached by a curious spiral stairway. On the way back the old men dropped into the Court House and met Chief Judge Stephen Collins, who added some interesting facts about local history and the Court House records. Just around the corner from the Court House they passed the old Westcott House, a four-story and basement house, which was most unusual for the time it was built. The large gardens which used to surround the house are now built over by modern houses.

The crew returned slowly to the *Fanny*. They then ran her upstream, cautiously in an unmarked channel, to Comegys House, which they visited and of which the story follows:

COMEGYS HOUSE

(Illustration facing page 270)

On the Chester River, directly opposite Crumpton and at the head of a recess, is the site of "Comegys House," an old Colonial house, dating from about 1708. For very many years it was the home of the Comegys family, whose founder, Cornelius Comegys, of Holland, first settled in Virginia and then came to Maryland about 1666. He died in 1708, and the present house was built by his second son, William Comegys.

The house, standing amid spacious grounds encircled by beautiful old trees, affords a magnificent view over the water. The brick building is in what is frequently called the Dutch Colonial style. It is only one

and a half stories in height, with a large porch forming the front entrance. The shape is odd, due to the rather exceptional roof, of which the front half is a gambrel and the rear a long, steep gable. The chimneys are remarkable; near each end of the roof crest there rises a very broad chimney with two capped openings at the top, and from midway of the sloping rear roof there rises on each side a tall chimney with open top. These ornamented chimneys have mullions. The house, though modest in appearance, is a remarkable example of a certain architectural style of the period. The original old log house joins the brick building and forms a left wing.

At the time William Comegys built upon the site, there was a ferry, called McAllister's Ferry, which crossed the Chester River from Crumpton.

The run back to the yacht club ended the day's touring. The crew enjoyed a light supper on board and another pleasant evening at the club, enlivened by many stories, of which the following only passed the censors for this log:

An eminent jurist told this one:

DO YOU BELIEVE IN DREAMS?

(Illustration facing page 131)

"I am not sure that I do, and yet, during my life I have experienced a number of very unusual dreams, some have been startling. I have dreamed about wars, deaths and a wide variety of subjects. A number of them were actually true. Upon awakening, within a few hours afterwards, I would find that the dreams were advance notices of events that had happened only recently.

Here is a dream about my yacht *Torbatross.* For a number of years she cruised about the Chesapeake, visting many of our beautiful rivers. She has raced from Gibson Island to Hampton and from Baltimore to Sharp's Island, to Oxford and to the Patuxent on many occasions. We have been intimate friends for at least ten years. My children grew up on her. They supplied the crew which enabled us to enjoy our wonderful climate, fishing and many pleasant week-ends.

Now for the dream. This one happened in the Wintertime. I think it was in the month of March several years ago. The *Torbatross* was stored in Winter quarters at the Gibson Island Yacht Club. Anchored fore and aft, covered with a frame and canvas roof, she was completely out of commission.

One Sunday I motored down to the club, just like all yachtsmen like to do, for the purpose of seeing how things were getting along. The

weather had been very cold for about a week. Thick ice covered the river. My plan was to walk out on the ice and see how she was standing the Winter. Upon arrival at the club house I met several friends. We concluded to walk over to where the boats were quartered. While casually strolling along the shore one of the ladies in the party somewhat ahead remarked that the *Torbatross* looked strange. She said: "Why, I can't see the hull. Only the top of the canvas cover was protruding above the ice." One glance told me that she had sunk in about twelve feet of water. The entire hull with the exception of the cabin roof was under water. She was held upright by the thick ice. The lady then said: "Aren't you astonished to see the *Torbatross* in this condition?" My reply was: "No, not at all. I am not surprised, because last night I dreamed that she had sunk, and then, after awakening this morning, I forgot all about the dream." Had this not occurred perhaps I would have completely forgotten the dream.

Captain Marks, a former Navy man, then in charge of the harbor at the club, who was accustomed to watching the boats daily, appeared and said that late Saturday afternoon he had noticed the *Torbatross* riding very high and showing no signs of trouble. We concluded that she had sunk some time between then and our forenoon visit the following day. Later we learned that a water pipe had burst, causing a big leak. Not much time would have been required to fill the hull. It would have been possible for the boat to have sunk at just about the time of the dream.

Could some invisible spirit or force, about which we know nothing, have brought the message to me? Of course, I cannot answer the question. Some people claim that boats are living things and, while unable to speak, can make themselves understood in various ways. Could the boat have had a guardian spirit which, at the disastrous moment, communicated with the one who loved her best? Well, maybe some day our scientists might be able to explain these things. Who knows?"

A newspaper man told this one:

Most boatmen will agree that the narrowness of an escape from disaster is never fully realized until the danger is past. A certain skipper still shudders with horror whenever he remembers an exciting sixty seconds during World War I, when, under War Department orders, all craft ran at night without lights.

Crossing Baltimore harbor after a late dinner at Thompson's Sea Girt House, his boat was headed for Curtis Creek with his girl (now his wife these many years). The night was as black as the inside of a miser's pocket; not a star gleamed in the heavens and shore lights were few and dim.

Suddenly looking forward he was chilled to the marrow to see a huge dark shape, like a moving warehouse, blotting the sky and coming fast. Realizing he was directly in the path of a massive excursion boat returning to the city, moving automatically, he shut off the engine and swung the wheel over, hoping to turn the thirty-two-foot launch in the same direction the big steamer was headed.

The rudder responded nobly and the excursion boat rushed past, almost taking the paint off the side of the launch. With his hands hanging limply, the boatman broke out in a cold sweat and quietly delivered to the fishes his two-dollar dinner. The girl friend, with her back to the danger, commented brightly: "That big ship passed us awful close."

The same news hound told this one:

The luck of the Irish is proverbial, says McCarthy, telling this story, as he often does, about a series of mishaps that began with the breaking of a small spring in a marine engine and reached a climax when he was nearly shot as a saboteur.

It was during the Summer of 1917 and he had just bought his first boat—a rather ancient thirty-two-foot cruiser. Proud of his craft as a kid with a new toy, he dressed in white ducks and with his young wife aboard left a slip in Curtis Creek for his first voyage.

Pennons fore and aft snapped in the late afternoon breeze and the engine purred nicely. The craft slipped through the water until a point about a hundred yards off Hospital Shore was reached. There the engine went dead.

Now McCarthy's entire knowledge of mechanics—at that time—could be summed up in the statement that he knew an automobile had four wheels and ran on gasoline. Somewhat regretful about the easy confidence he had displayed for the benefit of Mrs. McCarthy, he said with little inner conviction that he would have the boat going in a jiffy. The only thing he knew to do was to crank. After an hour's cranking, and the engine still dead, he said that "probably, something was wrong."

The boat had drifted closer to shore and, throwing out the anchor, he told his wife to stand by and dove over, white ducks and all. Muddied and bedraggled he reached the shore. At once, he heard a sharp command: "Halt where you are."

Looking up, McCarthy saw a uniformed man leveling a rifle at him. Water flew off McCarthy as he stood shaking in his shoes. The soldier approached and told him he was on the grounds of a war plant and that the guards had orders to shoot strangers on sight. But the situation was

soon explained and the soldier promised to telephone to a marine yard for aid.

McCarthy swam back to his boat and sat shivering with his wife. Finally they heard the whine of oars in oarlocks and a rowboat came alongside with a young mechanic at the oars. Within two minutes a small broken spring was found and replaced and, somewhat subdued, McCarthy headed his boat back to the home slip.

Before his next trip he bought and read thoroughly a book on the design and repair of marine engines.

And so to bed.

CHAPTER XXVII

THE BAY SHORE AND THE SASSAFRAS RIVER

THE night at the yacht club pier had been comfortable—not a regatta drunk serenade or near drowning, all was serene and the crew awoke keen for breakfast, and for getting under way early. It was about nine when they left the club pier, with a friendly farewell from Past Commodore Rogers, who had come down to breakfast on the *Fanny* and tell them some yarns of his tanker voyages to the Carribean and Mexico a few years ago.

Down river went sister *Fanny*, passing Rolphs, Bookers and Quaker Neck landings—all busy spots on boat days fifty years ago, when the steam whistle brought every one within walking distance to the wharf to see the sights.

Past Oyster Cove and Shippin Creek, where the Chestertown boys had their first club house for parties, coon hunts, etc.; then Deep Point, where the forty-five-foot channel almost touches the trees on the point, so steep does the bottom drop. Deep Point forms one horn of Comegys Bight and here on the north bank is another Comegys House, some two hundred years old and looking across the bight towards cliffs a mile or so away on the opposite side. Nearly across the mouth of Langford's Creek they got a glimpse of two other notable old houses, the "Trew House," built about 1750, and "Ringgold's Fortune," up near the head of Langford's Creek, not far from St. Paul's Church, built 1692.

Past Grey's Inn Creek, the site of the early port and shipping point for north-south freight and the shallow gut that separates East Neck Island from the mainland.

En route again, a look at the chart showed plenty of water, if Hail Point and Cockey Island Bar were given attention. Handy, who was a student of the unusual, remarked upon the deep water shown in the channel—seventy-six feet off Hail Point being the greatest, but depths of thirty to forty feet prevailing, until they got out into the Bay north of Love Point Light.

"Speaking of Love Point," Mate said, "reminds me of a trip I made fifty years ago in the little steamer *Gratitude*, Xmas Week, to spend a week at my mother's farm, Caulks Field, to do some gunning. A barn-storming troupe were aboard and they had a lot of farewell toasts before we left Light Street Wharf and during the run down the Patapsco, but when we



WILD GEESE FLYING

Courtesy of
Wild Life'Association



QUAIL SHOOTING

P. T. Blogg



BALTIMORE YACHT CLUB SCENE — Paul E. Tignor



GREYHOUND LODGE
On Middle River — F. R. V. Williams

cleared the river and got into the Bay, with a south wind, the *Gratitude* began to roll in a scandalous fashion and our theatrical friends were soon so sick they made the night miserable, and by the time Love Point was reached the cabin was so foul that it nearly got me, too. It was a sober looking bunch that staggered ashore at Rock Hall."

An hour's run brought *Fanny* opposite "Hinchingham," now one of the show places of the entire Eastern Shore, and a sketch of this old land grant follows:

HINCHINGHAM

(Illustration facing page 211)

This original grant, surveyed for Thomas Hynson in 1659, extended from Swan Point north along the Bay shore for some three miles to "Gresham Hall," another original grant, which touches the south side of the present Tolchester Company's grounds. Swan Point, a long sand spit, much of it under water now, formed a fine natural harbor and from earliest days was a main ferry point for travel from Annapolis to the north. One of the first contracts in the colonies for a public road was for the construction of a ten-foot highway from Rock Hall to Chestertown.

This section, abounding in game, fish, waterfowl, terrapin and oysters, was the mecca for hunters, and still attracts many visitors who love sport.

Doubtless the builder of the "Hinchingham" manor house, an elaborate and costly brick dwelling for the period, lived well and entertained royally those friends and acquaintances who traveled this highway.

The original brick house, erected about 1699, consisted of four good-sized rooms, with separate stairways to the second floor at each end of the house; then, in 1774, a larger house was built on the south of and abutting against the original structure, but with entirely separate walls and chimneys. The date of this addition is shown in the usual manner by bricks set on end high up in the south gable wall.

The original paneling, chair rails, cupboards and mantels over each fireplace, as well as the dentelles defining the ceiling, are all perfectly preserved.

One unusual feature of this house is its location right close to the Bay shore; the usual custom being to choose sites well back from the water, probably with the idea of procuring protection from storms and marauders.

"Hinchingham" returned to Hynson descendants when Mrs. Harriett Westcott Hill inherited the farm as part of the estate of her father, George B. Westcott, and his wife, Mary Ann Hynson. The property now belongs to Mr. and Mrs. Clifton Miller; Mrs. Miller being a direct descendant of Thomas Hynson.

"Hinchingham" house has been carefully and accurately restored by Mrs. Miller and she has also bought back several adjoining farms originally parts of the "Hinchingham" grant, so that the present farm is some six hundred acres and has miles of old post and rail fences, beloved of the hunting set. Mr. Miller raises blooded Angus beef cattle and fine horses, and the entire estate is beautifully kept.

A fine outlook over the upper Bay is seen from the front of the house, on clear days the mouth of the Patapsco can be seen thirteen miles away, and the sunsets across the water are something to remember and love.

From a sailorman's viewpoint this part of the Bay shore has one serious handicap—there's no harbor from Rock Hall until you reach Fairlee Creek, for boats drawing not over six feet, and for larger drafts safety must be sought in the Sassafras, some ten miles further up the Bay. Tolchester used to attract a good many boats at County Fair time.

Noon being past, *Fanny* tied up at Tolchester; the crew went up to the hotel to get one of their justly famous sea food dinners. Later *Fanny* continued her way past Mitchell's Bluff and "Fairlee Manor House" to Worton Creek, getting a glimpse of "Great Oak Manor House" in passing. Buck Neck Wharf, at the head of Worton Creek, was a busy shipping point fifty years ago.

On to the Sassafras, passing Loyd's and Turner's creeks and the site of one of the largest Indian towns in Maryland, Tockwogh, lying between Turner's and Woodland creeks, which is also close to old Shrewsbury Church (1693), next to St. Paul's the oldest in Kent County.

Looking about for a comfortable berth for the night, the crew decided on Fredericktown, near one end of the State Road Bridge, where they could also imbibe some historic lore about the "Kitty Knight House" and the old John Smith landing place (1608). Further up the river, two miles above the bridge, the old homestead "Greenfields" lies on an elevation overlooking the river. Its story follows:

GREENFIELDS

(Illustration facing page 220)

Approaching the mouth of the Sassafras River from the south, one comes upon one of the most beautiful spots in Chesapeake waters—Still Pond Harbor, from which an inlet leads to the small town of the same name. Fish and wild life abound around these secluded shores. Entering the Sassafras and proceeding about six miles up the river there lies, slightly back from the southern bank, the site of the old Indian village of Tock-

wogh, from which the river was originally named when Captain John Smith first explored it in 1608. It was here, in order to discourage an Indian attack, that he raised sticks from his ship's deck, with hats mounted upon them, to give the impression that he had a greater number of fighting men. About five miles further up the river are the old towns of Fredericktown, on the north shore, and Georgetown, on the south bank. The latter was once a prosperous port and a main stop on the post route to the north. A ferry, long since superseded by a bridge, connected the towns. During the War of 1812 a landing party from Admiral Cockburn's fleet fired the buildings in both towns; at Georgetown but two houses were spared.

At the head of the Sassafras River, which has innumerable inlets on each side, is the old estate of "Greenfields." The land was patented in the last quarter of the seventeenth century by Colonel John Ward, a pioneer settler. The Lusby and Pascault families were later owners of the property, and members of both of these families lie in the adjacent graveyard. The house is a large brick structure in Georgian style, surrounded by well-kept and tasteful grounds. The roof of hip type, is surmounted in the centre by an unusually large, square chimney.

The property now belongs to Mrs. Fletcher Wilson.

Georgetown was burned during the War of 1812 and today is more a name than a place, though a flourishing plant for the building of small boats is again making Georgetown alive. A gas station at the end of the bridge services the many boats that use this part of the river. A very satisfactory restaurant is located a mile away at Galena, for those who do not mind the walk along the concrete highway.

Supper was prepared on board and Skip decided to stay at Georgetown, a real haven, rather than go down to Betterton, as had been planned.

RESTORATION OF BOB-WHITES IN MARYLAND

By E. Lee LeCompte, *State Game Warden*

In 1932 after the Hon. Franklin Delano Roosevelt took the oath of office as President of the United States, he having been connected for years with conservation movements in his home State of New York and very much interested in conserving our natural resources, called a meeting in Washington, D. C., to which an invitation was extended to persons interested in conservation, to sit around a table and work out a conservation program to conserve the natural resources of this country.

One of the first committees appointed was for the purpose of assembling submarginal land with the intent of the Federal Government purchasing same through the Resettlement Administration. Thomas H. Beck, at that time one of the Game Commissioners of Connecticut, was named chairman of a committee for the purchase of submarginal lands. I was named as a member of said committee representing Maryland and through friends received options on about 40,000 acres of submarginal lands lying in Somerset, Worcester and Wicomico counties.

In 1935, Mr. Ernest Holloway, in charge of the Resettlement Office at Salisbury, Maryland, called me by phone, stating the Federal Government had appointed two wildlife technicians to Salisbury office and requested that I call at his office in Salisbury for a conference to see if we could work out a wildlife restoration program. I called at his office and found the two wildlife technicians were none other than Kenneth A. Wilson and Ernest A. Vaughn, whom I had known for years and knew they were very efficient biologists. Of the 40,000 acres on which we had options, I found the Government had agreed to purchase 7,706 acres. The first move was to go on the areas, look them over, and I found the land was very flat soil, poor, mostly acid, sandy subsoil and a network of ditches which were clogged to such an extent that drainage of these areas was prohibited. Swamps were very frequent, 87 per cent. of the area was in forest and brush weed, principally loblolly pine. Open fields, though not abundant, were well scattered and did have some natural feed for wildlife. Our first recommendation was for drainage of the properties and make a census of what wildlife was on said properties and to lay out certain areas in strips for cultivation and planting of seed to produce cover and food. The original conditions we found in December 1935 were miles of ditches badly clogged, natural quail food standing in water, and about 70 per cent. of the arable land was in broom sage. Fall and Winter foods of nutritive value in abundance were scarce. Among the predators, we found gray fox, coopers hawk, barred owl, stray cats and dogs to be very plentiful. We wanted a census of what wildlife was on the area and luckily enough in the Winter of 1936 we had a very good snowfall and made a census over 5,367 acres. We found eighteen coveys of bob-whites numbering 135 birds, one bird to each thirty-five acres.

Program for Restoration

Our program as agreed upon was (1) food habit studies; (2) the feed patch; (3) plant transition studies; (4) seed collection; (5) the census; (6) game food nursery; (7) winter feeding stations; (8) ditch drainage, for the purpose of trying to bring this submarginal land back

whereby it would produce natural cover to furnish natural food. Eighty-four miles of ditches were cleaned on the 7,706 acres; habitable quail range extended into several thousands of acres. The greatest single contributive factor in the present quail population increase was due to restoration of cover and not to predatory control.

Food Habit Studies

In the Winter of 1936-37, Kenneth A. Wilson, wildlife technician, was assigned to setting up a small laboratory on the property and through the collection of droppings and from stomachs secured by the hunters he was able to study the natural food of the bob-white for the purpose of determining the status of bob-whites' Fall and Winter food supply, its abundance, seed, and quality; the accuracy and value and fecal analysis as an application tool in quail research compared to the crop and gizzard method of food habit study. The stomachs of bob-whites furnished by the sportsmen were taken between November 15 and December 31, 1936, which was the open season. Having found out definitely the chief food of the bob-white, we were then ready, after a drainage project had been carried on, to plant strips of seed, grain, berry-bearing, fruit-bearing bushes and trees, which we were positive were being taken by the bob-whites for food.

Transplanting

From the nursery, which we had established, we began transplanting numerous berry-bearing and fruit-bearing bushes, scattering same in different sections on the area. We disked old woods roads and small areas of broom sage which probably had not been in cultivation for years and years and seeded them to lespedeza (sericea) which we found very beneficial. As time has gone on with this restoration program, since 1940 we have been using bi-color lespedeza, which is a brushy plant, finding it to be very beneficial as food for wildlife. In the section of Worcester County where we have been carrying on this program, we do not have hill erosion but do have sheet erosion, therefore, we have been making plantings beneficial for holding the soil.

Seed Collection

The seeds of numerous species of native herbaceous plants which we found to be imported as Fall and Winter quail foods in that section were collected by hand, such as milk-pea, ground-bean, vetch, butterfly-pea, and bush clover, and sericea; also partridge pea. These were transplanted in sections where they were needed. In 1937 this property, which had increased in size through Federal purchases, was turned over by a department of the Federal Government which, at that time was known as the

Farm Security Administration, to the State Forestry Department of Maryland for operation and under the supervision of Mr. F. W. Besley. Hundreds of acres were reforested with loblolly pine.

The Wildlife Restoration Program in Cooperation With the Pittman-Robertson Act

Senate Bill No. 2670, introduced in the Seventy-fifth Congress of the United States on June 17, 1937, was passed unanimously and signed by the President of the United States on September 2, 1937. This Act provided that the game departments of the States should be assisted by the Federal Government in establishing wildlife restoration projects within the several States; the Federal Government contributing 75 per cent. and the State 25 per cent. of the total cost of the projects. This fund is derived through receipts from the excise tax on firearms and since the enactment of this legislation Maryland has taken advantage of same and has purchased annually at least one property, setting up on same a wildlife demonstration area to prove conclusively to the public what can be done by increasing wildlife through furnishing cover and natural food.

In 1936 our census showed on these 5,367 acres there were eighteen coveys of quail comprising 153 birds. Our census of 1943 shows seventy-one coveys, comprising 514 birds in fifty-eight coveys and thirteen coveys could not be accurately counted due to weather conditions. This increase has occurred even though hunting has been permitted on the outlying areas of our refuges since 1938. Without a doubt the restoration of cover producing natural food, the control of predators, and the prohibition of hunting has caused this wonderful increase over a short period of years.

CHAPTER XXVIII

THE BOHEMIA, ELK AND NORTH EAST RIVERS

GEORGETOWN had proven a fine haven, and but for the oldsters' excess energy, probably Doc and Skip would have slept till eight, but—

Handy wakened at crack o' dawn and shortly a conference was held, the upshot of which was the *Fanny* got under way and made down the river the eight miles to Hotel Betterton. There a first-class breakfast was enjoyed and by eight o'clock they were again under way and soon past Grove Point and into the dredged channel, then past Turkey Point up the Elk River a half hour run into the mouth of Bohemia River. The weather continued fair, eighteen-mile wind from the north, sunshine variable. The story of Augustine Herman and his influence upon Cecil and Kent counties is well known by historians and the following story of his homestead "Bohemia Manor" was enjoyed during the visit:

BOHEMIA MANOR

(Illustration facing page 221)

On the north shore of the Bohemia River lies the "Bohemia Manor" estate. This tract was originally about five thousand acres and was subsequently added to by further grants until it reached the vast size of about twenty thousand acres and extended nearly to Middletown, Delaware.

Augustine Herman, an engineer and geographer from Prague, in Bohemia, had for some years been prominent in the Dutch colony of New Amsterdam, when he was sent in 1659 by Governor Peter Stuyvesant on a mission to Maryland. Herman desired to acquire land and settle in Maryland, but not being of British ancestry it was necessary for him to apply for citizenship in the Province. The Calverts granted him "denization" papers in 1661, and promised full citizenship and lands, upon the usual terms to settlers. He was to be paid in land for a map of the Province and its boundaries, which Herman undertook to prepare. The map was completed and the Calverts' promise fulfilled in 1666, thus Augustine Herman became the first naturalized citizen of Maryland and a large land owner.

Upon a site on the land so acquired, unsurpassed for its scenic beauty and view over woods and water, he built his home and named it after his native land. Augustine Herman became one of the most influential

men of his day and, living in lordly style with numbers of slaves and a deer park upon his estate, was noted for his hospitality and liberal entertainment. At his death in 1686 he entailed by his will his great holdings, and among his descendants was Richard Bassett, Governor of Delaware and a signer of the Constitution. Through the marriage of Richard Bassett's daughter, "Bohemia Manor" came into the Bayard family. Indeed, there are many prominent Maryland families today who are descendants of Augustine Herman.

The original manor house stood until after the Revolution, but nothing now remains except some foundation bricks, which are being carefully preserved to perpetuate its site. Herman's tomb is in the nearby graveyard, although his remains were long ago removed to Brandywine Cemetery, in Wilmington. The old tombstone, which was broken, has been repaired and preserved from further damage by being laid as a slab and buttressed by an edging.

Within a few feet of the old site a massive and elegant Colonial house has been built in recent years by the late Senator Thomas F. Bayard, a descendant of the Herman family; his widow, Mrs. Thomas F. Bayard, is the present owner. The land attached to the new building, however, is but a small part of the once enormous tract.

The present house is of brick, two and one-half stories high, with steep gable roof, from which three dormer windows protrude on each side. From each roof end of the main building a large chimney rises. Two and one-half story wings connect with both ends of the central structure by short two-story passage-ways. These wings are lower in height than the main house, and their gable roofs, surmounted by end chimneys, are at right angles to the roof of the central structure. On each side of the second floor centre window of this one hundred and twenty foot mansion there is a white marble inset in medallion form. The house setting is amid a great, spacious, velvety lawn.

The next visit, nearby, was to "Little Bohemia," the original house which is now described as it was during the visit:

LITTLE BOHEMIA

(Illustration facing page 221)

The land on which "Little Bohemia" stands was an original grant of 1689 to Hugh McGregory, whose son, Joseph, sold the estate in 1740 to John Baldwin, who in turn deeded it in 1751 to his daughter, Catherine, and her husband, George Milligan. Through several generations the prop-

erty remained in the Milligan family until the death of George B. Milligan in 1828, when it passed to his brother-in-law, Louis McLane. William Knight acquired the estate by purchase in 1860, and he and his son occupied it until the latter's death in 1910, when, once more, part of the old place reverted to the McLane family, being purchased by Catherine Milligan McLane, a granddaughter of Louis McLane, who had acquired the property eighty-two years before. In 1927, Mr. D. K. Este Fisher, Jr., inherited the homestead from his aunt, Miss Catherine Milligan McLane.

The estate was known first as "McGregory's Delight," then as "Milligan Hall," before it received the name of "Bohemia" about the time of the Revolution.

The house, in a thick grove of trees and situated high above the river, was built about 1743. It is of brick construction in Georgian style, two stories, with hip roof and two squat chimneys. A wide brick belt-course marks the second floor level and the house corners are ornamented with brick pilasters. The central pavilion projects, and is crowned by a pediment in the centre of which is a decorative bull's-eye window. This pavilion is covered by a one-story, hip-roofed entrance portico supported by four plain columns, above which, on the second floor, there is a wide circle-head window flanked on each side by a smaller rectangular window. On the right of the building there is a wing of two stories, but not as high as the main house. In earlier days the house had a colonnade with kitchen and pantries, as well as numerous outbuildings.

Beautiful plaster work, showing French influence, adorns some of the first floor rooms, but the main feature of the interior is a most attractive and picturesque stairway of rare lattice design. Some of the old mantels are well worth careful scrutiny.

After the visits to the modern "Bohemia Manor" and "Little Bohemia," *Fanny* continued up the Elk River to Back Creek and stopped at Chesapeake City for supplies, gas, etc., then continued up the Elk to Frenchtown and a sight of "Holly Hall" in the distance. Frenchtown figured quite prominently in post chaise days as a feeding point for both horse and man. Its story follows:

FRENCHTOWN

(Illustration facing page 121)

About three miles below Elkton, on the east bank of the Elk River, lies Frenchtown, a port of consequence for over half a century after the Revolution. Having a good road to New Castle, Delaware, and thus considerably shortening the all-water route from Baltimore to Philadelphia,

both a freight and passenger service were organized in the opening years of the nineteenth century. The journey was made by sailboat from Baltimore to Frenchtown, by stage or wagon to New Castle, and thence by boat to Philadelphia.

In April of 1813 the port was practically destroyed by the British under Admiral Cockburn, despite a valiant defense by the militia from a small wooden fort. Quickly rebuilt, the *Chesapeake*, the first steamboat to travel the Bay, docked at the port in June 1813, on her maiden voyage from Baltimore. The New Castle & Frenchtown Railroad began operations in 1831 with horse-drawn cars, which were succeeded by steam locomotives in the following year. The doom of the once thriving little port came in 1837, when the railroad cut it off by building the line to Philadelphia through Elkton at the head of the Bay.

In the early days many famous men traveled this route, including, in 1824, General Lafayette.

The only structure remaining of the old town is a large two and one-half story, red brick house, built about 1800, and known as "Frenchtown House" or "Frenchtown Tavern." Having survived the destruction of the War of 1812, it served for many years as a public inn.

Elkton, about a mile or so above Frenchtown, can be reached by small light-draft boats by a crooked channel, but the water is fouled by industrial plants and no white hull better go up to headwaters.

A short run down river brought *Fanny* to Oldfield Point. She was stopped just southeast of the Point in six feet of water for a swim, after which Doc "shook up" a lunch and by twelve-thirty was on the way for Turkey Point and up the Bay for North East River. While the *Fanny* purred along some stories were scraped from the bottom of the barrel—none worthy of this log.

Mid afternoon brought *Fanny* to the North East River Yacht Club—and the genial Commodore's story follows:

NORTH EAST RIVER YACHT CLUB

The North East River Yacht Club is situated on the easterly side of the North East River, about one and one-half miles above Hances Point, Maryland. It is directly opposite Spar Buoy No. 18, marking the channel of the North East River, from which point the club house may be seen directly off the starboard beam when proceeding up the channel; by road, two miles out of North East, Maryland.

Good water is afforded at all times at the yacht club pier and visiting yachtsmen are welcome.



OLD MILLER'S ISLAND CLUB P. T. Blogg



FORT CARROLL P. T. Blogg



FORT McHENRY

Courtesy of
Maryland Historical Society



FEDERAL HILL

Courtesy of
Maryland Historical Society

The club is not a new one, as it was founded about the year 1930 and has been operating ever since. Improvements were made in 1939 and 1940. We afford a large lounge, dance floor, bar and grill room, and a view that cannot be surpassed anywhere on the Chesapeake. Although activity has been at an ebb, due to the war in Europe, we are all waiting for better times so we may bring our fleet together and visit our good neighbors on the Chesapeake.

Regattas are held yearly and many records have been established on our course in the past years.

With the coming of better times, to which we all look forward, the North East River Yacht Club desires the pleasure of entertaining the members of other clubs, to the end that they may enjoy with us the scenic beauties and gorgeous sunsets of our peaceful location on the North East River.

After supper aboard, the crew relaxed and heard Skip read the following delightful story by our senior United States Senator from Maryland:

DUCKS, DECOYS AND DOGS

By Senator Millard G. Tydings

One of Maryland's greatest sports is wild duck hunting. For thirty years I have enjoyed this sport and have been interested in observing the methods best calculated to bring the winging wild fowl within range. I believe the way the decoys are arranged is of primary importance. Often the proper arrangement of decoys means the difference between getting a shot and not getting one.

For stake blinds off-shore all gunners know that decoys should be put out to the leeward side of the blind. This arrangement puts the wind against the hunter's back with the decoys facing him. The ducks, therefore, will fly over the decoys toward the blind as they invariably fly against the wind as they come over or into the decoys. That is elementary with all experienced hunters.. When the wind shifts the decoys must be arranged accordingly, so they again are to the leeward of the blind.

Moreover the number of decoys used in an off-shore blind and their general arrangement frequently mean the difference between getting a shot or having the birds pass out of range. I have found from gunning with various "sets" of decoys the following to be most efficient: the ideal number ranges from eighty to one hundred; they should be put out relatively thick around the blind on the front and for a space of ten yards on either side; as more decoys are put in the water they should be spaced farther and farther apart.

This creates the impression to the flying duck that those near the blind are bedded and feeding ducks and the oncoming duck is thus lured from the outlying decoys closer to the blind. It is also important to put two or three single decoys from ten to fifteen yards outside the fartherest grouping of decoys, to appear to be ducks swimming in.

I have also found it advisable to leave about three spaces relatively clear of decoys in which the ducks may land with more freedom than where decoys are so close as to leave less open water. The general formation of the decoys should be in the shape of a keystone, the smaller side of the formation being at the blind with the sides gradually widening as decoys are placed farther from the blind.

On days when ducks would not dart to fifty decoys I have increased the number to more than eighty and found the lure greatly enhanced. Frequently I have seen ducks ignore an off-shore blind with too few decoys, although many ducks were flying by.

This rule does not hold for blinds which are located on points or for decoys put out along the shore or for decoys put out in a hole cut in the ice near the shore. In such cases I have found that twenty-five decoys or less are frequently more luring to the passing fowl than are large "sets."

For point gunning or along the shore it has seemed to me that decoys somewhat in the shape of a "V" with the point toward the gunner are best as a lure. I suggest a triangle with twenty to thirty decoys. These should be placed more closely together near the shore or point than the outside decoys are placed. It is also a good idea to put three or four decoys on the shore to give the impression that these are ducks coming out of the water.

For those who cut holes in the ice near shore an opening of about fifteen yards square is usually sufficient. Ten or twelve decoys have more effect in enticing ducks to such holes than a larger number. I suggest putting three or four decoys on the edge of the hole, as they show up well from a distance.

Ducks can be attracted or called to decoys orally; the best call being an even tremulo like the whirring sound ducks make when they are on the wing. I have seen ducks headed past decoys turn from half a mile away and come toward them in response to such calls. Any veteran gunner can give the novice a lesson in making the call, that with practice will add to the bag.

Finally for shore and point gunning one should have a trained Chesapeake Retriever to get the most out of the sport. These dogs are trained to lie low when the ducks come in. At the first shot they are already in the water and swim with amazing speed to retrieve the fallen fowl. Whether

the duck is dead or injured the dog will grip the fowl most carefully in his mouth to avoid further harm. Brought to shore the retriever will drop the birds at the hunter's feet, shake himself and lie down to await the next shot.

When several ducks are in the water the dog will usually retrieve them singly. Old Bob (Ed. note: one of the Senator's dogs) was a master at retrieving, getting on one occasion, when three ducks fell, the fartherest first, then the second and finally the one closest to the shore and bringing them all in at one time.

These dogs love to hunt and if you see one retrieving in a hole cut in the ice admiration for their courage and stamina will be unbounded. Recently, with a companion, four redheads came to our decoys in a hole cut in the ice. Luckily we brought all four of them down, but one fell about twelve feet away on the ice. The ice was too thin to bear the dog's weight. As can be imagined it is dangerous for dogs to swim through broken ice as it will cut them.

On this occasion after retrieving three of the redheads, Major (Ed. note: another of the Senator's dogs) swam back for the fourth fowl and reaching the edge of the ice put his front paws on it and tried to crawl out on the ice which gave way with him. He got up on it again but before proceeding farther looked back at me to get reassurance as to whether he should go ahead or give up. I told him: "Go get it." At once he was all action, climbing up on the ice which broke with him again.

He mounted it for a third time looked back for assurance. Encouraged then to move slowly so he would not be cut by the broken ice, this great dog finally crashed his way to where he could reach the duck, mouthed it and came cautiously back through the ice, proudly depositing the bird at our feet. There was not a scratch on him.

The action pictures these dogs make in retrieving give the hunter a thrill. They are endowed by nature with an instinct to do the right thing on any occasion. To gun without them from shore or point is to lose much of the pleasure of the day's shoot. But the hunter must be careful not to lose the confidence of his dog by sending him on unwise missions. Once the dog knows that he can rely upon the good judgment of his master, he will do anything he is called upon to do and do it with determination and enthusiasm.

CHAPTER XXIX

HAVRE DE GRACE AND GREYHOUND LODGE

THE morning dawned bright and clear with every promise of a scorching day. The crew was astir early for a solid breakfast, and the short run to the Havre de Grace Yacht Club. When the *Fanny* got under way there was a fair following breeze, and in a little more than an hour she was alongside the club pier. The old men soon were ashore and were cordially greeted and made themselves at home in the club house. Handy said he could tell them about the town and what they were going to see:

HAVRE DE GRACE

Havre de Grace is an old town on the western bank of the Susquehanna, near its mouth. Captain John Smith, who was the first to explore the country hereabouts, found Indian settlements along the river. The town site was included in a grant to Godfrey Harmer in 1658, but soon thereafter passed to Thomas Stockett. At first it was known as Harmer's Town and later as Lower Susquehanna Ferry. Around this ferry, which was a stopping place on the coach road between the north and south, the town grew. In Colonial days the ferry route was a main thoroughfare, and the boats were pulled across the river by ropes which were coiled by horsepower on capstans. The town was incorporated in 1785 and the name, Havre de Grace, appeared about this time; the rumour being that it was so named by General Lafayette.

In both the Revolution and the War of 1812 the town had its share; in the former, General Rochambeau twice quartered his army on the ground which is now the race track, and in 1813 a landing party from British men-of-war defeated the American forces and fired the town, destroying most of it.

St. John's Church is built of brick laid in Flemish bond, with circle-head windows and a belfry. It was built in 1832 on the site of a much older church.

The Ferry House, near the old bridge, dates from 1760. It is built of brick, two and one-half stories in height and of considerable width. It is now a hotel.

The lighthouse is on Concord Point and is an interesting old structure surrounded by shrubbery. It was built in 1827. Nearby is the Havre de Grace Yacht Club, an outstanding organization and well known for its Summer regatta.

The old Rodgers House was formerly the residence of Colonel John Rodgers, well known in Revolutionary annals. It was built in 1774, partly wrecked by the British in 1813, but restored thereafter. Unfortunately, the ground floor has been remodeled for use as a store.

Havre de Grace today is a peaceful place; its streets are bordered with handsome trees and its many comfortable, if not palatial, houses are set back from the street in ample grounds.

On the outskirts of the town is the sedate and beautiful old house of the Rodgers family—"Sion Hill." The Rev. John Ireland built it in 1775 and soon after sold it to Gideon Denison, whose daughter married Commodore John Rodgers, famous in American naval history as the officer responsible for the overthrow of the Barbary pirates.

The house is of brick, two stories high, with gable roof and end chimneys remarkable for their width. There is a small wing on each side, with flat, sloping roof meeting the end walls of the central structure. A covered portico forms the front entrance, above which is a triple window flanked on each side by two large single windows. Over the triple window, set in the end of a front gable, is an ornamental window in the form of a semi-circle. The beautiful door and window frames are hand made. Old family portraits and other mementos of this noted naval family adorn the interior. The property is still in the possession of the Rodgers family.

Just east of Havre de Grace is Palmer's Island, named after an Englishman who acquired it about 1625. The Baltimore & Ohio Railroad bridge passes over it now, but it has the distinction of having been among the very first settlements of the English in the Chesapeake country.

Few, it seems, know that Havre de Grace just barely missed being chosen for the Capital of the United States.

Percey Fogg joined the company for the forty-odd-mile run to Middle River, and when time came for adieus, all regretted the haste in leaving, which was necessary in order to reach the scheduled destination before nightfall. With Mate at the wheel and the others comfortably disposed about the cabin, the *Fanny* headed down the Bay, making good time. The morning prediction had been fulfilled and the sun was terribly hot. As Millers Island came in sight, someone inveigled Percey into talking of his hobbies. Ducking and the "Old Millers Island Club" came first. All listened with bristling ears as he opened up:

"The hawsers have been cast loose; the *Fanny* slips out into midstream with her bow pointing Bayward. Old Havre de Grace and Spesutie Island are left behind as I hurry to the port railing to exchange a last shout of farewell—a final hand-wave to good friends left behind, whose

thoughts would follow us as we voyage over the old Chesapeake. I was thinking of another island within big-gun range of Sparrows Point, with its great furnaces and smoking stacks, and lying just off the mouth of Back River; in fact, two islands, for now it has become separated by the ravages of the nor'easters bringing with them heavy ice floes and high seas until a shallow channel has been cut between the once long strip of land. While the chart shows 'Hart' and 'Millers' islands, it is more popularly known only as Millers. (Illustrations facing pages 240, 241 and 260.)

It was desolate and wild, this narrow strip of land, when back about 1900 a band of hardy duck hunters leased it to organize the Millers Island Ducking Club. Separated from the mainland by a good quarter mile of open water, it projected five miles out into the Chesapeake Bay, proffering a rendezvous de luxe for countless numbers of ducks, geese and swans.

Although ideally situated for duck shooting, it required plenty of hard work to hunt. There were sheltered coves for geese and black ducks, and numerous ponds where all kinds of marsh ducks congregated, while the shallow waters between the islands and sand bars were ideal feeding and resting places for geese and swans.

A fine family by the name of Fauth occupied the club house, the only building on the islands, consisting of Captain Fauth, a big six-footer, his wife and daughter Carrie, and two husky boys, Lee and Roy, who acted as guides and assistants to the hunters. Captain Fauth cut the fine marsh grass which grew abundantly on the islands and after baling, it was floated over to the mainland on a small scow and hauled to Baltimore to serve as bedding for horses and for china packing. Even now this grass is cut and baled near Deal's Island and great piles of it may be seen along the edge of the marsh awaiting shipment.

Mrs. Fauth and Miss Carrie prepared the meals for the hungry hunters; and what meals! For breakfast, usually at 6 a. m., we had hot buckwheats, piled on a long dish and hot ones coming off the griddle every minute, to say nothing of the country sausage or bacon and eggs. And those dinners, after a big day in the open, would put to shame the southern chef. Roast pork and sweet potatoes or canvas-backs and mallards.

If we came in early, we would drift in the kitchen when Miss Carrie would give us a job preparing potatoes or peeling the onions, and we could watch the ducks being browned in the huge cook stove oven. When we didn't have pork or ducks we had wild goose, swan or chicken, with a good, juicy steak now and then. No points required in those days!

Then we would sit around the big open fire in the living room and tell stories 'till bedtime.

The old house was over a hundred years old, but still in a fine state of preservation at that time. Built of heavy, hand-hewn timbers, with solid walnut window frames, it was no wonder that it proudly weathered the lashing of terrific storms that so often visit our Bay from the northeast and southwest. With a luxuriant growth of trumpet vine completely covering one end, it was a most picturesque structure.

Although we rarely baited in those days, we killed every variety of duck that visited the upper Bay. During the migrations, flock after flock of redheads, blackheads and canvas-backs would pass between the islands and invariably dart over the decoys, even though they had no idea of stopping. This 'pass' shooting, with eight-gauge guns, constituted our finest sport.

There were two four-gauge guns which belonged to the club and which were used by members for swan and goose shooting; the shells containing twelve drams of black powder and as much No. 2 shot as could be crammed into them. It was astonishing to note at what distance 'Big Liz' could pull a swan or goose out of the air.

In those days we had a wonderful retriever named Boots. The beautiful dog, a cross between Chesapeake and setter, although it was difficult to distinguish him from a thoroughbred, was so named because it was never necessary for us to go into the muddy ponds or water after our downed game. He was a powerful dog and his endurance was greater than any Chesapeake that I have ever seen in acton. The way he would retrieve great flapping swans and geese was miraculous.

One late afternoon I was alone with him on the little island, shooting black ducks as they came in the cove, when one of those thick fogs began to settle over the water. The ducks were coming in from the Bay in twos and threes and decoying so nicely that I had kept Boots busy. The fog finally got so thick that I decided to get back to the other island and the club house. It was only 150 yards across the "thoroughfare" between the islands, but the fog was so dense that I could not see ten feet ahead. After three attempts, each time landing back on the same island from which I started, I decided to give it up. After cutting a good supply of marsh grass, Boots and I curled up behind the blind and spent a rather comfortable night.

There was one good grove of trees on the island, mostly sweet gum, where in early Autumn a flight of woodcock would stop over for a day or so. They seemed to be fond of feeding in sweet gum thickets and occasionally we would vary our bag with a few woodcock.

Exposure to keen winds and bitter cold made the island duck hunter a rugged individual; fighting one's way through the drifting ice cakes

from the mainland over to the island was no easy task. On one occasion the keeper of the range light, just off the end of the island, lowered his boat in readiness to come out to help us as we were nearly carried out in the Bay by the drifting ice. Quite different was this rugged hunting from the duck shooting that we have enjoyed in later years as guests of those princely sportsmen—Harry Busick at 'Turkey Point,' George Zouck at 'Barren Island' and Harry Weiskittel at 'Marshy Point,' all of whom have now joined that army of hunters in the Great Beyond.

On this lonely island one of our problems was the big gun hunter, who hunted wild fowl at night with illegal guns mounted on the bow of a skiff and capable of discharging pounds of ammunition at one time and calculated to kill a hundred or more ducks with one discharge. Sometimes they were made with several barrels, but usually one of cannon-like bore, which when discharged into a flock of roosting or feeding ducks, geese or swans, created untold havoc.

When one of these lights was seen operating off the islands at night, it was our signal to go forth with a rifle and long range guns and at least frighten these 'duck pirates' off. One still night in March, for it was legal to shoot until April in those days, we were sitting around the fire when we heard one of these blasts close at hand. Three of us 'manned the guns' and started up the island, where we saw a light flash for an instant and then disappear. The prowlers must have heard us, for after reaching a point near the end of the island we could hear nothing but the noise created by the startled swans, geese and ducks that had been driven from their resting grounds. There we waited silently for more than half an hour, and suddenly, about 200 yards away, the light flashed again and then a lantern burned constantly as the night hunters began to gather up their game. It was our turn now to fire a salute in the air, but evidently our guide, who was more ambitious or just plain mad, for he knew that our shooting was ruined for the morrow, must have fired directly at the lantern, for it suddenly went out, and we learned afterwards from a friend of one of these outlaws that the bullet (a large calibre) almost severed the oar and one finger of his pal's right hand. Needless to say that we were not troubled again by this special band of night hunters who lived on the mainland in a section known as Back River Neck.

Often at night in early Autumn one could stand outside the club house and listen to the whir of hundreds of wings as the new arrivals from the north came in, while the swans and geese feeding in the shallows kept up a continuous conversation.

When Indians roamed about in this section of our State the islands must have been teeming with game, for we used to gather beautiful specimens of hunting arrow heads that were continually being washed up on the shores, even though hundreds of years have passed since these tawny marksmen have passed to their 'Happy Hunting Grounds.'

It is a different island today. Time has tamed much of its wildness and the pounding Bay has reclaimed much of its area. Gradually the Bay crept toward the old club house, washed onto the porch and finally pounded on the front door. Piece by piece it broke down and was carried away. A thousand memories of the past are tied to the present only by a few old-timers and the club house foundation, which now lies awash by the Bay."

By the time he'd finished, the *Fanny* was past Pooles Island, and absorbed in interest, the old men had missed much of the grand scenery on the Bay's western shore. Entering the mouth of Middle River, it was but three miles to an anchorage in front of "Greyhound Lodge." Here the old men had to go ashore in the dinghy. Doc found the colored caretaker and his wife and told them that he had been given the keys to the house. They said they had expected the party and had been told to cook, and render whatever service was required. When all had quickly made themselves comfortable in the big dining room, Handy said: "Doc, what did you say to Prinny to get the keys to this place; I didn't think he knew we were coming this way." "He didn't," said Doc, "and at first I forgot to tell him, and when he hesitated for a moment, I threatened to rifle his jeans if he didn't come across with the keys. Then I remembered to tell him who was coming. That, of course, fixed it, and he was all apologies and even wanted to insist that I take the key to the wine cupboard." "Well," put in Skip, "even before you told him, what was his hesitancy in regard to anyone you'd be likely to bring?" "Oh, I don't know," replied Doc, "maybe he thought that at the tail end of a month's cruise the gang might set fire to the place with their breath, but I assured him we wouldn't even shoot crap on the furniture. Then he added that he wasn't afraid of that, but once it did happen with some friends of his that were here, and that a big mahogany table, until he sent it to be refinished, had more spots on it than a leopard with prickly heat. He also said that when it came to a crap game, he had never known but one person who showed any consideration for furniture, and that was the grandmother of a friend of his, who always took a rug off the floor and put it on the table when she got ready to shoot a bit of African golf; adding, of course, that was after she got too old or too fat to roll 'em on the floor. Prinny said the old lady had an-

other engaging trick,—she always took out her false teeth when she shot the ivories, so the company would not understand too clearly the names she called the bones." "Sounds like Prinny," says Skip, "believe it or not Ripley stuff. Well, did he say anything else?" "Only, that if our moral code suggested tiddle-di-winks, the results were just as bad. Above all, he said have a good time, use what you want, and stay as long as you please."

By this time the cook, the caretaker's wife, was ready with dinner, and it was a meal—ice-cold tomato juice, roast duck, wild rice, lima beans, hot corn bread, and home-made peach ice cream. When this was disposed of, the old men betook themselves to the porch overlooking the river, and after a few rounds of beer had been polished off, Mate asked Doc why Prinny built the place and where it gots its name. "The name," began Doc, "he took from the road that passes the grounds. Prinny used to say that he thought of naming it 'Nymphs' Nest,' but when I asked him why he didn't, he replied that of late years the word 'nest' had carried altogether unsavory inferences from the use the newspapers were prone to make of it, and as for nymphs, as much as he loved them, he hadn't seen one since he stopped drinking bath-tub gin; it and nymphs seemed to have gone out of fashion together. Now as to the house, I can tell you all about that:

GREYHOUND LODGE

(Illustration facing page 251)

'Greyhound Lodge' stands on the west bank of Middle River, with a fine and extensive view, overlooking Dark Head and Frog Mortar. At this point the river is almost two miles wide and the distance to the Bay is about two and a half miles.

The house was planned and built in 1926 by our old friend, Prinny, as a private club house. Of old English style, it is about seventy-five feet long, with a maximum depth of forty feet. The two-story building has brown shingle side walls, with red shingle hipped roof pierced by four dormer windows. The northwest wing is a gable end and a covered porch overlooks the river.

A spacious dining room covers the centre of the house; this is paneled in oak, with very large ceiling rafters exposed, and has a ten-foot fireplace, bricked to the ceiling. There is a long oak locker-window seat and an inset bench. The lounge, paneled in mahogany, occupies the gable wing, and the ceiling braced with cross beams extends to the apex of the gable. From this room a mahogany and birch stairway rises to a balcony communicating with the second floor. Connecting with the dining room by a hallway is a breakfast room with a large brick fireplace, tiled floor, and a



OLD BODKIN POINT LIGHT — P. T. Blogg



COMEGYS HOUSE — James E. Hancock



GUDGEON FISHING P. T. Blogg



THIRTY-EIGHT-FOOT MATTHEWS PADOBIE II Paul E. Tignor

faience tile wall fountain. Diamond-paned casement windows predominate on the ground floor, and the circle-head doors are of heavy oak with wrought-iron straps.

A concrete cellar extends under the entire building, excepting the gable end. There are two large outside brick chimneys rising from the ground to the roof peaks."

Here Skip cut in: "You've heard the dignified description of this now historic house as perorated by Doc, now let me put you straight. I insist it is an English hunting lodge, for I've seen 'sitting ducks in a row' there, all bowled over with a few scattered shots.

As for snipe, I've seen plenty of the kind bums pick from gutters, in every ash tray and many aimed at the open fire which fell short.

Quailing is also seen when ye host gets his mixed drink elbow bent to shake a skull buster.

As for rabbit hunting, there are plenty pink ones before a Sunday dawn, after an all-night bridge session with Scotch tunes on the side.

Doc never even mentioned the rare old antiques in glass, and even a collection of Miniatures.

As for fishing at 'Greyhound Lodge,' it's fine; you just sit on the porch and watch guys stewing in the sun to catch a few, and yours are caught for you and cooked to perfection.

Doc says the lord of this manor never owned a rowboat, figuring it would be an added risk for inebriated friends who might decide to go rowing in the middle of Middle River without oars, as he had once unsuccessfully tried, and was towed home by an early fisherman in an outboard outfit.

Maybe you begin to get the idea, there's plenty of sport at 'Greyhound Lodge,' window hunting and fishing de luxe. I'm all for it."

When this spiel was over, the old men decided that the big dormitory in the attic would be the most comfortable place for the night—cool and plenty of space. They were tired and lost no time in turning in.

CHAPTER XXX

MIDDLE RIVER AND BALTIMORE

ANOTHER beautiful, warm morning and the old men and their guest, much refreshed, were afoot early. A dip in the river and a walk about the Lodge and grounds took care of the time until breakfast. Omelets, hot cakes and kidney stew were put away with relish, and preparations made for the start to "Baltimore Town." Having to pull the dinghy ashore and push it off again was a nuisance, but Doc volunteered that maybe Prinny had torn the pier down to discourage an excessive number of visitors, now that liquor was as scarce as dinosaur bones. "Well, what about the road," piped up Skip, "more come that way than by water." "Okay," says Doc, "shall I offer him a suggestion from you that he get an old-time nigger with a shot-gun to do patrol duty?"

When all were safe aboard, the *Fanny* moved down the river for the new Baltimore Yacht Club. Here they heard from the Commodore the story of the old club and the new:

THE BALTIMORE YACHT CLUB

(Illustration facing page 251)

Location: latitude 39-17-18 north, longitude 76-23-47 west. Ideally situated on Sue Island, true course 291½ degrees from Beacon Light, south end of Pooles Island, to light on Bowleys Bar at the mouth of Middle River, within the sheltered inland reaches of the Chesapeake Bay, the Baltimore Yacht Club extends the courtesies and warmth of Maryland yachting hospitality to devotees of the marine sport. Permission to make use of the yacht basin leeward of the island headquarters is automatically granted any craft displaying the burgee of a bona fide yachting organization. Direct connection with the mainland is afforded by means of a newly constructed causeway which makes it possible for club members and visitors alike to drive to the island and enjoy the privileges of ample parking facilities.

The members of this organization, approximately 215 in number, have dedicated themselves to the creation of a mecca for those persons who are sincerely interested in the furtherance of good sport and good fellowship. The club dining room, recreation facilities and bar service are at all times available for use in establishing an atmosphere of congeniality which is in keeping with the underlying principles upon which the sport

of yachting is founded. Captain Whitey, our indefatigable "maitre d'ile," stands ready to minister to the needs of members and visitors, irrespective of the service required.

The annual regatta of the Baltimore Yacht Club is recognized as one of the outstanding water carnivals held on the Atlantic Seaboard. Curtailment of regatta activities has, of course, been necessitated as a result of existing emergency war-time restrictions. It is contemplated, however, that continuity of the event shall not be destroyed, even though our efforts during this restricted period do not display the pomp and circumstance of peace-time luxury.

The Baltimore Yacht Club is affiliated with the United States Coast Guard Auxiliary, the United States Power Squadron, the American Power Boat Association and the Chesapeake Bay Yacht Racing Association. Our fleet is comprised of all types and classes of water craft, both power and sail, and the responsibilities and rights of the members in the administration of affairs of the organization are equally distributed among the paddle pushers, the sailboat skippers, the cruiser captains and the arm-chair commodores.

The development of this insular sanctuary has progressed to the point where it now affords harbor and slip mooring facilities in a landlocked cove having an average water depth of six feet. There is a power tender with qualified operator in attendance at all times during the normal season and the yachtsman has at his immediate disposal the use of water, ice, gasoline, fuel oil, telephone, telegraph, commissary, and refreshment service. Geographically, the club is located approximately fifteen miles from the center of the city of Baltimore, Maryland; taxi service may be readily secured under ordinary circumstances. The expanse of white sand beach formation on the west bank of the island beckons invitingly to the enjoyable opportunity for a quick dip into the blue-green waters. "God's in his heaven, and all's right with the world" when, after a day well spent in the enjoyment of wholesome sport, the mariner retires to view the sunset on Chesapeake Bay from the vantage point of a deck chair on the club's spacious sundeck or a lawn chair on one of the rolling green terraces of the island.

The old men gulped a beer or two and again got on the move. The *Fanny*, sweeping westward past old Spesutie Island, settled on her course to the southeast.

As Millers Island came in sight, someone remembered Perce's ducking story of the day before, and one and all insisted that Perce draw further upon his stock of lore about bird shooting. "If you want it," replied he, "I'll give you a dose of snipe:

JACKSNIPE!

With four days of south wind accompanied by a gentle rain to dampen the upland meadows late in February, one had only to sniff the air to smell the coming of Spring. Of course, it's still the same, but then the first faint perfume would lure the snipe hunter abroad, for he knew that the early flight was on. Today, the Federal laws regarding spring shooting specifically say, 'Thou shalt not.'

While we all enjoyed the wonderful sport of spring shooting, we knew even then that it was wrong to shoot birds that were mated and on their way to the breeding grounds. Many is the time late in the spring when I have seen the otherwise wary upland plover hover over my head without the slightest fear because I was in the neighborhood of its nest. Under such circumstances, scores of them have been shot by snipe hunters until they too became so scarce that they were placed on the protected list.

Many are the wonderful days that we sportsmen of Maryland spent in search of the snipe, most fascinating of game birds. Yes, the Wilson's snipe is, call him what you may, the sportin'est little target at which I have ever glanced along a gun barrel. To me, he's a Jack-in-the-bog! From behind some tussock he skyrockets, ziz-zags across the sky in his erratic flight and drops down again among the bleached grasses as suddenly as he sprung up.

Folks who are familiar with him in the breeding areas tell of his striking song, characteristic of the breeding season and heard for the most part in the early morning and from northern twilight 'till after dark.

We had real sport in those good old days! 'Painter's Bottom,' 'Mantau Mills,' 'Holton's Meadow,' 'Butler' and 'Snow's Marsh' were just a few of the better known places visited in the spring. At these places we would often run into the market hunters—famous characters, they were—'Three-Fingered Dick' Cantler, Al and Frank Michael, 'Reddy' Thomas and others all well known to the sportsmen as well as to the restaurants and hotels which they kept supplied with game. What wonderful marksmen they were; rarely did they waste a shell!

There are two distinct kinds of snipe shots, and I've watched them both perform. The 'snap shot' who is lightning fast and can get on a bird before he has time to zig-zag, and the 'deliberate shot' who waits until the artful dodger has straightened out. The fastest scatter-gun artist with whom I've ever hunted, however, was a man who used both methods. He 'snapped' them down when they flushed wild and let them straighten out when they were sticking close—and he seldom made a mistake!

We had one day with jack snipe in early November that I'll never forget. It is noteworthy to remember that not many snipe stopped with

us during the autumn migration, but occasionally we would pick up a few on the marshes at the heads of our rivers during October and November. On this particular day, mark this happy specimen of the human race, as with hip boots, trusty gun, full accoutrements and faithful old dog he creeps stealthily through the meadows and tall sedges. It really started out as a quail shoot in southern Maryland, but a northeaster had been blowing for two days and, as we were staying on a farm situated on the Blackwater River, we had noted that the tides were so high that the river had overflowed its banks, and covered the mud flats and marsh lands completely. The killdeer, having been driven out of the marsh, were all over the stubbles and in the new wheat.

Although the weather was threatening, we had started out with the dogs early hoping that we might get into a covey of quail before it rained. But, we had gone only a short distance from the house when it began to drizzle, quickly turning into sleet, freezing as fast as it fell. We soon gave up our search for quail and started across the stubble for home. The killdeer flushed all around us and filled the air with their plaintive notes. Suddenly there came a sharp crack, then another and I saw my genial companion, Denny, walk proudly over and pick up two birds.

'What are you doing, practicing on killdeer?'

'Look at this.' And when he held up a pair of jacks by their long bills, I could see the cause of his pride.

With a pair of jacks for openers, we moved on. Up jumped another and almost as quickly he crumpled. Three more flushed at the report and the game was on. Our fingers were freezing and the sleet was cutting our faces as we flushed about the wheat stubble, following the little hollows that were then full of water. Every now and then we were rewarded and ended up the day with twenty tucked away in our coat pockets.

Before the Weeks-McLean Migratory Bird Bill was passed in 1913, the jacksnipe was hunted in Maryland and adjoining states from the time they arrived in the latter part of August until the last one left for the north in May. Not much attention was paid to this law, and although spring shooting was prohibited, the hunters went right along and hunted as usual.

It was not until 1918 when the Migratory Bird Treaty Act, promulgated to give effect to the Bird Treaty between the Unted States and Great Britain, for the protection of birds migrating between this country and Canada, that any real attempt was made to stop spring shooting of jacksnipe.

In spite of the protection which was finally realized, for some unknown causes the species has continued to go down hill. A few years ago it was deemed wise to close the season entirely; this was done by the

Migratory Bird Treaty Act regulations in 1941. Strangely enough the birds have not increased even with this total protection—the real reason is not known. We do know that they migrate to South America where they are still shot in numbers; there is also an open season in parts of Canada. The extensive drainage programs may also bear part of the responsibility.

The United States Fish and Wildlife Service has been asked to suggest post-war actvities and Mr. Talbott Denmead of that department has suggested as one a thorough scientific investigation of the status of the jacksnipe. We sincerely trust that this suggestion will be given careful consideration.

Let us hope that, when the Federal law has been in effect for a few more years, that this delightful little game bird will again be with us in numbers, for, if anything will send one's blood tingling to the tips of his fingers and toes, it is to drop this little feathered corkscrew of the bog and fen just as he gets fairly underway."

By now the *Fanny* was rounding North Point, famous for the battle fought there in the War of 1812, and with Fort Carroll in sight, Mate was asked to tell what he knew about it, as well as of Fort McHenry, the Lazaretto and Federal Hill, all of which would soon be in view.

BALTIMORE

(Illustrations facing pages 260, 261)

When Baltimore County was surveyed in 1659 the site, which was later to become Baltimore City, was swampy land surrounded by fields and thickly wooded hills. Through this terrain flowed a creek, some years later to be named Jones Falls, after David Jones, who was the first to build near its banks. Growth was extremely slow and there were but four or five buildings a few years prior to 1729, when the Assembly passed the bill to purchase the land from the Carroll family for "Baltimore Town." The original purchase was only sixty acres. The population was only about two hundred in 1752, but had increased to nearly four thousand when Baltimore became the county seat in 1768. The new Court House was built on a high hill, which then occupied the ground near the present Battle Monument. Not until 1797 was the city incorporated, but at the close of the Revolution its fame as a great seaport had begun. Development proceeded apace, ships from the four corners of the earth were to be seen entering and leaving the port, and shipbuilding became a great and prosperous industry. Wealth flowed to Maryland through its port on the Patapsco. For over a hundred years

after the Declaration of Independence the town passed through the rough and rowdy stage, which comes with growing pains, and gained itself the name of "Mob Town." Riots were by no means a rarity, especially at election time; among the most serious of these outbreaks was the mob attack upon the Massachusetts Militia as it passed through Baltimore in the early days of the Civil War. A number of soldiers and civilians were killed and wounded in that affray.

As the Patapsco River is entered from the Bay the first point of interest is Fort Carroll, situated about midway between the river's opposing shores. Plans were made in 1847 and building began in 1850. The designs as well as the superintending of the construction of the fort were the work of Robert E. Lee, then a lieutenant colonel in the United States Army. In 1852 he was relieved of this task and appointed Superintendent of the Military Academy at West Point. The fort covers about three and a half acres, and is hexagonal with a width of 246 feet to the side. It is built in twelve to fifteen feet of water on piles of the inner fill, and granite blocks to a height of forty feet above tide. The walls of granite block are ten feet in thickness, laid with subsurface concrete fill on timber pile matting. The original plans called for three-tier casement structure on piles, but as it began to settle only two tiers were built. There were to be emplacements for 350 guns. In design it is much like Fort Sumter at Charleston, South Carolina.

The fort was never manned except at the time of the Spanish-American War in 1898, when two batteries, served by soldiers from Fort McHenry, were stationed there. After that time it was used solely as a lighthouse and fog-bell station, and in 1920, when the Lighthouse Service took custody of the old fort, an automatic light was installed. It is an interesting old place and well worth a visit, especially the dungeons where stalagmites have now formed.

The next noteworthy spot is the Lazaretto Light, which stands upon a point on the east side of the river two and a quarter miles from the Light Street Wharfs. This old structure, built about a hundred and fifty years ago, was originally used as a pest house, which is denoted by its name.

Just above the Lazaretto, on the point which forms the western side of the entrance to the "North West Harbour," is Fort McHenry. The first fortification was one of wood and earth, built in 1776 on what was then called Whetstone Point, when the inhabitants were expecting an attack by the British man-of-war *Otter*. In 1798 the people of "Baltimore Town," with some aid from the Federal Government, erected the present fort and named it after a Baltimorean, Colonel James McHenry, who had been one of George Washington's aides and also Secretary of War. Because of

the havoc which Baltimore privateersmen had created with British shipping, two British fleets entered the Chesapeake in 1814, and after doing substantial damage advanced, with a large landing force, against Baltimore. Fort McHenry, commanded by Colonel George Armistead, was bombarded throughout the day and night of September 13th, 1814. The fleet was out of range of the fort's guns, but the landing party was beaten off. The bombardment began while Francis Scott Key was aboard the British frigate *Surprise*, flagship of Admiral Cockburn, seeking the release of his friend, Dr. William Beanes. Key was sent back to his own vessel until the naval attack should be over, and it was from the deck of that ship on the following morning that he composed "The Star-Spangled Banner," when he saw the huge flag, made by Mary Pickersgill, still flying from the fort's ramparts. "The Star-Spangled Banner" was sung to the tune of "Anachreon in Heaven," a tavern song of that time.

After the attack upon the Massachusetts Militia at the opening of the Civil War, there was a cry from the citizens to seize Fort McHenry. This was circumvented by the Union garrison cleverly misleading the people into believing that reinforcements had arrived. Many southern sympathizers were imprisoned here, including Francis Key Howard, grandson of Francis Scott Key.

The fort is star shaped and built of brick with walls twenty feet in thickness. A moat once surrounded the fort and on raised ground within this moat is the old bastion, with a draw-bridge on each side, which guarded the entrance to the fortification. There are extensive subterranean dungeons which were used for Civil War prisoners. Within some of the numerous buildings are collections of old weapons, antique furniture, and pictures of old naval vessels. Near the entrance is the Francis Scott Key Monument, and between it and the fort are parade grounds.

After the Civil War, Fort McHenry became an infantry station until 1900, then a hospital during the first World War, and since 1925 it has been a National Park.

To the west of Fort McHenry and just north of Winans Cove is Federal Hill. It stands eighty-five feet above the water and affords by far the best view of Baltimore harbour. A great multitude came here in the Summer of 1788 after the ratification of the Constitution by Maryland. On this occasion there was a parade led by Commodore Joshua Barney, in which a large model of a ship, the *Federalist*, was mounted on wheels and drawn by horses. The model was later presented to George Washington and from it the hill took its name. In 1861, citizens who favoured secession for Maryland were forcibly prevented from raising a Confederate flag on Federal Hill, and it was then seized by General Butler,

who mounted fifty guns upon it. In 1878 the hill was purchased by the city, and a large tower was erected to signal the arrival of cargo ships from foreign ports. The tower was taken down in 1899, the ramparts of Civil War days have been leveled, and today it is a peaceful park.

Baltimore harbour possesses well over three hundred wharves and piers to accommodate its great water-borne commerce, and has a channel sufficiently deep for any steamers, except such giants as the *Queen Mary, Normandie* and a very few others.

As Mate finished, the anchorage of the Maryland Yacht Club was at hand; it was late afternoon, and it was decided to go ashore for dinner and call on the Commodore for news of his club. The old men were heartily received and got the following tale from the Commodore:

MARYLAND YACHT CLUB

(Illustration facing page 280)

Thirty-five years have elapsed since a group of men interested in boating held a meeting on October 27th, 1908, and effected a temporary organization, which but a few years later became the Maryland Yacht Club.

Article II of the Constitution and By-Laws states that the object of the club shall be to encourage the sport of yachting, aquatic and other outdoor sports, to promote the science of seamanship and navigation and to provide and maintain a suitable club house, basins and anchorage for the mooring of yachts and recreation of its members.

This section of the by-laws in particular has been vigorously promoted and followed since the club's beginning, and is the keynote in the success of the Maryland Yacht Club.

Regattas are held, with events scheduled for all classes of boats. The Star-Spangled Banner Regatta and Marine Pageant, held in September, is one of the outstanding and most colorful displays of water sports in the country.

During yachting season the club sponsors a number of week-end cruises for the club's fleet and it is not unusual to see a flotilla of forty to fifty boats sail from the yacht basin in formation on one of these grand occasions. Throughout the Chesapeake Bay area the Maryland Yacht Club is noted for its annual ten-day cruise, held about the last of July each year. Boats from all parts of the Chesapeake Bay join in with the club's flotilla and each night the boats anchor at a different yacht club for an evening of merriment.

The club house is open the year around, and meals and refreshments are served to members and their guests in the Marine Lounge Room. Dur-

ing the Fall and Winter you find the club a beehive of activity. Dancing, entertainments, meetings and get-togethers make every week a busy one.

The Patapsco River Power Squadron was organized April 15, 1916, by a group of Maryland Yacht Club members. This squadron has grown and today is one of the oldest, largest and most active squadrons in the national body of United States power squadrons.

The United States Coast Guard Auxiliary in Baltimore was also organized at the Maryland Yacht Club, and we are very proud of both organizations and our close associations.

The doors of the Maryland Yacht Club are always open to visiting yachtsmen. The yacht basins are equipped with fresh water outlets, electricity and mooring slips for all types of yachts. The club cordially invites you to visit and to enjoy our hospitality.

After several rounds of potables a letter was produced by Skip, which enlightened the party with the following information on "Gudgeon Fishing":

PECHEUR DE LUXE

By C. H. H. Rumbold

I have all my life been an enthusiastic disciple of Isaac Walton and my love for fishing has continually augmented with the passing years. But though my introduction to the gentle art took place long since (I was but twelve years old), it was indelibly impressed on my memory, and is as vivid today as it was sixty summers ago. My father was an indefatigable fisherman, and as a very special treat, on that May day, he took me with him gudgeon fishing on the Patapsco at the Relay. Accompanying us was a Swiss baron—one Baron De Speyr—connected with one of our prominent Maryland families. We started from the old Maryland Club on Franklin Street. Of course, automobiles never having been even dreamed of, we went to Camden Station, through streets very different from those of today, and took the B. & O. Railroad. We had an ample supply of luscious maggots for bait, and the baron took with him his valet, a deck chair, an umbrella, several bottles of champagne and an elaborate lunch.

When we reached the gently shelving bank of the river, just below the beautiful curved viaduct at Relay Station, where the railroad crosses, the valet placed the chair, footrest extended, a few feet from the edge of the stream. He then adjusted the umbrella, put the lunch in the shade of the bridge, and the champagne in the water. The method of fishing was with a light rod and line and attached to the end of the latter, a wire spreader carrying four small hooks.



AIRPLANE VIEW OF THE MARYLAND YACHT CLUB



CHESAPEAKE LOG CANOE — P. C. Chambliss



BALTIMORE CLIPPER "SURPRISE" IN THE WAR OF 1812 — Courtesy of Pratt Library



To illustrate the C. H. H. Rumbold story

"PECHEUR DE LUXE"
(Gudgeon Fishing)

B. F. Litsinger

The baron stretched out in the chair in the shade of the umbrella. The valet baited the four hooks. Gudgeon were very plentiful in those days, and generally when the line was lifted there was a gudgeon on every hook. The baron would cast, then pull the fish out and jerk them over his shoulder to the valet standing behind him, who detached them and rebaited the hooks. Whereupon the baron would repeat the performance. Periodically he would sample the "fizz" and at noon ate a prodigious lunch. We caught a lot of fish. I forget now how many, but in three score years the scene has never faded from my memory. I suppose it might be called "angling de luxe," but even at that age I contracted a violent case of fishermen's fever, from which I have never recovered.

After a last nightcap, the old men returned to the *Fanny*, preparatory to another carefree day on the morrow. They found the Commodore of the Corinthian at ease in *Fanny's* cockpit; he had come to invite them to his club next day, then told them this about his club:

CORINTHIAN YACHT CLUB

The Corinthian Yacht Club of Baltimore is situated in Baltimore County on the south shore of Bullneck Creek, one-half nautical mile from Long Point at the mouth of the creek. Bullneck Creek is the first westerly branch of Bear Creek north of the highway bridge which crosses Bear Creek.

The entrance to Bear Creek, a tributary of the Patapsco River, is well marked with buoys and range lights to the twin street railway and steam railroad bridges which connect Sollers with Sparrows Point.

TABULATION OF DISTANCE: (Nautical Miles)

Fort Carroll (Patapsco River) to Twin Bridges (Bear Creek)	1.5
Twin Bridges (Bear Creek) to Highway Bridge (Bear Creek)	.7
Highway Bridge (Bear Creek) to Long Point (Bullneck Creek)	.9
Long Point (Bullneck Creek) to Corinthian Yacht Club (Bullneck Creek)	.5
	3.6

Boats with draft of ten feet or less can be accommodated at the club's anchorage. The anchorage is safe and clean.

Members of the club moor their boats in permanent boat slips. Usually, several slips are available for the convenience of visitors.

The club maintains a marine railway on the club's property for the convenience of its members and for emergencies. Gasoline, lubricating oil

and city water are available. The club is open throughout the year, with a permanent caretaker who resides on the club's property.

Taxicab service, ice and supplies are available within a few minutes from the nearby village of Dundalk. The club is accessible by first-class highways and is ten miles distant from the City Hall of Baltimore.

Visitors are welcome.

CHAPTER XXXI

BODKIN CREEK

THE usual routine of a leisurely breakfast began the day. Ice and some supplies were taken aboard, a stop made for gas, and the *Fanny* was then on her way down the Patapsco. All wanted to hear more of Perce's sporting knowledge, so he said he'd tell about quail and woodcock.

BOB WHITE

(Illustration facing page 250)

Never will there be a better game bird than Bob White! I met him in "Ole Virginia" when but a youngster not old enough to "tote" a gun but able to toddle along behind my big brother, watching him shoot. Needless to say "I learned about huntin' from him."

So many splendid articles have been written about *Bob* and *Madam White* that I will not attempt to tell all about their friendly habits, home life, unusual traits and the proper ethics of hunting. Call it what you may, an art, a science or just plain sport, there is nothing to compare with the thrill of following the dogs on a fresh November day with some congenial spirit as a companion. It is the sport of sports!

When a fellow has hunted a section for many years, every piece of cover brings back fond recollections of good old times. You will live over again that day of "a hot corner" on scattered singles or the time when old *Lee* stood a covey in the ditch at noon while *Rhett Butler, Pal* and *Bob* promptly *backed,* creating a picture never to be forgotten! Then that morning with Cousin Jimmy when we had a covey scattered in the hedge row and *Pal* was pointing a singler! As the bird rose, making an easy straight-away target, a fresh covey flushed about twenty feet ahead at the same instant and directly in the line of fire; I killed two quail and a white-throated sparrow with one barrel.

One day a Cooper's hawk had sent a frightened covey under a brush heap and every time Tal kicked on the brush a single bird came out; he killed four straight. It was like calling "pull" to the trap-boy.

How we laughed at Colonel Sheldon one day as he followed *Bill,* trailing a running bird out in the marsh along the Blackwater River. Every now and then he went down on his knees with one foot in a musk-rat *lead.*

What an interesting ten days we spent hunting in this same locality with Dr. Alex Wetmore, one of the greatest ornithologists in America,

then with the United States Biological Survey, investigating the interbreeding of our native birds with the imported Mexican "Bob."

All these things and more your memory brings up as you settle down before the old fire at night and watch the burning logs. It's then you count the number of coveys found, wonder why they were there, and how they acted. How the dogs behaved . . . and those good shots and the misses. And then to bed and you dream; dream of one perfect crisp November morning with—

Haze in low lines over the creek bottom . . . the faint fragrant tang of wood smoke and burning leaves . . . sumac and creeping briar stained red with the blood of the dying year . . . the yellow of a birch, scarlet of maple, the deepening red of oak over the mottled tapestry of the underbrush.

Leaves rustling under foot, held in the embrace of creeping briars, or fluttering slowly downward from the trees on the brook brink . . . the murmur of water pouring over the boulders below the pool.

Two dogs, eager, alert, casting back and forward ahead in the briar patch, the younger rushing rapidly from side to side, the elder moving across and back, playing the wind, overlooking nothing. A man, gun held ready, advancing steadily over the area covered by the dogs.

A sudden stop. The older dog, checking himself in full stride, becomes a rigid statue, one foot uplifted, head turned, nose and eyes pointing toward a tangle of briar and dead grass . . . the younger dog, trembling with eagerness, halted, tense and strained a few yards away.

A low-voiced, "Steady, Pal, steady," as the hunter cautiously moves forward. A quick movement among the briars, the whirr of many wings, a rush upward—Bang! Bang!

"Hyah, fetch, Pal! Hyah, fetch, Bob! Two down. Bring 'em in! Both down."

Two brown feathered balls carried in careful mouths and deposited at the hunter's feet. Eager brown eyes, pleading for praise. Red tongues protruding from mouths panting from excitement.

A pat on waiting heads.

"Good, Pal! Good, Bob! Go hunting. Birds, Pal! Birds, Bob! Hyah on! Hunt 'em.

Gosh! Think of having to work in a city!

WOODCOCK

("Timber Doodle," "Bog Bird," "Big Eyes")

What is more wonderful in the early spring than the pleasures of tenting out! The delicious quiet and freedom of just sitting in the tent

door at the close of day listening to the vesper songs of the birds is something soothing and far away. It reminds one, too, of the ancient days when Abraham, Isaac and Jacob dwelt in tents . . . it carries one back from our highly artificial and complicated age of living, giving him a glimpse of the olden times—the sweet infancy of human history.

As we listen to the birds, a peculiar song very close at hand stands out from the twilight chorus, somewhat of a misfit in the growing dusk. It's a woodcock, for he suddenly drops from the air a few yards away and stands with his bill pointing downward, his body inclined forward as if posing for the camera.

What a picture he presents, for close by and blending perfectly with the soft browns and buffs of his lovely plumage are several spathes of that "hermit of the bog"—the swamp cabbage, with its purplish, yellow-streaked, shell-like leaves, earliest of our spring flowers.

Again the call, *peenk, peenk*, as though to say, "the show will now begin." And suddenly it does. The bird springs upward, flies around in circles, his rounded wings whistling. Higher and higher he goes, faster and faster, louder and louder as he swoops overhead in erratic circles, finally, with a sharp whistle, to come darting and twisting down to earth again, alighting close to the spot from whence he started.

He calls again, *peenk, peenk*, to make sure that his efforts are not wasted, for his show is one for the object of his affection, the female woodcock. Now I notice her sitting close by coldly indifferent to the antics of her lover. Almost immediately the young Lochinvar goes up again to repeat the unusual courtship performance.

Anyone at all interested in birds will be repaid for an evening of camping out or tramping through the swale, particularly if he can discover the *singing grounds* where the male woodcock courts his mate.

Once the performance ends, little time is taken from the honeymoon for the filial duties of nest building, for the nest is flimsy and soon constructed, usually consisting of but a few dried leaves and grasses. Quite indifferently it is placed on dry ground in some low woods or thicket, 'tho I have found several nests, while trout fishing, placed on high ground but close to the stream.

The timber doodle, wood snipe, bog bird, big eyes, for he has all sorts of names, feeds in the twilight, sometimes at night. Sportsmen know of his presence by the little groups of clean-cut holes he bores in the soft ground in quest of earth worms, his favorite diet. These tell-tale marks have enabled pothunters and sportsmen alike to locate him from the far North to the sunny South. And, were it not for the fact that he changes places so often, from swamp to wood to hillside, or even to the

grain fields in a here-today-gone-tomorrow fashion, I fear that there would be no woodcock left.

In Maryland back in the '90's, the woodcock was hunted from June until the last bird left with the ground frozen stiff. When the weather remained mild, they stayed throughout the year. One bird I recall stayed with us all winter on the old Bowley's Quarter Ducking Club property between Seneca Creek and Middle River.

Back in 1895 our Maryland Academy of Sciences' record reads: "Resident except when frozen out and fairly common in spite of the June and July gunners who slaughter many birds before they are more than half grown, leaving others still younger, parentless."

This was a deplorable condition. I have seen many hunters in search of woodcock even in the early spring during the mating season just described. With vivid recollection I recall July 4th as constituting almost a rodeo day for hunting them down on "the necks" as the territory adjoining Back and Middle Rivers was called.

To today's sportsmen, allah be praised, the woodcock is still a fascinating game bird. Fortunately it is well protected by Federal legislation and has managed to maintain itself in fair, if unpredictable numbers in the face of heavy odds. It shelters itself closely, lies well to the dog and, as it usually flies in fairly thick cover, affords a tempting and challenging shot. It requires a quick, steady hand to down it, especially while it describes its short and sudden curve.

Its habit, too, of changing place according to the weather, makes the finding of it a study in itself. Its sudden appearance in large numbers or its sudden disappearance all at once, gives a fascinating air of chance and an element of uncertainty to its hunting.

Although the Fish and Wildlife Service is endeavoring to manage the woodcock back to its former abundance, its erratic behavior makes difficult even the accurate taking of a census. When a spot is found where the birds are numerous at evening, quite likely as not, when visited the next morning, not a bird will be seen. You can readily realize how difficult it would be to keep accurate records of this bird of mystery . . . more so yet to manage it.

A couple of hours found the *Fanny* nosing into Bodkin Creek for a visit to "Bodkin Creek House." Handy produced a letter from an expected guest, who was to have joined the party at the Maryland Yacht Club, but had been unavoidably detained. He read a part aloud as follows:

THE HANCOCK HOUSE ON BODKIN CREEK

(Illustration facing page 270)

"The early land records of Anne Arundel County were destroyed when the first State House at Annapolis was burned in 1704, and it is therefore impossible to say definitely when the 'Hancock House' on the Bodkin was built, but according to the traditon that my father had from his father, who was born (1799) in this old stone house, it was erected by Stephen Hancock during the wars between the Seneca and Susquehanna Indians, circa 1670.

Of that old Northumbrian stock which had earned the name of Angle-land or England by their stubborn resistance to the Roman and Norman invasions, Stephen Hancock served in the Army of the Commonwealth and, after the death of Cromwell, his commander, General Monk, secured the restoration of Charles II, under the definite promise of pardon for past offenses and liberty of conscience in religious matters. But the devious Charles soon began to play one party off against the other and Parliament dismissed the army and passed a series of stringent laws against the worship of non-conformists, and Stephen Hancock was one of several thousand Presbyterians who were transported to the colonies for refusing to use the established ritual at their meetings.

A crisis was pending in Maryland when Stephen landed at St. Mary's, April 9th, 1664. Hitherto the Indians had been friendly to the colonists and had ceded their lands as the settlements were advanced. But in 1656 the Senecas had begun a war against the Susquehannas and were pushing them back among the settlers. Demoralized by defeat and frightened by the ravages of smallpox that had broken out among them, the Susquehannas had become a menace, and Stephen Hancock, who had been drilled in border war among the bogs and fens of the Lowlands of Scotland, was appointed one of the military officers of Anne Arundel County and sent up to guard the shores of the Patapsco. When he established his headquarters on the inside point of the Bodkin, so that he could observe the movements of the Indians by land and water, the Susquehannas began to come in for protection, and to keep them out of mischief, he put them to work constructing this stronghold that is probably the oldest structure in Maryland north of the Severn, and which has been the home of an Hancock for nearly three hundred years.

This house also played its part as the home and headquarters of Captain Francis Hancock, whose company of the Twelfth Maryland Regiment patroled the Bay and river shores above the Magothy during the War of 1812. In those days the channel of the Chesapeake ran on the eastern side of the Bay and whenever the British came above Annapolis,

he would report their approach by raising a flag on Hancock's Point. This signal in turn was taken up by Steeple House Farm above North Point and relayed to the observatory on Federal Hill as a warning to the citizen soldiers of Baltimore to man the riverside forts that defended the approaches to the city—a precaution that had much to do with its successful defense in those trying September days of 1814."

The morning was hot, but the place was attractive, and the old men voted for a spot of beer and to stay aboard the *Fanny* until after lunch and then go ashore. Apropos of wasting time, Skip said he remembered once being told the following true story of a noted educator and archaeologist:

"There is a boat in this tale, but the sea is the Aegean and the city is Athens. However, the chief character is a famous archaeologist of Baltimore and the others are tourists of the type who gallop through historic places to keep up with the exacting demands of a time schedule.

The Baltimorean had been offered a fee of seventy-five dollars to deliver a lecture to the tourists on the Acropolis and at the Acropolis. The tourists were to arrive by boat at Phaleron, but Greeks all through the centuries have taken their time and the boat was late.

Much behind schedule the perspiring tourists were led up Mars Hill, but there another hitch occurred. One of their number insisted on preaching a sermon on St. Paul, possibly under the delusion that the party was in Palestine. Then the crowd was led over to the archaeologist, who was patiently waiting.

But by that time there were only twenty minutes left. He was handed a check, but had to cancel his lecture and utilize the brief time in leading the tourists around the ancient temple at a fast trot. One lady said she wasn't interested anyway in the 'iniquities of Greece' and another insisted on being shown the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse, until convinced that she was standing in the Acropolis and not in the Apocalypse.

Anyway they went down the hill and returned to Athens in time for lunch at the Grande Bretagne and by 3.45 that afternoon were off to another country, while the Baltimorean returned to his study of the Acropolis, which already had consumed many months."

In due course the expedition ashore was made, and as the place proved interesting, the old men stayed a considerable time. It was quite late in the afternoon when, a bit fagged, they returned to the *Fanny* and decided to spend the night in Bodkin Creek.

"We move like ageing ocelots on the lookout for easy game," mused Doc. "What kind of game—nymphs again?" said Skip. "Well, I wouldn't mind stirring up a few to purr at me, as we've heard about hunting and catching almost everything else," continued Doc, "but 'I leave all hope behind.' I think those are the words with which the Florentine Dante plastered the gates of hell." Doc rambled on: "By the way, I have one for thee." "Your diction makes it sound like it might be the start of one of those rancid stories of the nineties," Skip replied. "Nay, nay, Dan-nile, I assure you it is not remotely ribald, rowdy or raucous. I would not for worlds so offend your tender sensibilities, but there is a story which has been told to me, and deals in part with nymphs of a more modern period—only some twenty-five years ago." A chorus of "Let's have it" brought forth the following:

"Years ago most pleasure craft had meager comfort facilities or lacked them altogether. Critical situations sometimes developed when mixed parties went cruising and considerable ingenuity was called into play to preserve the illusion that where Emily Post rules nature does not exist.

One such group headed down the Bay one hot afternoon in an oldish power boat; conversation crackled and beer circulated freely. By the time the second case of beer was depleted the party was a trifle hilarious. But a certain constraint began to be noticed; the men shifted about uneasily and girls grimaced a little even as they smiled.

Conversation slackened and several said, as the loaded tray went around: 'No more beer, just now, thanks.' A nervous tension ensued; several men got up and sat down quickly. Some remarked that the water looked inviting for a swim. One or two girls nodded grimly in agreement.

They were heading for Mountain Bar, but something got wrong with the engine and the craft stopped for what seemed a long wait. And that carried the drama into its third act.

One distraught male member of the party yelled to the skipper, placidly chewing tobacco as he tinkered with the engine: 'Seaweed in your propeller,' and arched through the air fully clothed into the water with the cry, 'I'll get it off.'

Two more men jumped over the side without even removing their coats. Each shouted in deference to Emily Post: 'I'll help.'

Before the three had surfaced, a blonde in a white duck outfit barrel-rolled over the gunwale with an audible sigh. 'Me, too,' she said."

The conclusion of that story brought many recollections of an earlier day—not so long gone at that—when an exaggerated stress was laid upon the predominance of mind over matter.



OCEAN RACING YAWL W. H. Labrot
STORMY WEATHER, A. Y. C.



LIGHT BREEZER FOR THE J. S. Rowan
BIG BOYS



INTERNATIONAL STAR BOAT RACE — W. H. Labrot



WHITEHALL
On Whitehall Creek, Near Annapolis

Hughes Studio, Baltimore

Skip then read a story of wild geese:

WILD GEESE

By L. Wethered Barroll

(Illustration facing page 250)

It is for the purpose of driving dull care deep into the darkness beyond consciousness—if only for a brief space—that I go goose shooting. If we kill a few geese, so much the better—but to spend one's time with wild creatures, to breathe in a plentitude of cold winter air, devoid of soft-coal smoke, to hear the wings, the bird talk, to see the stars and moon go out and the sun struggle to give his few brief hours of winter light, to face the wind which makes the forests and hillsides murmur with soothing voices, all bring contentment—such as may befall those who find a safe land on the shores of the blessed isles—but which nothing else on earth can bring.

There is much which goes on—between the lines, so to speak—aside from killing and eating a goose, which makes an acquaintance with these graceful birds profitable and entertaining. Few are the lands of enchantment to which grown-ups can go—magic places which hold action and excitement, and for a brief time at least blot out from our thoughts the daily routine by which we treadmill through the year.

The habit of wild geese is to feed at night in barley and wheat fields, provided the moon is bright enough to encourage them away from their resting grounds on the water. On a dark or cloudy night a goose stays where he knows he is safe and puts off mealtime until after sunrise.

I had often wondered what geese would do if, while dining comfortably in an open field by the light of a full moon, an eclipse interrupted their revels.

Let us spend this evening with them when there is a full eclipse of the moon. We crawl along a rail fence on the north side of the barley field listening to the prodigious din out in the creek. Besides geese, there come the bellows and booms of swan. The chief swan whacks the water with his wings and calls, "Boo," while a small swan strikes a xylophone note. Shadowy figures pass between us and the moon, arching their wings in answer to the invitations from the ground to fill their craws with barley. Occasionally, when there is a lull in the goose and swan talk, we can hear the peeved and ruffled tones of black ducks, unwillingly sharing the hospitality of the creek with their larger cousins Keep faces out of sight behind an angle of the rails, sit down, relax, and we shall see what happens. Did it ever occur to you that among wild creatures, the human face is the most hated object on earth? Out in

front of us numberless geese weave about, some chasing one another playfully, some asleep, some eating their fill of the green shoots—amid a clamor of guttural "table talk." The head gander, of the thick, glossy neck, stands at attention watchful of danger.

How will these thousand or more geese behave at midnight when the moon they are feeding by is blotted out in darkness? The goose conversation, which has been general all evening, is slowed up a bit as the moon begins to lose out in its contest with the sun. As the mysterious darkness increases, there is a hum of interest in the voices of the younger geese. One or two ancients give a reassuring hoarse honk. As the moon blacks out, the goose talk stops—maybe they stop eating as well—we are not close enough to tell. The geese become perfectly quiet. They stand their ground. After a while the head gander of all the flock sees that the moon is coming back before we notice it. He rumbles out: "I told you so." His adjutants repeat: "It's all right, quite all right."

Soon their Hudson Bay dialect again fills the air. The eclipse is forgotten. The head gander had sensed it was coming, and was less startled than we were by the behavior of heavenly bodies.

When the story came to an end, Doc, who in exceeding quiet had been dangling a cigarette from his mouth, put in his two cents worth: "On this trip we've heard about catching, hunting and shooting nearly everything except tigers and elephants, but I'd like to bet an honest-to-God drink against the business end of a bed bug that there's one form of the sport you haven't heard about. I meant to tell you the other night when we were at Prinny's, for it's his pet idea. He insists that at least once a year there should be open season on politicians, when it would be lawful to take pot shots at 'em on sight. I once asked Prinny if he'd ever given serious thought to hunting them on horseback to hounds. He beamed at me, his face took on an almost deified expression, and he fairly quivered with joy. He assured me he certainly had thought of it, and that on this whole wide earth he couldn't imagine any grander sport than to see the politicos taking fences with the hounds in full cry at their heels. However, the idea, he continued, had one serious drawback; he doubted that a large enough number of sufficiently tough hounds could be obtained, because he feared that when they once picked up the scent, they'd strangle to death. He wound up by saying that dogs could not be made to run skunks to earth."

Skip joined in the general belly laugh which followed Doc's diatribe on his pet aversion, and said: "Doc, you mean *polecaticians* of the breed which sometimes achieves its objective by arriving in the legislature or

council, I assume, and not the really big 'politicos' Yardley and others love to cartoon, and who perhaps are in the Halls of Congress or elsewhere, with certain eminence, and are self-confessed statesmen." Doc swore in choicest Rabelaisian and said: "No, Skip, I mean the whole damned breed that make a business of it. I have every regard for the successful business man or lawyer who will make a real personal sacrifice for public service, in elective or appointive office, but I say an open season for hunting the fakirs in office who couldn't make a good living any other way, would be a great idea." The ayes had it.

As there was plenty of time this evening, dinner, starting with cocktails, was a fancy meal, judged by standards on the *Fanny*. With this over and to vary. things a bit, the crew played cent-a-point rummy 'till fairly late. Then a "snort," and so to bed.

CHAPTER XXXII

GIBSON ISLAND

THE slight change in routine of the day before seemed to have whetted appetites for a monstrous breakfast, which Mate called a French dejeuner, or in other words the first of two daily dinners. He then told the following:

"Soon after the turn of the century, coming down the Patuxent River, the steamer was due this night about nine o'clock at Trent Hall Wharf. Several head of cattle were in the pen waiting to be loaded on the steamer. They were excited by having been led out on the rather rickety wharf, which extended five or six hundred feet from the shore, and further by the gathering of the passengers and the trucking of the freight. The deckhands left a tall, lanky, long-horned red steer till last. With a short rope around his horns and several negroes prodding and pushing him, and one holding on to his tail, they got him to budge a few feet and then 'balk.' The prodding and the yelling increased till the frightened steer got almost to the steamer when, without any warning, he gave one wild leap, scattering the men, and landed in the river, carrying the 'tail-holder' with him. The man was quickly rescued and the steer began swimming ashore. The hands all rushed ashore to 'head him off,' but they were no match for him.

The captain quickly turned the searchlight on the steer and this seemed to augment his fright and speed up his stride. He made for the cornfields of Miss Eliza Thomas, clearing the fences in finer style than our cross-country leapers; the yelling deckhands following. From the deck of the steamer we had grandstand seats watching the charging steer and its followers in the beams of the searchlight. In about two hours the steer was captured, having been chased several miles, and was led docilely aboard the steamer and the gangplank pulled in and we started for Baltimore."

About ten-thirty the *Fanny* cleared Bodkin Point and the run for the Magothy was begun. Moving leisurely, the *Fanny* made the turn at Mountain Point, a high, wooded bluff, in a little over an hour, and not long thereafter was in the Gibson Island yacht haven. The old men spruced up a bit and had a light lunch on board before going ashore. Someone suggested that hair-cuts all around wouldn't do any harm before

they arrived home a few days hence. Doc said the idea was a good one, but he was skeptical of strange barbers since an experience he once had. Asked to clarify that statement, Doc went on: "Some years ago a very old friend and I were cutting a few hectic gyrations around Vienna, and after a woolly evening started the next morning to hunt up a barber to have the creases ironed out of our faces. We found one, and I decided I wanted a hair-cut as well as his other ministrations. As all can see, my hair has more of a habit of rising on end than of staying put; that mystified the Austrian, who would stand off, take a look, and return to brushing without avail. Finally, before I knew it, he had a curling iron on my head, and I left that shop with a beautiful frontal wave that even water wouldn't take out for three days." The thought of this catastrophe, however, didn't deter them, and with that job attended to, they spent the afternoon with various friends about the island, doing their share of elbow-bending, and returned to the club house to enjoy a delicious dinner. The Commodore, upon request, obliged his guests by giving a full account of the Gibson Island Club and its famous sailing craft, as follows:

COMMODORE'S STORY OF GIBSON ISLAND

(Illustration facing page 310)

"Gibson Island, which is situated on the north side of the juncture of the Magothy River with Chesapeake Bay, might well be described as a club community. On the many delightful locations which border the harbor, the Bay, and the river, and on the high rolling ground toward the interior of the island, about one hundred fine residences have been built. Most of them are white houses of pleasing design, which with their broad green lawns, shade trees and flower gardens, give the island a charm and beauty which is seldom equalled anywhere. The island is reached by only one road, which has the Bay on one side and the harbor on the other, and as one approaches he can see the small thatched-roof church overlooking the Bay. The name of the church is St. Christopher's by the Sea—St. Christopher being the patron saint of the sea. A large Norwegian ship's bell, which is used for the church bell, stands in front of the church and keynotes the community in its devotion to things of the sea. From the church, which is on the northern end of the island, one can travel over hard-surfaced roads to the southern tip of the island, where, on what is known as Mountain Bar Point, is a long, sandy beach which is much used for bathing.

The Gibson Island Yacht Club not only serves this pleasant community, but is also an attractive rendezvous for members who live in

Baltimore, Washington and other surrounding cities, who on occasion also like to visit the island for a pleasant week-end, or for swimming, dancing, boating, golf or tennis.

The club house on the Bay shore is a rambling white building, where full club facilities are provided for its members. The well known Gibson Island Yacht Squadron is actually a division of the Gibson Island Club. The yacht squadron, of course, makes its headquarters at the boat house, which is located on the causeway on its harbor side. Sailing and boating are by far the primary interests of the community and much activity revolves around the harbor.

When Gibson Island was founded some years ago by Judge Stewart Symington and a group of his friends, it was their idea that there would be provided a community with activities which could be enjoyed not only by children, but by children and their parents together. It is natural, therefore, that the Junior Fleet of the yacht squadron should have received very particular attention. Under the splendid leadership of Captain Nat Kenney the Junior Fleet has grown to a group of nearly one hundred children, who range in age from six to sixteen. They are taught to sail, are taught the rules of seamanship, and racing and safety rules. They are divided into classes and after a few short weeks they start sailing their own boats in the races. They start out in small boats called L-J's designed expressly for this purpose by Lowndes Johnson. In these boats they sail alone. Later they graduate to Barnegats and Comets, where they learn to sail with crews and learn to do crew work themselves. Later they go into the Star Class, which is separate from the Junior Fleet. The character of the larger boats in the Yacht Squadron Fleet has gradually developed toward a wholesome cruising auxiliary. At one time there was quite a substantial fleet of eight meters, and later six-meter racing yachts, but these petered out. The present development seems to be the most satisfactory.

A few years ago there were so many boats in the harbor that it was thought necessary to enlarge the anchorage area into Red House Cove, where are situated the gasoline docks, the Star Boat derrick and a modern marine railway. In this cove also many of the boats are stored during the winter, being left in the water covered with winter covers and securely moored to heavy piles.

Gibson Island has always interested itself in racing and for a number of years has sponsored four of the outstanding events on the Bay. These are the Long Point-Swann Point Race, the Rhode River Rendezvous, and the Poplar Island Race, and the overnight Cedar Point Race.

So, with its delightful situation, its emphasis on and participation in yachting, with its pleasant combination of a home and club community, Gibson Island speaks well for the future of our Great Chesapeake Bay."

The talk then drifted to where the old men had been on their cruise and when Old Point Comfort was mentioned, one of the dinner guests said that brought back to him a tale of well over thirty years ago of the old Baltimore Yacht Club, which had to do with Old Point and the United States Navy. He began:

"Hearing about Old Point Comfort reminds me of a true story I'll call 'Defying the Navy,' which is a tale of the old Baltimore Yacht Club in 1907, the year I was married. Here is how it was told me by one of the participants, a socialite medico then, now retired.

There was to be a big celebration at Jamestown of its two hundredth birthday and the Baltimore Yacht Club was to be represented by its then Commodore's fine sailing yacht, a beautiful schooner, with hired captain and crew. The Commodore took sick and asked the Medico—no mean sailorman—and skipper to take the yacht, the previously invited principal guest, a New York banker, and two Baltimoreans, one of them a horseman of note, breeder, and owner of his own racing stable—let's call him George, the New Yorker, Bill, and the other Baltimorean besides Doc and George, we will call Dick.

All was arranged to leave Baltimore on a Wednesday evening, the big doings were to be on Saturday and Sunday. The acting Commodore and pinch-hitting host, Doc, and his three guests all dined at the old Baltimore Yacht Club, both well and wetly; so wetly that about midnight they arrived at Ferry Bar, having visited a few other bars en route, and they were rowed out to the *Oriole*.. It was pitch black, blowing hard from the northwest and the captain was all for staying at his mooring till the dawn at least.

This did not suit George, the dominant Deering Doby, by then, so he coaxed, cajoled and kidded his friends and *pro tem.* host, Doc, into forcing an immediate up anchor and away.

Doc said it blew clear to the Capes in the twenty-two hours to Old Point; he slept just four hours and his friends a little more. On arrival off the old Chamberlain, they plunked anchor and got ashore pronto for hot baths at the hotel, some general renovation, Bromos and such, and some shut-eye.

Before they got all fixed up to sleep, a naval ensign called to tell Doc they had anchored too close to the battleship *Georgia*, had swung into her chain and fouled her and the —— —— —— *Oriole* must be

moved at once and the owner must so instruct his skipper. This Doc, aided and abetted by George, Bill and Dick absolutely refused to do, explaining that they had no engine in the *Oriole* while the *Georgia* had, so it was up to the *Georgia* to move.

The next morning, Saturday, they were due to move up to Jamestown by mid-afternoon, so they turned up in the bar and decided a few ladies to lunch on the *Oriole* at high noon would be just fine and then take them on to Jamestown and there arrange to have them brought back to Old Point by car that evening.

About noon with four ladies in tow they came to the small boat pier, found their dinghy and were all set to make two trips to get all on board when Doc looked out past the *Georgia* fore and aft and saw that the *Oriole* was gone. He asked some questions of a guard on the pier, who piped up: 'Sure, they towed that yacht up to Newport News last night with a navy tug. You'll have to go there to get her.'

George proceeded to go beserk, so to speak, the nerve of the Navy interfering with the official representation of the Baltimore Yacht Club for the sesqui-centennial at Jamestown. He said: 'I'll fix 'em,' and he did. He got a ride to Newport News and a small tug to bring the *Oriole* right back where she was alongside the *Georgia,* down anchor and up dander and his defi.

Lunch was late 'tis true, as was the *Oriole* at Jamestown, but everyone was happy when the same naval ensign boarded the *Oriole* that day and told them to move again, and Doc said: 'I dare you to move this boat again. We are here to stay till we are ready to go on up to Jamestown to represent the Baltimore Yacht Club and if you don't let us alone I'll have the Secretary of the Navy give you a real call down.' The bluff worked, the Navy retired in good order; left in peace, the Orioles ate, drank and made merry, not forgetting to show up at Jamestown later that same evening."

This brought out another old Baltimore Yacht Club tale, as told by an old-time skipper, now a Floridian:

"Some years ago a race was staged off the Baltimore Yacht Club between two clinker built transom stern dories to test two schools of thought about racing. This was in the era when whiskies were two for a quarter and many had gone the rounds when the contest was proposed to two of those in the group, whose claims had become more boastful in direct proportion to the number of whiskies they had downed. Both had sailed for years, but had not mastered the real know-how.

The members were divided into two groups and each chose a contestant. One was drilled in the technique of 'holding her off and letting her run' and the other was carefully instructed 'to make all the windward work possible.'

After it was well under way, the race proved a startling spectacle, with one boat going back and forth across the course as fast as it could and the other one hardly moving but working to windward all the time. Strangely enough both got to the windward buoy at about the same time.

They were center-board boats and one contestant had been advised to pull up his board before the wind. He did so at the buoy, while his competitor was looking the other way, and steadily pulled away, but he had not been told to put his board down when he rounded the leeward buoy and so he drifted off to leeward and had no idea what was the matter. The other fellow who had been advised to keep his board down all the way got around the buoy and back on the course in time to win the race."

Here Perce, having overstayed his time, was forced to say farewell to his friends, and made his departure for Baltimore.

The evening passed all too soon, and again it was late when the old men moved off to the *Fanny;* even so, they sat a while over their beer and compared notes on the present trip and others made years before.

CHAPTER XXXIII

WHITEHALL CREEK AND ANNAPOLIS

WITH the morning, another bright and fine one, came a dip, a bracer, and a substantial breakfast of cantaloupes, ham and eggs. All was cleared away and the *Fanny* headed out of the club haven by eight-thirty. Past Baltimore Light and rounding the outside of Sandy Point Light, the narrow entrance to Whitehall Creek was entered a little after ten o'clock. All were soon ashore for a visit to famous "Whitehall," where they were most courteously received and heard the following story and description of the grand old place:

WHITEHALL

(Illustration facing page 291)

Just north of the point where the Severn River joins the Bay, at the juncture of Whitehall Creek and Meredith Cove, there is one of Maryland's finest and most historic houses. "Whitehall" was built about 1760 by Governor Horatio Sharpe, who indeed obtained the best skill in construction and design of that remarkable architectural age. The land comprised a thousand acres, which was bought from Nicholas Greenberry.

The house, built upon a slight rise, faces south, with an extensive lawn in front and a superb view over the Chesapeake Bay. Behind the house is a beautiful garden, painstakingly laid out, and from which three paths lead to the water's edge.

Supposedly designed by the great architect, William Buckland, the residence is about two hundred feet long, with a massive and magnificent gable-roofed front portico, extending two stories in height and supported by four large stone Corinthian columns. Built of home-made brick, set in Flemish bond, the main house is two stories, with a recessed extension at each end joined to a curtain and wing. These curtains are really arcaded walls leading to the wings, which are set in line with the front of the main house. The central building, due to these inset extensions, has ends in the shape of a half octagon; it has a gable roof, with a large chimney rising between each gable end and the extension. The roofs of the wings are in the shape of a pyramid, with a chimney rising from the peak. In the rear of the extensions and curtains there are a series of bull's-eyes painted white. The enormously wide hall, extending from front to back of the house, is carried up two stories in height, and has but one room on each side—a living room and a dining room.



CHASE HOUSE
In Annapolis

Hughes Studio,
Baltimore



HAMMOND-HARWOOD HOUSE
In Annapolis

Hughes Studio,
Baltimore



CARROLL HOUSE
In Annapolis

Hughes Studio,
Baltimore



OLD TREASURY AT ANNAPOLIS

Hughes Studio,
Baltimore

A fine portrait of Governor Sharpe hangs in the dining room.

The chief feature of the house is the exquisite wood carving, than which none finer is to be found. This abounds everywhere, but the most elaborate is in the hall, where in each of the four corners of the carved ceiling above the cornice is a large carving in black mahogany of the face of a Satyr. An eagle, carved and gilded, holds the chain which carries the chandelier in the centre of the great hall. Also the remarkable carving of door headings and pilasters, as well as cornices and consoles, must not be overlooked. This remarkable work was done by a young redemptioner, transported from England for some crime. Touched by his youth, Governor Sharpe took him into his household with the promise of freedom if he would do the interior carving of the then new house. The artist spent six years at the work, but died of tuberculosis just as the Governor was about to fulfill his promise, and is buried in the graveyard nearby.

In square lots of ground and set in a straight line with the mansion are the various outbuildings, among which are the slave quarters.

Governor Sharpe built "Whitehall" as a summer residence, but after retiring from the governorship in 1769 made it his home, and entertained there on a sumptuous scale until his return to England four years later, where he died in 1790. He gave the estate to John Ridout, his esteemed secretary and friend, who had married Mary Ogle.

In the old burying ground there are many generations of Ridouts, who retained the property until 1895, when it was sold to Mrs. W. G. Story.

The old men, having expressed their thanks for the reception accorded them, were soon again under way. Turning old Greenberry Point and heading up the Severn, the *Fanny* came to anchor at the Annapolis Yacht Club in time for a thirst-quencher before an early lunch. The "quartette" took their time and when thoroughly refreshed, decided to visit several of the town's old houses, famous throughout the nation. The Hammond-Harwood House was first on the list and Mate gave its description:

HAMMOND-HARWOOD HOUSE

(Illustration facing page 300)

On Maryland Avenue, opposite the Chase House, is the Hammond-Harwood House, completed in 1774 by the famous architect, William Buckland, for Matthias Hammond. The Harwood name is associated with the mansion from the family who owned it in Civil War days. The superbly balanced Georgian brick house consists of a two-story central building

with a curtain on each end leading to a two-story wing. Two tall chimneys surmount the hip roof, and a belt course marks the division between the first and second floors. Six steps lead to the classic entrance with Ionic columns supporting a dentilated pediment. Two multiple-pane large windows breach the facade on each side of the entrance, while five similar windows span the second story, the central one of which is embellished with sill supports and an architrave surmounted by a cornice. Above the centre of the heavy, dentilated roof cornice rises a large pediment in which is a small bull's-eye window with wide, ornate trim. The heavy foundation walls of the main house enclose a spacious cellar. The faces of the wings have octagonal lights.

The front of the house contains an entrance hall with a parlour on one side and a living room or library on the other; in the rear, this hall opens into a very large dining room on the left, on the right there is another hall encasing the handsome stairway. The ground floor of the right wing houses the kitchen; the left wing, a study or office. On the second floor above the dining room there is a great ballroom. The woodwork and wainscoting throughout are magnificent. The door trim of the dining room, the ornate frieze and carving in the ballroom—arabesques, scrolls, leaves, urns and classic designs—are exquisite.

The grand old house is now the property of St. John's College.

Across the street is the Chase House, which Handy told about:

CHASE HOUSE

(Illustration facing page 300)

In 1769 Samuel Chase, then a young lawyer, and later a signer of the Declaration of Independence, bought a plot of ground on Maryland Avenue in Annapolis, which had been part of the original town as designed in 1695. On this he began to build his house, but before it was finished financial difficulties caused him to sell it to Edward Lloyd the fourth, who completed the structure in 1774.

Amid sizable, tree-shaded grounds protected by a white picket fence, stands the massive, rectangular, three-story brick mansion of late Georgian style. Large chimneys with flared headings rise from the hip roof. The bricks are laid in the familiar Flemish bond. Ionic columns supporting a pediment embellish the classic circle-head doorway, on each side of which a tall, narrow, pilastered window reaches to a dentilated cornice. The door knocker came from Governor Sharpe's residence at "Whitehall." The central pavilion, rising three stories to the heavy dentilated roof

cornice, is crowned by a pediment. The facade is spanned by seven windows on the second floor, the central three above the entrance being close spaced; the same arrangement is carried out on the third floor, except that the centre window is circle-headed and somewhat taller than the others. All windows have brick headings and base moldings. On the left side of the house there is a two-story railed porch supported by plain columns. Belt courses girdling the house mark the dividing line between the first and second, and second and third floors.

A wide and lofty entrance hall faces a screen of Ionic columns, on the other side of which rises a superb open-string stairway. Midway of the ascent there is a broad landing lighted by a finely ornamented triple window; from here two flights continue to a gallery on the second floor. This gallery has circle-head doorways topped by pediments. On the left of the ground floor is the great drawing room with coffered ceiling, hand-carved cornice, window frames and baseboards, and a mantel piece of Italian marble carved in bas-relief. On the right is the dining room, the most elaborate room in the house. The paneled doors are made of heavy mahogany with handles of wrought silver; the extensive carving on door frames, architraves, etc., show the minutest detail; the deeply recessed windows have inside folding shutters, which are paneled alternately with carved rosettes and octagonal insets; here also is another carved marble mantle; the plaster walls are painted pale sea-green.

The mansion contains an abundance of the finest old Colonial furniture and many relics of pre-Revolution days. It is of interest in connection with the house that here in 1802 Francis Scott Key married Mary Tayloe Lloyd.

The Chase family bought back the mansion in 1847, and retained it until the death in 1888 of its last owner, Mrs. Hester Ann Chase Ridout, who left it in trust for a home for aged women of the Protestant Episcopal Church of Maryland. This home was opened in 1897.

A short walk took the sightseers to the Carroll House, whose history was given by Doc:

CARROLL MANSION

(Illustration facing page 301)

On Gloucester Street, overlooking the "Spa," stands one of the earlier, and likewise one of the most imposing, houses in Annapolis—the "Carroll Mansion." Built in 1735 by Charles Carroll, it is probable that at a later date the house was enlarged. The builder was the son of the first Charles Carroll, who came to the colony about 1688 with a commission from Lord

Baltimore as Attorney General, but very soon after his arrival, William III succeeded James II on the throne of England and the commission was voided.

Charles Carroll, who built the house for his town residence, was the father of Charles Carroll of Carrollton, signer of the Declaration of Independence. Here, in 1737, Charles Carroll of Carrollton was born, and at a very early age was sent to France and England for his education. After many years abroad, he returned, shortly to become the wealthiest man in all the colonies, as well as one of the most influential. The family were Catholics, and as such, due to the restrictions of the time, he was ineligible to vote until the adoption of a new Constitution. George Washington was a frequent guest at the Carroll Mansion, and when he resigned his commission in 1783, Charles Carroll of Carrollton paid the cost of a great public celebration here.

Beautiful terraces, not unlike those one sees on Mediterranean shores, overlook the wooded banks of the "Spa." The great, rectangular old house is severely plain, but very impressive. It is three and a half stories, with wings. Across the front of the house five dormer windows protrude from the gable roof. Innumerable other windows and extremely wide chimneys give the impression of great size. The interior of the mansion has been much altered; the halls and big rooms have been divided and partitioned. On the second floor there was one great room used as a chapel, before the first Roman Catholic Church was built in Annapolis.

Charles Carroll of Carrollton used the house as a residence until he moved to Doughoregan Manor. He died at the age of ninety-five in 1832, the last survivor of the "Signers." In 1852 his granddaughters gave the property to the Redemptorist Order of the Roman Catholic Church, and it is now the rectory of St. Mary's Church.

The afternoon was well along when the old men wended their way back to the *Fanny* for the last lap of their journey As the boat moved slowly up the beautiful Severn, Skip told the story of its oldest club at Indian Landing:

"We residents of the Severn are seldom invited to the Indian Landing Club, the oldest sports club on the river, said to have been founded by the Baldwins and other Baltimore families some fifty-odd years ago as a place to fish and hunt, with a modest club house, little more than a shack originally, but for many years now a comfortable place, with outbuildings, tennis courts, boat houses and some few rooms for overnight visits by members and guests. There is also a cute little log cabin cottage on the island right in front of the club, completely equipped for housekeep-

ing, which members may rent for a week-end or longer and which is in great demand in the hot weather.

There are a number of the club members who are small sail boat fans, and they are largely responsible for the races every Sunday in Round Bay, which were mentioned in an early chapter by the 'Sage of the Severn.' It is reliably reported that it is not as exclusive as the Episcopal church in New York, where it is said God himself could hardly get in, but is called the 'Philadelphia Assembly,' the 'Charleston Ball,' and the 'Lodges and Cabots of Boston'—really 'Exclusive'."

This part of the Severn is one of the most beautiful spots in all the Chesapeake country, and it seemed particularly impressive this late summer afternoon. The sun was setting when the *Fanny* dropped anchor at her home port of Round Bay. Several trips in the dinghy were necessary to transport the old men, their belongings and perishables ashore, then they gathered on Skip's porch to await a good home dinner.

In the gathering twilight one of the old cronies—no need to say which one—sitting on the top step and looking out over the river, philosophized as if to himself: "When we were around these parts in the zip of our youth, life was mostly hope, now it's different, but there is an unexplainable joy in returning, if only for a month, to places that are much the same as they were in our boyhood. We may listen to all the high-powered harangues about progress and the modern world, but man, as he grows older, inherently hates change, the more so when it affects the most endearing memories of life. Why don't we come more often while time is yet left us?"

FINIS

Appendix

THE EARLY FISHERMEN OF THE CHESAPEAKE

By Hugh H. Young, M. D.

Having enjoyed with rod and gun the glories of the Chesapeake Bay for many years, I was intrigued to find out how the many tribes of Indians, who lived on the shores of the Bay and tributaries secured their fish and game, and how the early colonists learned from them the art of fishing and trapping.

One of the gentleman adventurers sent by Sir Walter Raleigh into the bays and rivers of the eastern seaboard of that great new land to which they gave the name Virginia, was one Thomas Hariot. In quaint English he has described at length the multitudes of fish in the bays and rivers, some of which he recognized as the same that were found in England, and many entirely new to him.

Another adventurer was John White, an artist of ability, whose charming drawings in color have preserved for us the Indians and their mode of life, their sports, hunting and fishing and also many varieties of fish found in the waters of Virginia. This amazing collection of colored drawings has been preserved in the British Museum, photographic copies of which are to be seen in our Enoch Pratt Free Library in Baltimore. It is interesting to note that all of the fish we now find in the Chesapeake Bay and many others were described by Hariot and painted by White. The illustrations portraying the methods by which fish were caught by the Indians are very interesting. We see them wading in shallow waters and spearing fish with long lances; we also see the progenitor of the modern pound net made of slender sticks close together, and with traps at one or both ends in which the fish were caught. Another illustration shows a canoe in which the Indians have built a fire. Embarking at night, and with an Indian standing in the bow and another in the stern, they would slowly pole their way and spear the fish. The method used was almost identical with that which I employed years ago to gig fish at night by an electric flare in the narrows of the Magothy. The picture which shows the broiling of fish over coals demonstrates that well-understood preparation of this delicious food from the Chesapeake.

After Raleigh's futile attempt to found a colony, other intrepid captains visited the Virginia coast, but until 1607 none remained. Captain John Smith, describing the arrival of these Virginia colonists in April 1607, says that after they landed they marched eight miles without seeing a savage, but "they must have fled for they left behind many oysters cooking, which we did eat and enjoy them heartily."

Smith was not long satisfied to remain quietly in Jamestown. In one of his excursions he was captured by Powhatan and his celebrated affair with Pocahontas took place. He modestly says: "My captivity among these savages greatly endeared me to them." The intimate knowledge of the Indians which he acquired undoubtedly helped him greatly in his subsequent travels.

Smith was amazed at the quantity and fine quality of fish encountered everywhere: "Of fish we were best acquainted with sturgeon, grampus, porpus, seales . . . bretts, mullets, white salmonds, trowts, soles, plaice, herrings, conyfish, rockfish, eeles, lampreys, catfish, shades, pearch of three sorts, crabs, shrimps, crevises, oysters, cocles and muscles. But the most strange fish is a small one, so like the picture of St. George his Dragon, as possible can be, except his legs and wings, and the Toadefish, which will swell till it be like to burst, when it commeth into the ayre."

In commenting on the Indians, he wrote: "In March and Aprill they live much upon their fishing weares [our pound nets], and feed on fish, turkies and squirrels, etc. Powhatan their great king and some others that are provident, rost their fish and flesh upon hurdles as before is expressed, and keepe it till scarce times, etc. For fishing and hunting and warres they use much their bow and arrowes. Their fishing is much in boats, etc. Betwixt their hands and thighes, their women use to spin the barks of trees, deare sinews or a kind of grasse they call Pemmenaw; of these they make a thred very even and readily. This thred serveth for many uses, as about their housing, apparell, as also they make nets for fishing, for the quantity as formally braded as ours. They make also with it lines for angles. Their hookes are either a bone grated, as they nock their arrows, in the forme of a crooked pinne or fishhook or of the splinter of a bone tied to the clift of a little stick, and with the ende of the line, they tie on the bate. They use also long arrowes tyed in a line wherewith they shoote at fish in the rivers. But they of Accawmack use staves like unto javelins headed with bone. With these they dart fish swimming in the water. In their hunting and fishing they take extreme paines; yet it being their ordinary exercise from their infancy, they esteeme it a pleasure and are very proud to be expert therein. And by their continuall ranging, and travel, they know all the advantages and places most frequented with deare, beasts, fish, foule, rootes, and berries."

On June 2, 1608, Smith left the fort at Jamestown to explore the Chesapeake. Traveling up the Bay in an open boat, with Walter Russell, doctor of physic, six gentlemen adventurers and seven soldiers, he soon landed on islands to which he gave his name. The present-day Smith Island is one of these. In describing the trip, Smith wrote: "The weather grew very stormy, with thunder, lightening, and rain, and the waves so beat in upon our little boat that we had great difficulty in keeping her afloat, by constantly bailing, and for two days we were forced to live on those uninhabited isles. Whilst there, we repaired our sail, which had been split and torn away by the force of the wind, with our shirts, for we had no canvas." He encountered many Indian tribes who "ran, as if amazed, in troops from point to point, and divers of them got into the tops of trees, from whence they employed themselves in shooting at us." His scant provisions were destroyed by the waters of the Bay, but for the abundance of sea food his gallant band would probably have perished.

He seems to have sailed through our great fishing grounds around Tilghman's, the Poplar Islands and Eastern Bay beyond Kent Island, but terrible storms so discouraged his crew that he was forced to turn back to the Potomac, up which he sailed a distance of thirty miles where he encountered several thousand savages. Smith discourses on the fish and game encountered: "In the course of our journeys we saw a divers abundance of fish lying quite thick as our barge drove through them, that for want of a net we attempted to catch them with a frying pan, but we found it a bad instrument to catch fish with. . . . At the mouth of the Rappahannock . . . are many shoals and our barge grounded on one. . . . I spied many fishes lurking in the reeds and amused myself by nailing them to the ground with my sword. This set all my crew following my example, and by this means we caught more fish in one hour than we could eat in a day. There came to pass that I had pierced a curiously shaped fish, and knowing nothing about it, was taking it off the point of my sword. . . . It had a very long tail like a riding whip, in the midst whereof is the most poisonous sting two or three inches long, barbed like a saw on each side. This, the fish stuck into my wrist to one and a half inches. No blood shooting forth, but the torment was extreme, and . . . in four hours' time my hand, arm and shoulder had

swollen to such a size, and my agony was so great that I concluded that my death was indeed nigh. . . . forseeing my death, I directed my grave to be dug on a neighboring island. But it pleased God that by virtue of a precious oil which Doctor Russell applied to the wound, the tormenting pain was so well assuaged that I began to be hungered and longed for my supper, and then with a good heart for my enemy, cooked him and did eat a portion of him to my great delight. The next day when we left that memorable place, by one consent we called it Stingray Island after the name of the fish."

Still very weak, Captain Smith set sail for Jamestown, arriving there with his boat filled with quantities of bows, arrows, mantles and furs. But he could not stay still in Jamestown and in three days was off again to explore the upper reaches of the Chesapeake Bay, taking with him another surgeon. He passed Smith's Island, Stingray Island and continued up the Bay until he came to the country of the "Sasquehannocks, a mighty people. . . . Sixty of these giant-like people came, bringing presents of venison, tobacco-pipes three feet in length, baskets, targets, bows and arrows." Up the Susquehannah River he went to the rocky rapids to which he gave the name Willoughby River in memory of the village in which he was born.

Smith then returned to Jamestown, where he found a ship had just returned from England bringing letters appointing him president of Virginia. He found that the colonists had received an invitation from Powhatan to visit him, but they were afraid to go with less than a hundred and twenty men. "I took with me only four, and Pocahontas and her women entertained me after this manner: Thirty young women came naked out of a wood only covered before and behind with a few green leaves." Forming a ring, and singing and dancing, they finally invited Smith and his men to their lodging where all these "nymphs began most prettily to tease me and hanging around me, continually crying, 'Love you not me'." The maidens then served savage dainties and continued singing and dancing before him, and then with firebrands conducted him to their lodgings. This story shows plainly that no modern night club could compare with that of Pocahontas.

The following Christmas he spent a week with the savages, and "indeed we were never more merry nor fed or more plenty of good oysters, fish, flesh and good bread. There was such plenty of wild fowl that I and two others did kill at three shots a hundred and forty-eight fowls." And thus I leave the adventurous John Smith to his colony and his escapades with the Indian nymphs.

The next important Chesapeake Bay character was Captain William Claiborne, in whom I am greatly interested, because he happens to be my grandfather ten times removed. He had become an intimate of Captain John Smith in London, so much so that Smith had named a group of islands along the New England coast, the Claiborne Isles. In 1621 Claiborne sailed for Virginia as he had been appointed royal surveyor for the colony. Having heard from Smith of the tremendous opportunities for trade with the Indians in furs, and of the wonderful fishing to be had in the Bay, Claiborne soon engaged in profitable trade.

Returning to England he secured from King James a broad license for trade, and having formed a company with one Clobery and others, sailed on the ship *Africa* in May 1631 for Jamestown. From there he sailed directly for Kent Island with about a hundred men, and there contracted with the natives and bought their right to the island. As we fishermen follow our sport around the shores of Kent Island, it may not be amiss to repeat the story of Claiborne's tragic experiences in trying to hold it against Calvert's Maryland colonists, despite the fact that King Charles had de-

creed that Baltimore's interference with the planters on Kent Island "was contrary to justice and . . . we prohibit Lord Baltimore to do them any violence or hinder them."

In a charming address before the Eastern Shore Society on March 25, 1935, Colonel Amos W. Woodcock said: "We have for Claiborne a prior license, a prior occupation, a purchase from the Indians, exclusion from the grant to Baltimore, and exact confirmation of the exclusion by the King. It is a well-nigh perfect claim. . . . The Maryland Tercentenary should have been celebrated in 1931 at Kent Island" [instead of 1934 at St. Mary's].

Claiborne named the well-known group of islands in Eastern Bay after one of his associates, Poplin's Island, now known as Poplar, around which we find such splendid fishing.

I have recently searched the records to find some report by Claiborne about the fishing around these islands. I can only find that he supplied his plantation with "fishing lines, hooks, jogs, harping iron and eel spears." Most of his writings have to do with enthusiastic descriptions of the fur trade. At the head of the Bay he settled Palmer Island in the mouth of the Susquehanna, where he had intimate relations with that powerful tribe of giant Indians, a trade that was discovered by Lord Baltimore's men, and probably aroused their jealous enmity and brought about the attack and capture of Kent Island while Claiborne was away in England.

Nearly twenty years later, Claiborne in 1652, having been appointed by Cromwell to govern Maryland, came to the State capital, but he did not use his power to regain Kent Island, which speaks volumes for his restraint. But he did not forget his beloved island for at the age of ninety we find him humbly petitioning Charles II for its return.

After Leonard Calvert in 1634 landed at St. Clement's Island, he made a trip up the Potomac in the *Ark* to visit the chief of the Yaocomacos. While there, they went out daily for deer and turkeys and also for fish, of which they caught a great store. In a pamphlet distributed in London, Lord Baltimore set forth instructions to "such as shall go on adventure into Maryland." Among these we find provision for fishing and fowling: "The necessities for a boat of three or four tunne as spikes, nails, pitch, tar, ockum, canvas for a sail, ropes, anchor, iron for the ruther, fishing lines for cod and macrills, cod hookes and macrill hookes, seane or bass net, herring nets, fowling pieces of sixe foote; powder and shott and flynt stones, a good water Spaniel [the forerunner of the Chesapeake Bay dog]."

The Maryland colonists were immediately impressed with the great quantities of fish encountered everywhere. In the first written account, Father Andrew White says: "The Chesapeake is twelve miles wide . . . from north to south one hundred and sixty miles, navigable for large ships and interspersed with large islands to which can be caught in the greatest abundance the fish called shad. . . . Of the fishes the following kinds are already known; sturgeons, turciones, seales, aristoci. shrimps, skates, trouts, white salmon, mussels, periwinkles and numberless others of that sort, the names of which are unknown." Speaking of the Indians, Father White says: "The poor souls are daily with us and bring us turkeys, partridges, squirrels as good as any rabbit, bread and the like, running to us with smiling countenance and willing to help us in fishing, hunting, fowling and what we please."[1]

I wish to thank Mr. James W. Foster, Mr. William B. Marye, Mr. Joseph Wheeler and Miss Elizabeth Litsinger for much assistance in the preparation of this paper.

[1] Strange to say, I find no reference to that famous Maryland "bird," the terrapin, in any description of food of the Indians or of the early colonists.

THEODORE R. McKELDIN
MAYOR

February 19, 1944

Mr. Norman Alan Hill,
Cecil Apartments,
Baltimore-1, Md.

Dear Mr. Hill:

From a scenic and historical standpoint, the Chesapeake Bay country of Maryland is one of the best known and one of the loveliest sections of the United States.

Separating as it does the famed Eastern Shore of Maryland from the little less noted shores of southern Maryland and Virginia, and stretching from the broad Atlantic for many miles to receive the waters of the Potomac and Susquehanna rivers, this magnificent tidewater body offers a wonderful opportunity for pleasure and health-giving cruises.

The counties bordering on the Bay and the many rivers emptying into it are the scenes of famous colonial homes, rich in historic interest, which have been preserved through the efforts of the various Garden Clubs, the Society of Colonial Dames, and kindred organizations.

Adding to this is the gastronomic delights of Maryland cooking, rarely equaled and never surpassed, which provide the visitor with sustenance to please an epicure.

Theodore R. McKeldin

Mayor



MADE FROM THE PAINTING BY EDWIN TUNIS

Courtesy of
Gibson Island Club



BOUNTYS RACING J. R. Sherwood



CLIPPER SHIP ANN McKIM Courtesy of Maryland Historical Society

BALTIMORE ASSOCIATION OF COMMERCE

Baltimore, Maryland (2)

OFFICE OF PRESIDENT

April 12, 1944

Mr. Norman A. Hill,
Cecil Apartments,
Baltimore, 1,
Maryland.

Dear Mr. Hill:

Maryland's Chesapeake Bay country is one of our richest heritages. Its development and greater utilization, both from the economic and recreational standpoint, have been a part of the program of the Association of Commerce for many years. It is a keystone in the State's natural resources picture.

In the years ahead, we hope that the beauties and the products of the Bay country will be more widely recognized by the nation, and that our own citizens will have a better appreciation of this enviable possession.

Sincerely yours,

Irving H. Kohn
President

IHK:s

HISTORIC NAME DISCOVERIES AND THE PRESERVATION OF PLACE NAMES

By Carroll F. Merriam

Throughout history, men have been prone to build memorials by which some record may remain of their lives and achievements. The pyramids, the most solid and stable of structures, are evidence of the desire to leave something as a permanent reminder of a culture long past. In modern times, a capsule containing relics of our civilization has been set to explode and reveal itself in some future age. It is our way of preserving for those who may find but fragmentary buried remains of our cities a better idea of how we lived.

This urge to perpetuate our memory is seen in the custom of giving one's own name to things of permanent or lasting value, such as inventions and processes and also in the naming of towns, communities, public places, etc., in honor of prominent persons or families connected with local history.

In pioneer days when towns were few and men travelled but little, and so did not have widespread contacts with people far away, the practice of naming towns for the leading families could be carried on without the inconvenience of undue duplication. Counties in those days were fully as separate and distinct as States are now. However, with faster transportation and greater ease with which persons get about, it became imperative to change many of these names in order to avoid confusion. As smaller railroad systems became merged into larger ones, the local railroad lost its individuality and therefore many stations had to be changed. Post offices in particular had to adopt new names for it appeared that in many cases several of the same name might be in a single State.

It is unfortunate that along with this trend many of the family names which have been given to these communities with the thought that thereby they might be preserved for all time, have had to be abandoned, and thus gradually sink into oblivion, remaining only for a while in the memory of the older inhabitants.

As evidence of this wasting away and eventual disappearance, it is interesting to note that in the Gazetteer of Maryland recently published by the State Planning Commission, approximately 1,200 out of some 7,000 entries give merely the county in which the places are located for the reason that maps were not found on which they could be spotted in order to determine the longitude and latitude.

From the point of view of the antiquarian and of students of history and genealogy, it is most desirable to offset this loss by some effective means, and to record these changes together with scraps of local history which may quite unexpectedly prove to be important clues. For this reason, it is gratifying to see that as a by-product of a war-time activity on the part of the Maryland State Police, there is now being developed the means by which this valuable source material can be gathered and made available. In connection with internal security, the State Police has been called to make a catalog as complete as possible of all places and geographic names in order to work more effectively with the Naval and Military Intelligence, the F. B. I., etc. After published sources of information, such as the State Gazetteer and available maps had been drained of all the information that they could yield, it was found that the State troopers were in a particularly favorable position to gather a large amount of additional material concerning names which had disappeared from modern maps together with places which were known only by the older residents. In carrying out their police duties, these obsolescent names are important for they may still be

used in trouble calls. There are many times when to know precisely the location of an obscure and almost entirely forgotten place, as well as how to get there without delay, may mean the difference between life and death. Thus the diligence of the trooper in gathering this information is used in building for the antiquarian an important source catalog upon which he may draw.

In the limited space it is impossible to cite but a few examples of the items which have been gathered in the short time in which the troopers have been working:

TYASKIN—According to a very old resident of the section surrounding Tyaskin proper, the name was surely of Indian origin. A small creek which flows close to the town of Tyaskin was named Tyaskin Creek and from this came the name for the town or settlement itself. The town is built somewhat on a projecting section of land, and upon this somewhat of a point the Indians originally had their homes.

ROCKAWALKING—There is the old story that once a man who was commonly called "Rock" lived in the section which today is known as Rockawalking. "Rock" as he was known, usually rode a mule or horse wherever he had to go, and particularly when he journeyed to the local store or tavern. Mostly everyone in the locality became used to seeing "Rock" coming along to the store on his mule or horse, and it was a very unusual sight one day to see "Rock" come walking along the road or path to the store. So someone at the time made the remark: "Here comes 'Rock' a walking." Thus from this remark the name "Rockawalking" was derived. This is a bit far-fetched but it could be a true version.

GIRDLETREE—It seems that during the period of time when the early settlers still used horses a common meeting place at night was an old tavern that was presumably run by the family of Bishops, who lived in the locality known today as Girdletree. One night, one of the local men, after becoming what evidently was a little under the influence of something alcoholic, came out of the tavern, staggered to the place where he had left his saddle, after he had unsaddled his horse earlier in the evening. He picked up his saddle with full intentions of putting it on his steed, but being somewhat under the influence, he placed it instead around or over the lower portion of a tree or stump near the tavern, and thus by this act the persons said that he was "girdling the tree," and from this eventually came the name "Girdletree." This story is vouched for by some of the older residents of the district, and according to some is the only story known to them.

SNOW HILL—The derivation of the name "Snow Hill" is very well given in the book "The Entailed Hat," by George Alfred Townsend, it being a romance based on Eastern Shore life, principally around Princess Anne, and centering on the activities of Patty Cannon, well known in history. The following quotation is taken verbatim from it, showing the reason for it being called "Snow Hill":

"White sand composing the streets, gardens, and fields, though the humid air brought vegetation even from this, and vines clambered, willows drooped, flowers blossomed, on winter's brink, and great speckled sycamores, like freckled giants, and noble oaks, rose to heights, betokening rich nutrition at their roots.

Heat and moisture and salt had made the land habitable and the wind from a receded sea had piled up the sand long ago into mounds now covered with verdure, which the freak or fondness of the manor owner had called a hill, and put his own name thereto, perhaps with memories of old Snow Hill in London."

DAMES QUARTERS—This locality, located in Wicomico County, has a rather unique background. According to "Maryland, a Guide to the Old Line State" the background is given as follows:

"Dames Quarter a typical Chesapeake Bay fishing and farming village of small frame houses on streets that are little more than the original winding roads or cow paths. This area was formerly known as *Damned Quarter*—perhaps because of its proximity to Devils Island (this is known today as Deals Island). Here the great marshes come almost up to the road as the neck narrows toward its end."

Another explanation which is similar but which carries the explanation a little further is as follows:

"The early settlers rounding what is known as Deals Island and Little Deals Island today, but which in those times were known as Devil's Island and Little Devil's Island, were able to notice all along the shores the natives of the region. These natives (the original Indians) were running and squatting and hopping up and down as their nature took them, and after noting so many of them, once they rounded the last point going into the Wicomico River, one of the men on the boats in which the settlers were traveling, made this remark: 'Look, there are some more of those *Damned Squatters.*' From this remark it was believed that the name 'Dames Quarter' finally evoluted, probably slowly until it reached the final form as it is known today, *Dames Quarters.*"

HABNAB—This is a former name of a town in Somerset County, now known as Venton. According to Nat Lewis, an old resident of this section, his grandmother on his mother's side, was named Hab Nab, and she owned a grant of land, which included most of the present-day Venton. At the time when the people of the section were trying to select a name for the section, a relative of the family who spoke rather rapidly, spoke up quickly before anyone could say much, and said: "Call it Habnab, call it Habnab." Thus this name was given and stuck until 1921. In 1921 the people got together to give the town a better name, and the name Venton came about as the name eventually given to what was then Habnab because two of the members of the committee to select a name, gave the name Venton. This was near the time when the first post office was established in this section.

BRADLEYS—This locality was formerly a siding on the B., C. & A. Railroad leading into B. Bradley's farm. This particular section of the railroad leads from Mardela to Vienna, but at the present time is out of service.

DERRICKSON'S CROSS ROADS—This cross roads was known by this name until the coming of the railroad, the name then being changed to *Pittsville,* the name deriving from the president of the railroad at that time, Dr. Hilary R. Pitts, Berlin, Maryland.

FORKTOWN—This name was the original name for Fruitland when the railroad did not run through that section. When the railroad began to go through that section, a special meeting of the railroad directors was called to determine the name for the locality, which finally became the present-day Fruitland.

LOCUSTVILLE—This name has been changed to Whiton. It is located on the border line of Worcester and Wicomico Counties. The community consists of a store belonging to S. E. Shockley & Company and a few dwellings. The name was changed to Whiton, being named after the late Edward White at the time a post office was opened in the 1880's.

SHEPARDSVILLE—This is a locality named for the Shephard family, which was prominent in that section of the county. It is located in the extreme northeast corner of Wicomico County, where Delaware, Wicomico County and Worcester County meet, just west of the Pocomoke River, which makes up through that section.

UPPER TRAPPE—This locality, which is now known by the name of *Allen*, is located on the border of Wicomico County, near Somerset County, about ten miles below Salisbury. Formerly the place known as Upper Trappe changed its name to the present one of Allen when the Postmaster General decided the name at that time was too long, and added that if the local people did not select a name for the section represented by the post office, he was going to name it in honor of the postmaster at the time, a man by the name of Allen, which actually took place.

As yet, this endeavor is only in its pioneer stage, for although the work has progressed farther on the Eastern Shore than elsewhere, nevertheless even there it is believed that only the surface has been scratched. Eventually, as more and more material can be uncovered, this valuable collection of data will extend over the entire State.

To illustrate some of the changes in place names that have been noted:

KENT		QUEEN ANNE'S		CAROLINE	
Formerly	*Now*	*Formerly*	*Now*	*Formerly*	*Now*
New Market	Chesterville	Cox Station	Barclay	Medford Ldg.	Choptank
Forktown	Edesville	Merrickton	Barclay	Bradysburg	Jumptown
Belle Air	Fairlee	Clucktown	Hope	Halltown	Marydel
Morris Station	Golts	Morgantown	I. B.	Purnells Shops	Oakland
Bakersville	Pomona	Roseville	Roe	Potters Ldg.	Williston

Undoubtedly, many readers of this book may be in a position to contribute to this endeavor by sending some scrap of information concerning names which are passing from current use, or possibly local names which never appear in any published map. The following appear in the Gazetteer, but so far *no information* as to where the places are, what they are or were, as well as the origin of the name, has been found:

KENT	QUEEN ANNE'S	DORCHESTER
Fuddletown	Colgins Cross Roads	Finch Mills
Gist	Forestville	Gadds Ferry
Perkins	Mudok Corners	Hunting Church
Skipper Creek	Rossville	Lordville
Stanley	Vane	Thiel
Taplers Bar	Waverly	Wapple Mander

SOMERSET	TALBOT
Centreville	Bay Hundred
Hollandsville	Farhole Creek
Hope	Haddaway
Rocheville	Riverside
Reeds Grove	Thimbletown
Yorktown	Trimbleville

Any information would be greatly appreciated and should be addressed to the Superintendent, Maryland State Police, Pikesville, Maryland.

SOCIETY OF COLONIAL WARS
IN THE STATE OF MARYLAND
BALTIMORE

PHILIP LIVINGSTON POE
GOVERNOR
210 E. REDWOOD STREET

Mr. Norman Alan Hill
Cecil Apartments
Baltimore - 1, Maryland.

Dear Norman:

Fifty-one years ago, the "Society of Colonial Wars in the State of Maryland" was incorporated to perpetuate the memory of those who served in military, naval and civil positions in the thirteen original colonies and who were, in fact, the founders of this nation and made our freedom and unity possible.

Any male person, over twenty-one years of age, of good moral character and reputation, who is lenially descended from an ancestor who served in the above capacity between the settlement at Jamestown in 1607 and the Battle of Lexington in 1775 is eligible to membership.

The Society holds an annual social assembly on November 22nd in commemoration of the sailing of the Ark and Dove from Cowes, Isle of Wight, and an annual assembly for the election of officers on the anniversary, March 25th, of the landing of the first colonies in Maryland in 1634.

One of the memorials erected by the Society to commemorate the deeds of the ancestors of its members is the bronze statue to Cecilius Calvert in front of the St. Paul Street entrance of the Baltimore Court House.

You, as a member since 1907 are, no doubt, familiar with other activities of this Society.

Sincerely,

Philip L. Poe.

Governor.

PRESIDENT
JAMES E. HANCOCK
821 W. LOMBARD ST.

Society of the War of 1812
in Maryland

BALTIMORE, MD. 4/17/44

Mr. Norman A. Hill
Cecil Apartments
Baltimore, Md.

Dear Norman:

I am pleased to hear that you intend to include in your "Chesapeake Cruise" certain maritime history of this section; because the planters who lived along The Chesapeake and its tributaries in colonial days had an inland sea at their door with a shore line that was nearly 3000 miles long. Every plantation had its carpenter and its blacksmith who would put their own conceits into the craft that were used for social purposes or to transport their tobacco, grain or iron to the ocean going vessels that lay at certain wharves, and when they found that they had developed one that was faster than their neighbors, they would build its details into decked vessels for trading with The West Indies.

In the Prerevolutionary period more than half the trade between the American colonies and the British Isles went out of The Chesapeake and its early prestige in shipbuilding made Baltimore the practical cradle of the first United States Navy. Here was built The Constellation--the Yankee Race Horse of the sea, as the French called her--The Maryland, The Baltimore, The Chesapeake, The Patapsco, The Montezuma, The Enterprise and others; and one third of the vessels in the U. S. Navy of 1812 were built in Baltimore and one fifth of the officers and one eighth of the crews that manned that navy were Marylanders. By that time The Baltimore Clipper with fore and aft rig on raking masts and stem had carried the name of this fair city around the world, and although iron and steel have pushed them from the ocean, the fame of these old wooden vessels that seemed "as if about to rise and fly in the air" still lingers in the minds of men who love the romance of the sea.

The Society of The War of 1812 in Maryland extends its best wishes for your venture.

Very truly yours

James E. Hancock
President

GUDGEON FISHING

By F. Warrington Gillet

(Illustration facing page 271)

I am on the banks of the old Gunpowder River on a beautiful morning, the 11th of May, and never in the round of the year are the charms of our woodland scenery greater than at this very hour. The leaves are already well unfolded, for the spring is early. Dogwood is in blossom and many wild flowers peculiar to the time of year in this locality are in full bloom. Spring-beauties, toothworts, addertongues and violets; and the lovely Virginia cowslips or bluebells are now in the height of their glory. The whole valley is one immense flower garden. Oh, the fragrance of this delightful morning air! Involuntarily one takes long, deep breaths, as if the very act of respiration were a luxury. And most delightful of all, as the sun leaps above the horizon, is the mingled chorus of the birds, for we are just in the thickest of the spring migration. All this means that it's gudgeon time!

I fancy myself just a boy again, with my little can of earthworms and pole cut from a straight ash sapling. We are hunting for a likely spot to cast our lines and, oh, the joy of that first bite!

You who have never fished for gudgeons have missed something that adds to the resources and joys of one's life.

Every spring these little fish work up the small streams at the head of our rivers, such as the Gunpowder, Bush and Patapsco Rivers, in great abundance and afford sport and recreation to hundreds of children and grown-ups too, for that matter, and better still they furnish food. Cooked on an open fire, fresh from the stream, they are delicious! When you go, take a frying pan, plenty of butter, pepper and salt, some nice salad rolls and oh boy! What an appetite will develop!

Many years ago these little fish even came up Herring Run and other streams close to the city, as well as herring. In fact one writer said that the Indians had fish in these streams in such quantities that the little Indian boys and girls would use pointed sticks and spear them as they swam upon the flats, and later on in the horse-and-buggy days, it was impossible to ride through without treading on them. The farmers often used to halt their carts in mid-stream at a ford and literally dip the herring up with shovels.

We still have the gudgeon with us in goodly numbers, and a May day spent on one of our streams will introduce you to a land of unexpected treasures and keep you fresh and sane and immune to the strife of the world.

An annual gudgeon party of a hundred children or more turn out for a day of this sport under the auspices of the Maryland State Game and Fish Protective Association and the Maryland Sportsmen's Luncheon Club.

THE UPPER PATUXENT

By Thomsen King

From sights and sounds of the city, from the babble and jest of the street-bred
My mind that is ever roving returns to a scene I have loved well:
I see in my vision a vista where the murmur and lapping of water
And sighing of wind in the forest sound in the days of the summer.
Here is a winding river, by Indians named the Patuxent,
With thickets still dark in their denseness and soil unturned by the plowman.
The surge of the world has passed over and the spot has altered but slightly
The aspect it wore ere the White Man came over the stormy Atlantic.
Quiet is the flow of the river, the boughs interlacing above it,
On each side stretches the swamp land, by Indians called the pacosin.
Somber and moist the pacosin, its great trees loaded with creepers,
Threaded by sloughs and streams, the home of the frog and the turtle.
To the right the swamp is more open, a pond lies locked in its bosom
Where the broad leaves of the lillies lie green on the face of the water;
While from the grass of its margin wild iris springs in abundance,
Wood ducks feed by the lillies and after the coming of nightfall
The raccoon prowls on the margin and the great owl shouts from the tree tops.
Before me stretches the river to a bend where it turns in its windings
Lost in a green indistinctness of the creepers and trees that hang over.
Behind me the river is wider and flashes and glows in the sunlight
Until it divides at an island to flow in separate channels.
This is the scene that surrounds me, the time is the middle of Summer,
Still and warm is the day, but cool the breath of the river,
Brilliant and blue the sky, green the land that it covers.
As when in boyhood I found it, a place for communion with Nature
Its charm and its beauty invite me, but now it is only remembrance
And I far away in the city must join in the jest and babble,
The toil and talk of the street-bred—the product of civilization.

ENOCH PRATT  FREE LIBRARY

BALTIMORE'S PUBLIC LIBRARY

Cathedral, Franklin and Mulberry Streets, Baltimore 1

April 20, 1944

Mr. Norman A. Hill
Cecil Apartments
Baltimore 1, Maryland

Dear Mr. Hill:

The name of Chesapeake Bay is frequently on the lips of Marylandere, but few of them have the elighteet idea of the real economic and cultural significance of the Chesapeake Bay, not only to Maryland, but to the entire nation.

Your forthcoming book will be an important contribution, eetting forth some of the traditione and the lore of the region as a sport and recreation center. It would be very fine if eome of this could be translated into printed matter for the young people of the State -- those still in echool -- who ought to know of the influence of the Susquehanna River and the various eettlements and areas of the Bay in the development of the economic and social hietory of Maryland.

The list of contributors and the careful editing and promotion which you have given this project insure a book of the greatest significance, and we here at the Pratt Library are looking forward to it with great intereet and pleaeure.

Sincerely yours,

Joseph L. Wheeler
Librarian

JLW:vt



Collection of THE BODKIN CREEK HOUSE Pratt Library



To illustrate the Story of "STEAMBOAT DAYS" A. A. Bodine



"YE ED" Cummings Studio
(1883)

MERLE E. TOWNER
PRESIDENT
507 STANDARD OIL BLDG.
BALTIMORE - 2, MD.



G. E. STEVENSON
SECRETARY-TREASURER
912 BALTO. & OHIO BLDG.
BALTIMORE - 1, MD.

It hardly seems necessary, and yet it is, to remind the citizens of the State of Maryland that their great assets as represented in the natural resources of the State, have largely been dissipated.

The State of Maryland was originally blessed, almost beyond belief, with wonderfully productive and protective values of the forest, field, stream, lake and mine, and also with one of the richest producing and health-giving inland bodies of water in the world (The Chesapeake Bay).

The citizens of the State, busy with other matters, have allowed their "birthright" to be substantially squandered.

Unitedly and advisedly acting, the citizens can, if they will, restore in large part, these wealth-producing endowments. This can be accomplished in a generation or two.

Under State Law, certain Conservation Bodies have been organized, and these bodies named below, are promulgating definite plans to restore to full fruition and for the benefit of the people of the State, the products of these natural resources.

State Board of Natural Resources (the over-all body)
Department of Tidewater Fisheries
Department of Game and Inland Fish
Department of State Forests and Parks
Department of Geology, Mines and Water Resources
Department of Research and Education

The plans above referred to, will ultimately restore to the citizens many, many millions of dollars in income and put into the State treasury, a far better income than at present.

These accomplishments designed for the benefit of all the people of the State, can be brought to pass when each one interests himself to the extent of actively supporting the State Conservation Bodies, and further actively demanding, whenever legislation is necessary, that the great natural resources of the State be protected by law, and that the people be given the benefit of real conservation, protection and perpetuation of all these natural resources.

Let us honor and value our privileges as citizens by being united in true conservation purpose and effort.

M. E. Towner

CLUB SLOGAN: CONSERVE AND PRESERVE THE NATURAL RESOURCES OF THE STATE OF MARYLAND.

BALTIMORE CLIPPERS AND THE CLIPPER SHIP ERA

By Malcolm Westcott Hill

(Illustrations facing pages 281, 311)

Noah Webster defines one kind of clipper: "A vessel with sharp forward raking bows, and masts raking aft, built and rigged for fast sailing—a name originally given to the Baltimore Clippers which became famous for quick runs."

The first clippers were small schooners or brigs of light draft and, as we would say, streamlined in every way that reduced resistance and added speed.

Small fast vessels of this type, armed and with large crews of fighting men, played havoc with heavier but slower ships during the War of 1812, somewhat in the manner of our PT boats now, delivering their blows, and running away from their slower opponents when need be. Their decks were clear of obstacles, bulwark low for the ready servicing of their cannon, which could be brought to bear at any angle the skipper desired.

Business men recognized speed as a valuable asset in the handling of some perishable merchandise, so as our merchant marine grew the necessity for larger ships arose and by 1830 clippers of 400 tons or more were being built.

Ship designers found that channels of ports of entry limited the draft of vessels and the Baltimore schooner type hull drew too much water for large ships and hence the design had to be modified to provide more cargo space and less depth.

Among the ships from Baltimore shipyards three made enviable names for themselves—*The Seaman*, the *Ann McKim* and the *Mary Whitridge*.

From 1848 to 1856 while the mania for speed was at its height many very beautiful and fast clippers were built, whose names and voyages are a glorious part of our maritime history.

Shipbuilders became famous, and none more justly so than Donald McCay of Newburyport and Boston, Massachusetts, whose productions for supreme beauty of line and speed made sailing ship history never before or since equalled.

Clipper ship data and the halo of romance thrown about them by several well-known authorities are available at any city library, but some facts are here set down for the first time about a master mariner whose modesty and dislike for publicity kept his name from the general public.

George Bancroft Hussey, born in Maine, within sight and smell of the sea, had deep water ships in his blood and his heart's desire was to tread the deck of a fine ship as master. His uncle, however, George Bancroft, historian, Ambassador and Secretary of the Navy under Polk, wished the boy to go into the United States Navy, but young George had other ideas, so ran away to sea and by study and close application to duty advanced through the various grades and obtained his master's license when still a young man.

New England ships in those days were sailed by educated and forceful skippers, with shrewdness and business ability, who handled large sums of gold on their trips all over the globe—money for which they were solely responsible.

This responsibility brought certain perquisites to the master and mates and each had opportunities to make personal profit other than their ship's pay.

Some of these men accumulated enough in twenty years to retire or to buy a ship of their own. One remarkable fact, for the first and perhaps last time in marine history, these ships issued no rum or intoxicants of any kind to their crews.

Captain Hussey after some years as master of the barque *Reindeer*, was given charge of the ship *Strabo* in 1848 and made many trips to California during the gold rush. His ship paid for herself several times over hauling freight and passengers to the newly opened West. The *Westward Ho*, built 1852 by Donald McCay for Tappan & Samson of Boston, was offered Captain Hussey and he sailed her all over the world until 1857, when he took over the *Staghound*, a sister ship of the *Flying Cloud*.

The *Westward Ho* was especially built for the East India trade and she made some fast trips from New York to Hong Kong—one in eighty-seven days. In 1855 she made the Boston-San Francisco run in 100 days—other trips in 102, 103 and 106 days. Only three ships averaged faster time than the *Westward Ho* between 1850 and 1860—these records being made by *Flying Cloud*, *Andrew Jackson* and *Flying Fish*.

In 1858 Captain Hussey in the *Staghound* made a run from Boston Light to the Equator in thirteen days—a record that has never been equalled.

Racing their ships was not always fun, but during the gold craze, fast ships received honuses for each day saved and passengers paid excess fares to travel by the fastest ships—several ships paid back to their owners their entire cost and expenses upon their first trip to California. There is one record of a vessel making $206,000 on one voyage alone.

The *Staghound* made one trip to San Francisco in 107 days despite the fact that for three weeks she sailed without three top-gallant masts and her main top, finally arriving at Valparaiso for major repairs. Her daily runs were 354 miles, logging at times seventeen knots. The *Staghound* in 1850 was the largest wooden ship ever built, but Donald McCay turned out some very much larger in the following four years.

Commercial depression began in 1853 and the following year saw 777 ships in New York harbor without charter and Boston was about the same way.

The famous *Flying Cloud* lay at her dock for two years idle and to stir up trade great efforts were made to sell or lease clippers to foreign countries, even competition with the East India Company was tried, but with scant success, due to the very tight British Trade Laws. Panic reached its height in 1857. Captain Hussey bought an interest in the *Staghound* and made several very successful trips to the Orient before his death in 1859.

Captain Hussey's library indicates he was a student of the classics and poetry, as well as of navigation, astronomy and ship lore. He was a modest man and avoided publicity whenever possible, but the records of the ships of which he was master speak for themselves during the years between 1845 and 1859 and they prove him among the best of the master mariners of clipper ship days.

In Melissa Hussey's home today are oil paintings of the *Reindeer*, *Strabo* and *Westward Ho* and a scale model in wood of the *Staghound* in an elaborately carved teak case with the inscription: "Presented to Captain G. B. Hussey by E. P. Johnson, Hong Kong, January 10th, 1859." There are also many personal mementos and the logbooks of the *Westward Ho* and the *Staghound*, sextant, etc.

Captain Hussey brought the *Staghound* to Alexandria, Virginia, in 1857; it was probably the largest vessel ever docked there up to that time. Chapelle, the author of many books on sailing ships, says: "From a naval architect's point of view, *Rainbow*, *Water Witch*, *Sam Russell* and *Staghound* are among the very best of the clipper ship designs and the Yankee shipmaster of the 1840's was the world's standard in ability and conduct."

On arrival in Canton in 1855, news of an epidemic raging there greeted Captain Hussey. Hearing that the *Flying Cloud* was on the point of sailing for home, he got his friend, Captain Joe Cressey, to take Melissa back with him to Boston, so for months she made her home on the most famous of the clippers and many and delightful were the tales she told of those great clipper ship days.

The *Staghound* made many runs from New York to Canton—here are some of her best records: eighty-five, ninety-one, ninety-two days. The *Flying Cloud*, ninety-four and ninety-six days. The *N. B. Palmer*, eighty-four days (the lowest record), which I believe has not been equalled.

It is hard for us to realize what great public interest the races by fast clippers provided. Bets were made for large amounts among the sporting men and individual bets among shipmasters of $10,000 are recorded.

During the 1850's a number of fine ships sailed the seas with Baltimore as home port. Among them are listed *The Seaman*, built 1850 for Funch & Meincke by Bell & Company of Baltimore. The master, Captain Myrick, who was a fine navigator, pushed his 546-ton ship along at speeds equal to the best of the larger clippers.

The Seaman was the first ship in 1851 to arrive in San Francisco in less than 110 days; she arrived March 11th, making the run in 107 days, covering 16,330 miles on the trip.

The *Ann McKim*, 493 tons, built for Isaac McKim by Kennard & Williamson in 1832, one of the first large ships of clipper type, proved very fast. She was a schooner model hull, ship rigged, drawing eleven feet forward and seventeen feet aft. This great draft aft of the Baltimore hulls limited the size of these ships to less than 600 tons, and as larger capacity and less draft were required, new designs were adopted. The *Architect*, 520 tons, built in 1847, was the last of the Baltimore clipper hulls constructed; she was designed for the China trade, but little is known about her voyages.

The *Mary Whitridge*, 877 tons, built for Thomas Whitridge by Hunt & Wagner in 1855 (Captain Cheeseboro, master), became so famous for her speed and good looks that some details are added as to her dimensions. She was 168 feet long, breadth 34 feet, depth 21 feet. On her first run, she made the remarkable time of thirteen days and a few hours from Cape Charles to Liverpool, proving Captain Cheeseboro a most competent skipper. She was engaged many years in the China trade under the command of Captain Ben Cutler, another fine shipmaster. One very interesting sidelight upon the *Mary Whitridge* is the fact that one of the greatest of all the "speed demons" of his day, Captain Nat Bruce Palmer, after his retirement took passage for himself and his nephew to China on the *Mary Whitridge*, surely a tribute to a great ship and a skillful master.

Other ships built in and sailing out of Baltimore were: *Flora Temple*, 1,915 tons, built in 1853 by Abraham & Oshcroft for J. Abraham, and *Black Warrior*, built in Maine for W. Wilson & Sons, 1,878 tons. The same year saw the *Kate Hooper* launched by Hunt & Wagner for James Hooper; she was a fine ship of 1,853 tons, built for cargo space rather than speed.

Business stagnation probably influenced the size of the two ships sent down the ways in 1854—*The Canvas Back*, 735 tons, built by Forster & Borge for S. Lurman, and *The Rattler*, 794 tons, built by the same firm for David Stewart. The *Carrier Dove*, a large ship of 1,855 tons, was built by J. Abraham in 1855 for Montell & Company. It is probable that these last-named ships were designed with commercial

common sense governing, rather than speed, and hence their voyages being routine did not get into the limelight of clipper ship investigators.

The picture of the *Ann McKim* shows a beautiful creation and it was easily understood that Isaac McKim regarded her as the apple of his eye and kept her decks snowy white and her brass shining like gold.

The end of the clipper ship era arrived in 1869 and steam vessels were everywhere replacing the sailing ships in all cases where time was a deciding element, but the romance of sailing ships has survived in the many books written by competent and loving hands.

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"Maritime History of Massachusetts," S. E. Morrison.

UNITED STATES POWER SQUADRONS

By Commander Wm. B. Matthews, Jr.

At almost every yacht club on the Chesapeake, whether at anchor or under way on the Bay or its tributaries, or whether at one of the many regattas, there is flying from the starboard yardarm or the stern of many yachts a flag consisting of blue and white vertical stripes with a white fouled anchor surrounded by a circle of white stars on a field of red. It is the ensign of the United States Power Squadrons, the most unique as well as the largest yachting organization in the country.

The United States Power Squadrons is a national organization, consisting of ninety-odd local units located on our coasts, the Great Lakes, and the inland rivers. Founded at Boston in 1914 as a result of a desire to create an educational and social body for the study of small boat handling and navigation, it soon spread throughout the country, and today stands primarily as an academic organization whose courses cover the entire science of navigation and allied subjects and are without a peer.

There is only one way to become a member and be authorized to fly the ensign of the Squadrons and that is by passing a prescribed examination in piloting. In order to prepare the yachtsman for this as well as to teach all others interested, the Piloting Course is given without charge to the public. This course includes: Equipment and Lights for All Types of Vessels, Rules of the Road at Sea, Seamanship, Safety at Sea, the Mariner's Compass, Aids to Navigation, Charts and Piloting, and Manners and Customs on Shipboard. As can be seen, this course covers the essential minimum that anyone handling a boat should know for the safety of himself and his guests.

Advanced courses in navigation are given to members of the Squadrons only. These are Advanced Piloting, which covers coastwise navigation, Junior Navigator or "dead reckoning," and Navigator or "celestial navigation." Those members passing these courses are given the grade of Advanced Pilot (AP), Junior Navigator (JN) and Navigator (N), and place one, two and three stars respectively on the bows of their boats and wear them on the left breast of their uniforms.

To have a well rounded knowledge of navigation is not enough for real safety on the water, and therefore the Squadrons also give courses in Motor Maintenance,

Meteorology, Seamanship, and Signaling. Although these subjects are touched upon in the Piloting Course, they are dealt with in great detail in the above mentioned courses.

The Squadrons are very strong in the Chesapeake Bay area. Within a year after their founding there was a unit in Washington, known as the Potomac River Power Squadron, which was followed in 1916 by the Patapsco River Power Squadron, based at the Maryland Yacht Club in Baltimore. The Chesapeake Squadrons extend the entire length of the Bay. Units in Philadelphia, Wilmington and Lancaster base their boats in the Elk, North East, Susquehanna, Bohemia and Sassafras Rivers; the Baltimore and Annapolis units' boats are moored on the Bush, Middle, Back, Patapsco, Magothy, Severn and South Rivers; while those of Potomac, Salisbury and Hampton Roads are kept on the West, Potomac, Wicomico and Rhodes Rivers and those anchorages around Hampton Roads. Although this is where the large concentrations of Squadron boats are, individual boats may be found the Bay over.

The membership of the United States Power Squadrons is about 11,000—1,800 of whom cruise on the Chesapeake. Every year the Squadrons in the Bay hold a rendezvous at the Miles River Regatta, at which over one hundred boats are always present and a navigational contest is held.

Whenever you see the Squadron ensign flying from a vessel you may feel assured the person in charge passed an examination in piloting, seamanship and safety at sea, and will navigate his vessel with caution and will respect your rights.

Units of the United States Power Squadrons in the Chesapeake Bay area, with their name and location, are as follows: Potomac River, Washington, D. C.; Patapsco River, Baltimore, Md.; Delaware River, Philadelphia, Pa.; Hampton Roads, Hampton, Va.; Wilmington, Wilmington, Del.; Salisbury, Salisbury, Md.; Annapolis, Annapolis, Md.; Susquehannock, Lancaster, Pa.

GALLEY AND CABIN GADGETS, SUPPLIES, BOOKSHELF, SPARE PARTS, ETC.

By Norman Alan Hill

GALLEY GADGETS

Cook stove, two-burner liquid alcohol or Pxregas, etc.
Oven, small galvanized iron or black iron
Kettle, hot water
Pots, three sizes
Saucepans, three sizes
Double boiler, large size
Frying pans, two sizes
Garbage bucket, with cover
Coffee pot
Can opener
Carving knife and fork
Cooking spoons, two, large
Measuring spoons (three small patented gadgets)
Measuring cup (necessary in preparing almost all recipes)
Mixing bowl
Corkscrew and bottle opener combined, three
Cleaning cloths
Dish mop, dish towels (highly consumable)
Ice pick and ice tongs, two
Vegetable knife
Strainers, small, for coffee and tea; large, one coarse and one fine
Steel wool (invaluable for cleaning pots and pans)
Collender
Bread knife
Cake lifter

CABIN GADGETS

Eight-day clock (with watch bells)
Barometer or weather guide
Compass and binnacle
Protractor—two pair dividers
Pair triangles and good draftsman's scale
Pelorus
Level (spirit)
Radio (all dry batteries)
Thermometer
Ash trays, six
Fly swatters, three
Bosun's whistle
Small Pyrene extinguisher (cabin)
Large foam extinguisher (cockpit)
First-aid kit
Scout knife
Field glasses or binoculars

SUGGESTIONS FOR CANNED GOODS, ETC.

Soups—
- Vegetable
- Meat
- Chowders

Vegetables—
- Beans
- Peas
- Asparagus tips
- Beets
- Corn
- Tomatoes

Fruits—
- Orange juice
- Grapefruit juice
- Pineapple juice
- Tomato juice

Beverages—
- Coffee
- Tea
- Cocoa
- Coke
- Soda
- Ginger ale
- Beer

Relishes—
- Pickles
- Olives
- Ketchup
- C & B sauce
- Horseradish
- Mustard
- Pepper
- Salt
- Wesson oil
- Vinegar
- Sugar
- Saccharine
- Flour

Linens—
- Bath towels
- Wash rags
- Dish towels
- Sheets
- Blankets
- Pillow slips
- Pillows
- Air cushions or Kapok pillows

Meats—
- Corned beef
- Corned lamb
- Spam
- Tongue
- Deviled ham
- Luncheon spreads
- Tuna
- Salmon
- Sardines
- Lobster

Miscellaneous—
- Baking soda
- Bon Ami
- Condensed milk
- Brown soap
- Soap flakes
- Toilet paper
- Paper towels
- Paper napkins
- Table mats
- Safety matches

BOOK SHELF

Pilot rules, two sets
Complete set of charts
Tide tables
Coast pilot
Light and buoy lists
Motor road maps
Marine gas station directories (Texaco, etc.)
Barometer guide
"Sail Boat Manual," White, $1.00
"Small Boat Engines," Miller, $3.00
"Piloting, Seamanship and Small Boat Handling," Chapman, $2.50
"Yachts: Their Care and Handling," Moore, $3.50
"The Galley Guide," Moffat, $1.50
"Learning to Cruise," Callahan, $2.50
"Cruising Manual," Mefferd, $3.00

SPARE PARTS, ETC.

Kerosene
Lubricating oil and cup grease
Spare battery and battery tester
Ignition parts, including distributor points, coil, condenser, etc.
Propeller
Spark plugs, two sets
Water pump for engine
Hand bilge pump, for emergency
Slump pump for oil changing
Full kit of tools for overhauling motor, etc.
Full set of gaskets for motor and W. C.

GALLEY SEA FOOD RECIPES

By Anne W. Slagle

DINNER CHOWDER (for Four)

2 cups diced raw potatoes
¾ cup minced onion
½ cup coarsely diced celery
2½ teaspoons salt
2½ cups boiling water
4 tablespoons butter
4 tablespoons flour
¼ teaspoon pepper
½ teaspoon English mustard
1½ teaspoon tomato ketchup
2 cups milk
½ lb. grated, processed sharp cheese
1 tablespoon minced parsley
1 cup canned tomatoes

Combine potatoes, onion, celery, 1 teaspoon of the salt and the boiling water in a deep kettle. Cover and simmer until tender (15 to 20 minutes). Melt butter in double boiler, add flour and stir until smooth, while adding the remaining 1½ teaspoon salt, pepper, mustard, ketchup and milk. Cook until thick; then add cheese and continue stirring until melted. Add this to the potato mixture, along with the parsley and tomatoes. Heat thoroughly and serve.

This is a delicious meal-in-iself concoction. A welcome dish for a rainy day lunch or a cool night's supper.

CRABMEAT CORN CHOWDER (for Four)

½ onion, chopped
2 tablespoons green pepper, minced
2 tablespoons butter
½ cup diced raw potatoes
½ teaspoon salt
Pepper, paprika
1½ cups boiling water
1½ cups corn (four ears)
1 cup flaked crabmeat
1½ cups milk

Saute onion and green pepper in butter, then add potatoes, boiling water and seasonings, and boil until potatoes are soft. Add corn, crabmeat and milk, bring to a slow boil and serve at once.

A substantial supper, served with hard crusty rolls and a green salad.

DEVILED CRABS (for Four)

1 lb. crabmeat
⅛ lb. butter
1 egg
1 teaspoon dry mustard
½ teaspoon pepper
1 teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon vinegar
½ cup bread crumbs

Beat the egg and then add all the ingredients and mix thoroughly. Place in crab shells and bake long enough to brown.

CRAB GUMBO (for Four)

1 onion (minced)
1 tablespoon butter
2 tablespoons flour
1 qt. soup stock (may be made with bouillon cubes)
1 small can tomatoes
½ lb. boiled shrimp
1 lb. fresh okra
½ lb. crabmeat
Parsley
Bay leaf
Salt, pepper

Brown onion in melted butter; add flour, stock, tomatoes and okra. Cover and simmer for two hours. Add crabmeat and shrimp and seasonings. Heat thoroughly.

This may be served over individual mounds of rice and it is a filling meal in itself.

STUFFED CRABS AND MUSHROOMS (for Four)

1 cup sliced mushrooms
2 tablespoons butter
1 tablespoon flour
½ teaspoon salt
½ cup cream
1 cup cooked crabmeat
1½ teaspoon lemon juice
1 teaspoon capers
1 teaspoon chopped parsley
2 egg whites, stiffly beaten

Saute mushrooms in butter and cook five minutes; remove mushrooms and stir in flour. Add salt and cream and cook five minutes, stirring until thickened. Add seasonings, mushrooms and crabmeat and cook for five minutes longer. Fold mixture into egg whites and fill ramekins. Bake in moderate oven until brown.

CRAB RAREBIT (for Four)

1 cup cooked crabmeat
2 tablespoons butter
2 tablespoons green pepper (chopped)
3 tablespoons flour
¼ teaspoon English mustard
¾ teaspoon salt
Cayenne
¾ cup tomato juice
¾ cup grated American cheese
½ cup milk

Melt butter, add green pepper and simmer for five minutes. Blend in flour and add seasonings; then add tomato juice gradually, stirring constantly until thick. Add cheese, then milk, continue to stir. When cheese has melted add crabmeat and heat to boiling.

Very good served in parboiled halves of green peppers, on toast, or in pastry shells.

IMPERIAL CRAB (for Four)

1 lb. crabmeat
½ pt. cream
⅛ lb. butter
1 teaspoon dry mustard
1 teaspoon lemon juice
2 teaspoons Worcestershire sauce
1 teaspoon salt
¾ teaspoon pepper
2 tablespoons minced green pepper
2 tablespoons minced pimento
1 egg, beaten

In a double boiler melt the butter, then mix in the cream, mustard, lemon juice, Worcestershire sauce, salt, pepper, pimento and egg, stirring constantly. Boil the green pepper for three minutes, then add this and the crabmeat to the mixture and take at once from the fire. Fill ramekins or shells, dust lightly with cracker crumbs and bake quickly until brown.

CRAB NEWBURGH (for Four)

½ lb. crabmeat
¼ cup butter
1 cup cream
¼ teaspoon salt
Dash cayenne
2 egg yolks
1 tablespoon cream
Sherry (to taste)

Heat crabmeat in butter, add cream, salt, cayenne and sherry. Combine egg yolks and tablespoon cream and add. Heat only to boiling. Serve on toast.

CRAB BISQUE (for Eight)

1 can tomato soup
1 can pea soup
2 cups consomme
½ lb. crabmeat
½ cup cream
Sherry

Combine the three soups and bring to a boil. Add crabmeat and cream. Be sure mixture is heated through, then add sherry, salt and pepper to taste.

POT AU FEU—A Puree (Yields 2½ Quarts)

2½ lbs. lean beef
1 soup bone (cracked)
2 qts. water
1 slice liver (diced)
2½ cups diced carrots
4 small onions, sliced
4 stalks celery, diced
2½ cups diced potatoes
2 cups any vegetable (turnips, tomatoes, etc.)
2 tablespoons shredded parsley
2 teaspoons salt
Pepper to taste

Add beef, wiped and cut in small pieces, and soup bone, to water and bring to a boil. Skim thoroughly, cover, and let simmer for 4½ hours. Add liver, vegetables and salt, bring to a boil and let simmer 1½ hours longer. Remove bone. Let soup stand until cold. Remove fat which has hardened on top and reheat soup. Season to taste.

Easy to prepare in little space. Slide to back of burner for indefinite use.

CRAB CAKES (for Four)

1 lb. crabmeat
1 cup bread crumbs (slightly dried out)
1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
1 teaspoon dry mustard
1 teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon pepper
1 teaspoon minced parsley
2 eggs, beaten

Mix well all of the above and make into cakes of the size desired. Rub the frying pan with a garlic clove, then get your lard very hot and fry the cakes.

CRABMEAT SAUTE (for Four)

Place a slice of onion in ½ lb. of butter and simmer for a few minutes. Remove onion and add—

1 teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon celery salt
¾ teaspoon pepper
1 lb. crabmeat

Cook very slowly for 10 or 12 minutes and just before taking off the fire add 2 tablespoons of Sherry or Madeira. Serve in ramekins or on toasted crackers.

CRAB CASSEROLE (for Four)

To one pint cream sauce add 1 teaspoon of Worcestershire sauce, 1 teaspoon of English mustard, red pepper and salt to taste. Put in double boiler, stir until thick, remove from stove and add one egg, stir well. Add 1½ lbs. crabmeat. Put in greased casserole, cover with bread crumbs and brown in oven.

MAITRE D'HOTEL BUTTER—For Steaks and Chops (for Large Steak)

Wash and then cream with a fork ¼ lb. butter; work into this two heaping tablespoons of minced parsley and 4 drops of lemon juice. Mash well for several minutes. When the steak or chops are taken from the broiler, dust both sides with salt and pepper, then apply the butter. Watercress on the side will greatly help the flavor.

CRAB COCKTAIL (for Six)

Beat together thoroughly—

4 tablespoons chili sauce
1 tablespoon olive oil
1 tablespoon taragon vinegar
1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce
2 tablespoons horseradish
1 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon pepper
1 teaspoon celery seed

Ice this mixture and when ready to serve place two tablespoons in each sherbet glass. Divide 1 lb. of lumb crabmeat and fill the glasses.

LOBSTER NEWBURG (for Two)

1 can lobster
⅛ lb. butter
1 cup cream
2 egg yolks
½ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon pepper
2 tablespoons Sherry

Cut lobster in medium size pieces and heat with the butter in double boiler. Sprinkle it with the salt and pepper. Beat the egg yolks and add the cream, then pour these over the lobster. Stir constantly until thick and smooth. Just before taking off the fire, stir in the Sherry. Serve on dry toast.

LOBSTER SALAD (for Two)

1 can lobster (which has been thoroughly chilled)
3 tablespoons mayonnaise
1 tablespoon olive oil
1 teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon celery seed
Lettuce leaves
1 hard-boiled egg, sliced
Few capers
Several olives

Cut the mayonnaise with the olive oil, add salt, celery seed and capers. Marinate the lobster in this dressing. Mould the salad on a platter covered with lettuce leaves and garnish with the sliced egg and olives. Finely chopped celery may be added if desired.

GALLEY MIXED DRINK RECIPES

By F. R. Vernon Williams

(Quantity is for One Drink)

DRY MARTINI COCKTAIL—1½ oz. gin; ½ oz. French (dry) vermouth; twist of lemon peel. Stir in glass of finely cracked ice, strain into cocktail glass with olive or onion.

SWEET MARTINI COCKTAIL—1½ oz. gin; ¾ oz. Italian (sweet) vermouth; twist of lemon peel. Stir in glass of finely cracked ice, strain into cocktail glass with cherry.

BRONX COCKTAIL—¾ oz. gin; ¾ oz. French or Italian vermouth; ¾ oz. orange juice. Shake well in cracked ice and strain into cocktail glass.

BACARDI COCKTAIL—1½ oz. Bacardi rum; ¾ oz. lime juice; scant ice tea spoon sugar. Shake well in cracked ice and strain into cocktail glass.

OLD-FASHIONED COCKTAIL—Drop one small lump of sugar in an old-fashioned glass; saturate with 2 dashes of Angostura bitters and 1 dash of orange bitters and a few drops of water; muddle thoroughly, add cube of ice and 1½ oz. of bourbon or rye whiskey. Garnish with half slice of orange and maraschino cherry.

MANHATTAN COCKTAIL—1½ oz. bourbon or rye whiskey; ¾ oz. Italian (sweet) vermouth; 2 dashes Angostura bitters. Stir in glass of cracked ice, strain into cocktail glass with cherry.

DUBONNET COCKTAIL—1½ oz. gin; ¾ oz. Dubonnet; twist of orange peel. Stir in glass of finely cracked ice, strain in cocktail glass.

DUNLOP COCKTAIL—1½ oz. Jamaica rum; ¾ oz. sherry; 1 dash Angostura bitters. Stir well in glass of finely cracked ice, strain in cocktail glass.

CHAMPAGNE COCKTAIL—Drop one small lump of sugar in large cocktail glass; add a dash of Angostura bitters; a small cube of ice and a twist of orange peel. Fill glass with champagne.

WHISKEY SOUR—2 oz. rye or bourbon whiskey; 1 oz. lemon juice; 1 ice tea spoon sugar. Shake well in cracked ice, strain into 5-oz. glass, add 1 squirt of seltzer and half slice of orange.

GIN FIZZ—1½ oz. gin; 1 oz. lemon juice; 1 ice tea spoon sugar. Shake well with cracked ice, strain into 7-oz. glass, fill with sparkling water.

GIN RICKEY—Squeeze juice of half a lime into 7-oz. glass, leaving rind in glass. Add ice cubes, 1½ oz. gin and fill with sparkling water.

TOM COLLINS—2 oz. gin; juice of 1 lemon; 1 teaspoon sugar. Shake with cube ice, strain into 10-oz. glass with 1 ice cube, fill with club soda.

MAJOR BAILEY—Pack a 12-oz. glass with shaved ice; add 3 oz. gin; juice of 1 lemon; 1 full teaspoon sugar. Keeping outside of glass dry, jiggle until it frosts; add 1 squirt of seltzer.

PLANTERS PUNCH—3 oz. Jamaica rum; 1 oz. lime juice; 2 oz. sugar or syrup; 2 dashes Angostura bitters. Shake well in finely cracked ice and pour unstrained in 10-oz. glass. Decorate with cherry or strawberry (in season) and slice of orange.

CUBA LIBRE—Squeeze juice of half a lime or lemon in 10-oz. glass, add 1½ oz. Jamaica rum, ice cubes and fill with Coca-Cola.

SHERRY FLIP—2 oz. sherry; 1 egg, 1 ice tea spoon sugar. Shake well in cracked ice, strain into 5-oz. glass and dust with nutmeg.

MINT JULEP—Place mint leaves in 12-oz. glass with teaspoon of sugar and ½ oz. of water; muddle well until mint essence is extracted. Pack glass with shaved ice and, keeping outside of glass dry, jiggle until it frosts. Add 4 oz. brandy or whiskey and top with sprigs of mint dusted with powdered sugar.

MILK PUNCH—Place cracked ice in a shaker with 1½ teaspoons of sugar, 1 egg and 5 oz. milk. Shake well, then add 2 oz. brandy or rye whiskey and 1 oz. Jamaica rum. Stir and strain into 12-oz. glass. Dust with nutmeg.

PLANTERS PUNCH (As discovered by Frederick Philip Stieff)—"That I learned at the bar and consumed with gusto on the porch of the Myrtle Bank Hotel, was made as follows: Not merely Jamaica rum, but the blackest and heaviest Jamaica rum procurable. I vary my quantities dependent upon my guests, with a tendency on the heavy side. The juice of 1 lime per person. Then I take a fresh pineapple, cut strips the full length of the fruit, about three-quarters of an inch square, and stand these upright in glass. Add orange juice, the same proportion as lime juice. Add ice, stir well, add slice of lime, half slice of orange. If there is room left a squirt of seltzer water may be added and a maraschino cherry laid gently on the top. If it is possible to extract any juice from the pineapple, I invariably do, for the sweetness from the pineapple obviates the necessity of using sugar water."

USEFUL HINTS TO YACHTSMEN AND MOTOR BOAT OWNERS AND OPERATORS

By William H. Koelbel

There are traffic rules to be observed afloat, just as there are rules ashore. They apply to all kinds of vessels. Consult your Pilot Rules often.

Your green side light shows on the right side, forward. If a boat is about to cross your course from any point in this area, give way to him by slowing down, stopping or going astern of him. Otherwise exercise your right of way by holding your course and speed.

Always give the right of way to a boat you are overtaking.

Sail boats will always have the right of way over your motor boat, unless they happen to be overtaking you—coming up from a-stern.

Make a habit of blowing one long cautionary whistle blast when approaching blind bends.

A knot is a unit of speed, not distance. It means one nautical mile per hour. Say your speed is ten knots, or ten nautical miles per hour—never ten knots per hour.

Carry at least one spare anchor, in addition to the regular service anchor, that you can rely on under storm conditions.

Also have a spare anchor cable for the heavier anchor. Stow all your lines in dry, well ventilated lockers, and never put them away while wet.

Never let an anchor go while the boat has headway. Stop and reverse, paying out line until the scope is sufficient. Then snub the linc on the mooring bitt to set the anchor, and make fast.

Never heave an anchor. Lower it easily over the side. And don't forget to stand clear of the coils.

To break out an anchor that has a strong bite in the bottom, heave up short, take a turn on the mooring bitt and go ahead a few feet with the engine.

To check any tendency of mooring or anchor lines to chafe where they bear on chocks and other fixtures, wrap them with canvas (chafing gear).

All other conditions being equal, always land port side to a dock so that the stern will be thrown in toward the dock as you reverse.

However, the general rule in anchoring, docking or mooring is to approach against wind or current, whichever is stronger. This helps to keep the boat under control.

See that you are well clear of a dock before putting the helm over. Otherwise the stern, swinging, may hit the dock and damage the boat.

Maneuvering, remember that the stern tends to go to the left when backing (with one engine and right-hand propeller). You turn short reversing with left rudder, but backing to the right is difficult—sometimes impossible.

Generally, a motor boat reversing tends to back into the wind.

In close quarters, use plenty of power, but little speed. With the boat motionless in the water, you can kick the stern to starboard with left rudder, and vice versa, by applying a short burst of power. The stern will swing before the boat gains headway.

Shorten up the dinghy towline before maneuvering. A reversing propeller tends to suck the line down into it, to foul both shaft and wheel.

You can turn at a dock by using a spring line. With port side to the dock, run a line back from the bow to a pile on the dock, about a third the boat length. Go ahead easily with left rudder, using fenders to protect the bow—and more power if necessary after slack is out of the line.

Making fast to a tidewater dock, allow for rise and fall by running lines fore and aft with some slack, instead of short lines direct from deck to dock.

Adjust the length of the dinghy's towline so she rides on the crest of the second wave astern. If she is too far forward, she may tend to swing; if too far astern, she tows hard. When there is a heavy following sea, tow a length of the line from the dinghy's stern. This will help to prevent her from running the cruiser down.

At night, look astern frequently. It helps you keep your bearings. (Don't look directly at objects you wish to see, but look around them.) Extraneous light in the deckhouse is bad, except perhaps for a dim *red* light on the instruments.

Study the appearance of surface ripples, eddies, waves, colors, etc., in your home waters, to understand the difference in appearance and action in varying depths and bottom configurations. That knowledge will be valuable in strange waters.

Always check instruments before running, to see that oil is circulating, generator charging, etc.

The deepest water in natural creeks and rivers usually follows the outside of bends. Shoals tend to build up on points.

It pays to run at half or three-quarter throttle. This saves a lot of gas at the expense of only a few miles speed.

Never run at high speed through an anchorage. You are responsible, legally and ethically, for damage done by your wake.

In narrow channels on a breezy day, keep to windward, unless the traffic forbids. If the engine fails while you're on the leeward side, there may not be time enough to get an anchor down before going aground.

In waters where stakes mark oyster beds, some may be broken off at or below the water surface. Keep an eye peeled for them.

As helmsman, pay attention to the course you are steering, and to all other traffic. Steer straight courses, but don't run down floating debris which can damage a plank or wheel, or bend a shaft.

Quick action with the reverse gear may enable you to back off a bar before fetching up too hard. But don't pump your water jackets full of sand and mud by prolonged reversing if you're stuck hard. Carry out a kedge anchor to deep water and haul on that.

A peaked breaking wash at the boat's bow wave will often warn of shoaling depths on that side, before grounding.

Settling of the stern, raising of the bow, bad steering control, reduced speed and overtaking wake may all be indications of shoaling water.

Coil lines down clockwise, with the sun. The only exception is with rope which is laid left-handed in manufacture.

Learn how to make an eye splice and use it instead of a bowline or other knot to make a loop in the ends of mooring lines, etc. The splice is neater and much stronger than any knot.

Making fast to a cleat, see that turns are taken so that the free end of line can be easily cast off, even while a strain is on it.

Check the condition of the boat's bottom. An extra coat of copper in mid-season is a good investment in hull protection.

Running in fog on inland waters, slow down and proceed with caution. Blow one long blast on the whistle (or electric horn)—not fog horn—every minute as a fog signal. Offshore on the high seas, give the same signal at two-minute intervals.

Motor boats over twenty-six feet are required to carry a bell. Anchored in a channel during fog, ring it rapidly for five seconds at intervals of one minute.

Be sure you have a strainer in the fuel line. Clean it whenever sediment or water tends to accumulate in the bottom of the bowl.

While water can be used to extinguish an alcohol flame, don't use it on gasoline. This merely spreads the fire.

Never leave your mooring without first checking the gas and oil.

Though you may never need it, carry a first-aid kit. With it, you should have a good manual of instructions as to how to use the contents.

Here's a memory aid to the buoyage system—the letters BLOE. *B*lack buoys are found on the *L*eft side, with *O*dd numbers, *E*ntering a harbor or channel from seaward. Just the reverse when outward bound.

The way a spar buoy sets in the water, and the eddies behind it, are often a clue to the set and strength of current.

Aids to navigation, such as buoys, lighthouses, lightships, etc., have characteristic shapes and colors to distinguish one from another. Such information is contained in the Light Lists, published by the Coast Guard.

When you want to know about the *height* of water at a given time, consult the Tide Tables. Don't confuse this with *current flow* (ebb and flood) which is given in the Current Tables. You can often save gallons of gas by taking advantage of favorable currents.

You can find an infinite amount of valuable information about your cruising waters in the Coast Pilot. Consult one for your own home waters to see how much there is to be learned about waters you think you already know.

Also get in the habit of using a chart, even for waters you know best. They reveal much about the things you cannot learn simply by observation.

The chart is especially useful when anchoring. It gives you ranges to pick a suitable location and tells much about the bottom, the depth, etc.

A nautical mile is 6,080 feet, equal to one minute of latitude, so the latitude scale on the side of a chart can be used as a measure of distance. The longitude scale at top and bottom cannot be so used because it varies with latitude. A statute mile is only 5,280 feet; therefore, statute miles multiplied by 1.15 equals nautical miles; nautical miles divided by 1.15 equals statute miles.

You don't need a log to know your speed on a motor boat. Make test runs over a measured mile in slack water (or average speeds with and against the current) at various r. p. m. Tabulate the results. Then when you have to run in a fog, you'll be able to gauge your distance run on the basis of time and speed.

Allow for current when gauging speed or distance run. That way you can estimate your speed *over the bottom*, which is the factor you work with in all piloting problems.

The only correct time to fly a union jack is at anchor—on Sundays and holidays.

Never fly the burgees of more than one club at the same time, even if you are a member of each.

The owner's absent flag is blue, rectangular; his meal flag is white.

Your club burgee should be proportioned to the size of the boat. Three-quarters on an inch in length is about right for each foot of the boat's overall length.

Don't wear smooth rubber-soled shoes on shipboard. Some kind of tread is essential to get a grip on wet decks. And don't let the ladies wear high heels.

There's much satisfaction in keeping a log. It gives you valuable data on running times, speed, currents, fuel consumption, etc., for future cruises.

And, finally, remember that boating is 99 per cent. good judgment. Study of principles is excellent—but on that build an experience of practical boat sense.

MARINE ENGINE TROUBLE PREVENTION

By John Mahon (of Mahon & Gall, Inc.)

The gasoline engine has been developed to a point where it will give satisfactory service even in inexperienced hands, but the following suggestions are offered in the way of acquiring a practical knowledge of your engine.

Make a note and keep for reference aboard your boat and at the office the name and make of your motor, model, number of cylinders, horsepower, serial number and whether it is direct drive or equipped with reduction gear. If equipped with reduction gear, what is the ratio? If your motor is equipped with tachometer, note the revolutions when operating at full speed underway, cruising speed and slowest speed. If there is no tachometer, a hand revolution counter can be obtained at small cost.

PROPELLER—Is your propeller right or left hand, two or three blades? To determine hand of a propeller, stand in front of the engine facing aft. If the engine turns clockwise it is a right-hand engine using a left-hand propeller; if the engine turns counter-clockwise, it is a left-hand engine and a right-hand propeller is used. The size of propeller is usually stamped on the hub. Diameter is the first number and is twice the distance from the center of the hub to the tip of blade. The pitch is the last number stamped on hub and indicates how far it would push the boat in one revolution if there were no slip. Slip varies according to type of boat and on the average cruiser it is 30 per cent. to 35 per cent. When specifying the size propeller, the diameter is always given first, pitch last. Make a notation of the bore of the propeller, straight or tapered—diameter and length of the propeller shaft.

FIRING ORDER—If not marked on engine it may be determined by tracing wires from distributor, marking it on engine compartment where it is readily referred to.

SETTING OF THE CARBURETOR—Most carburetors have three adjustments, the high speed located near the bottom of the carburetor, if not a fixed jet should be adjusted for the best revolutions with forward clutch in and throttle wide open. Idler needle valve is located near the top of carburetor and should be adjusted for smooth running at slow speed such as trolling and idling speed. The third adjustment is a stop screw on throttle lever which keeps the throttle from closing off too far and stalling the engine.

Mark adjusted needle valve's position then, turning all the way off, counting the turns. Then open to same adjustment. You may also mark this down for ready reference.

STARTING BATTERY—What is the voltage? Is the positive or negative grounded?

ELECTRICAL EQUIPMENT—Spark plugs. Name and number is usually stamped on the porcelain. Make of the distributor. The generator and starter are also numbered. Make a record of catalogue number of the distributor points, rotor and condenser.

SPARE PARTS—It is recommended that the following spare parts be carried aboard—ignition; induction coil, set of points, condenser, rotor, exhaust valve with spring and cylinder head gasket. (Make a note of the manufacture and number.)

CARE OF ENGINE—Change oil every fifty hours' use by pumping old oil out by hand or connect into oil pressure line and let engine pump it out through the connection. The best time is after a run, while the oil is warm and thin. Renew oil to the right level which is below moving parts. Too much oil will cause excessive heating by fast moving parts beating the oil. If reverse gear is oiled separately, do not use oil too heavy as it causes a drag, wearing gears and bushing. Too much oil in gear housing will cause heating.

Battery should be close to engine, long starting cables make hard starting. Battery should be accessible to check same and protected with removable cover to prevent tools or metal falling on it, causing dangerous arc. Control on gas throttle should work freely from off to wide open without spring or lost motion. Choke should work freely, and if wire inside tube is used both should be brass with easy long bends, if any, and kept well oiled.

Reverse gear and forward drive should be adjusted so it takes twenty-five to thirty pounds pressure on a twenty-inch lever to push it ahead over the hump or snap. This locks the plates, drum and gears as one solid coupling turning the shaft forward. All rods to remote controls should be free of any tension on them while running in

forward motion. When adjusted properly the clutch will stay in head motion without slipping. It should not be necessary to keep any pressure on the lever or rods while running forward.

Backing when properly adjusted should take about twenty-five pounds to snap it in or back to where it will stay in back motion. This should clamp the backing band on the drum, preventing it from turning. Then the gears in the drum rotate and turn its shaft the opposite way. Most mistakes are made by adjusting backing too tight when the clamping mechanism is not effective. The same is good on the go-ahead adjustment. Always reduce engine speed while changing gears and avoid running wide open while backing, if possible. Do not race your engine while running idle; if your exhaust is water cooled it will cause water to be drawn back into the engine; always throttle down to the slowest revolutions before throwing off the switch. Piston moving down on the working stroke after the switch is off causes a vacuum and when exhaust valve opens it will pull the water back into cylinder. This also happens when a cylinder misses while running idle, causing water to get on plugs and valves causing valves to rust and stick. Entering the overflow water near the engine about six inches below a forty-five degree bend in the exhaust pipe helps to baffle the water on the way back towards the cylinders. Water may be drawn back several feet by vacuum if pipe is straight.

If possible avoid running the engine idle while warming up; get under way or make fast at dock and run half open to shorten cold running. Cold running causes water from condensation of gases escaping by pistons and valve stems to accumulate in the base, making a sludge. Watch for bilge water in flywheel housing, which will damage your starter, also bilge water getting into the base of your engine due to high water in the bilge, which may have been pumped out in your absence, leaving water in the flywheel housing and engine base. Water in engine base usually shows high oil level.

Give engine box or compartment plenty of air at all times; a tight cover will cause engine to sweat, destroying paint and making rust. Remove hatch before starting if engine has not been run recently; it is well to crank it over by hand with ignition off to see if valves are stuck. Watch bilge for gas, especially after filling the tank.

Do not blame your filling station for condensation in the tank if you have water in your gasoline; it is likely coming in the filling deck plate. Thick grease smeared on the threads will prevent this; also water may come through the vent or vent tube in large quantities; sudden downpour of summer rains chills the air in the tank, causing a vacuum. As the outside air is drawn into the tank through the vent or vent tubes it will draw the water with it that happens to be over the end of the vent; a proper cover over the end will break this suction of water. Inspect the set screw in propeller shaft coupling, the shaft should be drilled to take the point of the set screws. Lock set screw with a nut or wire through the head to keep it from backing out.

Engine will run with a broken exhaust valve spring, or a stuck exhaust valve, but cylinder will miss; plug will get water on it or, if dry exhaust, it will fill up with oil. If intake valve spring is broken or valve stuck, the engine is not apt to run at all.

Try trouble shooting for practice to acquaint yourself in case of trouble. When engine is wired properly, putting ignition switch on will show slight discharge on the ammeter when points are making contact. This shows if the switch is O. K. or if

any wire is off or broken in primary circuit, or if breaker arm is stuck open. A short circuit will show heavy discharge without interruption.

Next try the high tension circuit, remove the distributor cap, check spring on breaker arm and spring on rotor, if any, check points to see if pitted; if so, smooth with file or put in new ones. Gap should be .020 inch, remove coil wire from center of distributor, hold it about one-quarter inch from engine, turn engine or open and close points by hand, spark should jump one-quarter to three-quarters of an inch. If spark is less than one-quarter inch it is weak, probably the coil or condenser is the trouble. Use a drop of oil on breaker arm hinges. Moisten the spring and breaker arm with oil to keep from rusting. Check distributor cap for carbon streaks caused by current jumping from one terminal to another.

Time distributor while running at full speed with forward clutch engaged, loosen screw on clamp which holds distributor body in position, rotate distributor back and forward to best revolution; advance until engine pings, then move back, but not below maximum revolutions; late spark makes it better for slow running.

Plugs too hot will run satisfactorily up to about two-thirds speed, but not wide open. Plugs too cold foul up with oil at slow speed and cause it to miss at high speed; spark fails to jump through the oil at high compression.

PLACES TO GET GAS, OIL, ICE, SUPPLIES, REPAIRS, AND PLACES TO EAT AND SLEEP ASHORE

NOTE: Under present conditions, no responsibility is assumed for the information below. It is of March 15, 1944. Yachtsmen and boat operators should get service station lists from gas and oil companies. Waterfront facilities change from time to time. The U. S. Coast Pilot gives information about facilities in larger towns and cities. Names of the places, dealers, clubs or other services are as follows:

Annapolis—Yacht club and yacht basin, many yards for repairs.

Solomons—J. C. Webster Company, everything, stores nearby and hotel, Smith's yard for repairs.

Galesville—Woodfield's, everything, stores, boarding houses, club, Hartge's for repairs.

Shadyside—Atwell's waterfront station, everything, store nearby.

Cyprus Creek—Conner's waterfront station, everything, and repairs.

Gibson Island—Yacht club facilities, and repair yards nearby.

Crisfield—Many waterfront facilities, repairs, stores, hotels.

Cambridge—Yacht club facilities, stores, hotels, repairs, etc.

Oxford—Yacht club facilities, stores, boarding houses, repairs.

St. Michaels—Yacht club, stores, hotel and boarding houses, repairs.

Chesapeake City—Yacht club, stores, hotels, etc., minor repair service.

Easton—Yacht club, stores, hotels, repair service.

Havre de Grace—Yacht club, stores, hotels and repair facilities.

Middle River—Yacht club facilities, no supplies or repairs nearby.

Georgetown—Waterfront services, and yard services for repairs.

Hoopers Island—Waterfront service and general store, Applegarth's.

Little Choptank—General stores and waterfront service, Harrington's.

Fairbank (tip of Tilghman's Island)—General store, and water service.

Chestertown—Yacht club facilities, stores, hotels, repairs.

Betterton—Water-side service, stores, hotels, and minor repairs.

Information on Virginia waterfront service was not available, possibly because of present restrictions below the Potomac. See Coast Pilot for large places.

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AT MARYLAND HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Hammond, J. M.
"Colonial Mansions of Maryland and Delaware."

Glenn, Thomas Allen
"Some Colonial Mansions and Those Who Lived in Them." Two volumes.

NOTE: See list of books in Appendix, Galley Book Shelf.

The map "Reaches of the Nation's Capital" of the National Geographic Society is recommended to visitors to historic places by boat or automobile. Fifty cents.

The guides to Maryland and to Virginia made as a WPA project are also recommended as useful to those desiring to tour the States.

Suggested by the Virginia Historical Society:

Lancaster, R. B. "Historic Virginia Homes and Churches."

Clarke, Peyton Neale. "Old King William Homes and Families."

Sales, Edith Tunis. "Interiors of Virginia Houses of Colonial Times."

MARYLAND HISTORICAL SOCIETY

201 West Monument Street
Baltimore-1

May 2, 1944

Mr. Norman Alan Hill
Cecil Apartments
Baltimore, 1, Maryland

Dear Mr. Hill:

I am very much interested in your plan to publish a book to describe and illustrate the wealth of history and tradition relating to the Chesapeake Bay. I am happy to add a brief statement regarding the Maryland Historical Society which for a century has been the storehouse of historical information on the Bay and all of Maryland.

The Society was organized in the winter of 1844 for the purpose of collecting and preserving memorials, relics and written accounts of the colony and state of Maryland. One of its chief functions has been to publish the findings of Maryland history so that all may have access to the story of Maryland. Since 1883 it has edited and published the Archives of Maryland under authority of the State, and since 1906 it has published a quarterly magazine. It has recently begun a quarterly news bulletin.

Through lectures and exhibitions, the Society has long been the chief factor in promoting understanding of and interest in Maryland's past. Its home on Monument Street and Park Avenue, Baltimore, was presented in 1919 by Mrs. H. Irvine Keyser as a memorial to her husband. In the fine old residence, built nearly a century ago by Enoch Pratt, and in the adjoining modern fireproof library and gallery are an almost priceless collection of portraits, furniture, silver, costumes and historical relics, while in the Library stacks there are thousands of books and pamphlets, old newspapers and countless manuscripts.

The facilities of the Society are open to visitors and students, and serious workers are encouraged to make use of its collections. The Society is this year observing its one hundredth birthday with special exhibitions, including the reproduction of a parlor and drawing-room of the period of the Society's founding.

Sincerely yours,

George L. Radcliffe
President

fdb

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